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MDCCLVII.



TO

Mr. *METHUEN.*

SIR,

IT is with very great pleaſure I take an opportunity of publiſhing the Gratitude I owe to you, for the place you allow me in your Friendſhip and Familiarity. I will not acknowledge to you that I have often had you in my thoughts, when

I have endeavoured to draw, in ſome parts of theſe Diſcourſes, the character of a good-natured, honeſt and accompliſhed Gentleman. But ſuch repreſentations give my reader an idea of a Perſon blameleſs only, or only laudable for ſuch perfections as extend no farther than to his own private advantage and reputation.

But when I ſpeak of you, I celebrate one who has had the happineſs of poſſeſſing alſo thoſe Qualities which make a man uſeful to ſociety, and of having had opportunities of exerting them in the moſt conſpicuous manner.

The

The great Part you had, as *Britiſh* Ambaſſador, in procuring and cultivating the advantageous Commerce between the Courts of *England* and *Portugal*, has purchaſed you the laſting eſteem of all who underſtand the Intereſt of either nation.

Thoſe perſonal excellencies which are over-rated by the ordinary World, and too much neglected by wiſe Men, you have applied with the juſteſt ſkill and judgment. The moſt graceful addreſs in Horſemanſhip, in the uſe of the Sword, and in Dancing, has been employed by you as lower Arts,

and

and as they have occaſionally ſerved to cover, or introduce the Talents of a ſkilful Miniſter.

But your Abilities have not appeared only in one nation. When it was your province to act as her Majeſty's Miniſter at the Court of *Savoy*, at that time encamped, you accompanied that gallant Prince through all the viciſſitudes of his Fortune, and ſhared, by his ſide, the dangers of that glorious Day in which he recovered his Capital. As far as it regards perſonal Qualities, you attained, in that one hour, the higheſt military reputation. The behaviour of our Miniſter in the Action, and the

the good offices done the vanquiſhed in the name of the Queen of *England*, gave both the Conqueror and the Captive the moſt lively examples of the courage and generoſity of the Nation he repreſented.

Your friends and companions in your abſence frequently talk theſe things of you, and you cannot hide from us, (by the moſt diſcreet ſilence in any thing which regards yourſelf) that the frank entertainment we have at your table, your eaſy condeſcenſion in little incidents of mirth and diverſion, and general complacency of manners, are far from being the

greateſt

greateſt obligations we have to you. I do aſſure you there is not one of your Friends has a greater ſenſe of your Merit in general, and of the Favours you every day do us, than,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, and

moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VII.

N°474 Wedneſday, September 3, 1712.

Aſperitas agreſtis & inconcinna———

Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 6.

A clowniſh roughneſs, and unkindly cloſe,
Unfriendly, ſtiff, and peeviſhly moroſe. CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'BEING of the number of thoſe that 'have lately retired from the centre of 'buſineſs and pleaſure, my uneaſineſs in 'the country where I am, ariſes rather from 'the ſociety than the ſolitude of it. To be 'obliged to receive and return viſits from and 'to a circle of neighbours, who through di-'verſity of age or inclinations can neither be 'entertaining or ſerviceable to us, is a vile loſs 'of time, and a ſlavery from which a man 'ſhould deliver himſelf, if poſſible: For why

'must I loſe the remaining part of my life, 'becauſe they have thrown away the former part 'of theirs? It is to me an inſupportable affliction, 'to be tormented with the narrations of a ſet 'of people, who are warm in their expreſſions 'of the quick reliſh of that pleaſure which their 'dogs and horſes have a more delicate taſte of. 'I do alſo in my heart deteſt and abhor that 'damnable doctrine and poſition of the neceſſity 'of a bumper, though to one's own toaſt; for 'though it is pretended that theſe deep potations 'are uſed only to inſpire gaiety, they certainly 'drown that chearfulneſs which would ſurvive 'a moderate circulation. If at theſe meetings it 'were left to every ſtranger either to fill his glaſs 'according to his own inclination, or to make 'his retreat when he finds he has been ſuf- 'ficiently obedient to that of others, theſe en- 'tertainments would be governed with more 'good ſenſe, and conſequently with more good- 'breeding, than at preſent they are. Indeed 'where any of the gueſts are known to meaſure 'their fame or pleaſure by their glaſs, proper 'exhortations might be uſed to theſe to puſh 'their fortunes in this ſort of reputation; but 'where it is unſeaſonably inſiſted on to a modeſt 'ſtranger, this drench may be ſaid to be ſwal- 'lowed with the ſame neceſſity, as if it had 'been tendered in the horn for that purpoſe, 'with this aggravating circumſtance, that it diſ- 'treſſes the entertainer's gueſt in the ſame de- 'gree as it relieves his horſes.

'To attend without impatience an account of 'five-barred gates, double ditches, and precipices, 'and to ſurvey the orator with deſiring eyes, 'is to me extremely difficult, but abſolutely ne-'ceſſary, to be upon tolerable terms with him: 'but then the occaſional burſting out into laugh-'ter, is of all other accompliſhments the moſt 'requiſite. I confeſs at preſent I have not the 'command of theſe convulſions, as is neceſſary 'to be good company; therefore I beg you 'would publiſh this Letter, and let me be known 'all at once for a queer fellow, and avoided. 'It is monſtrous to me, that we, who are given 'to reading and calm converſation, ſhould ever 'be viſited by theſe roarers: But they think they 'themſelves, as neighbours, may come into our 'rooms with the ſame right, that they and their 'dogs hunt in our grounds.

'Your inſtitution of Clubs I have always ad-'mired, in which you conſtantly endeavoured 'the union of the metaphorically defunct, that 'is, ſuch as are neither ſerviceable to the buſy and 'enterprizing part of mankind, nor entertaining to 'the retired and ſpeculative. There ſhould cer-'tainly therefore in each county be eſtabliſhed 'a Club of the perſons whoſe converſations I 'have deſcribed, who for their own private, 'as alſo the public emolument, ſhould exclude, 'and be excluded all other ſociety. Their attire 'ſhould be the ſame with their Huntſmens, 'and none ſhould be admitted into this green 'converſation-piece, except he had broke his 'collar-bone thrice. A broken rib or two

'might alſo admit a man without the leaſt oppoſition. The preſident muſt neceſſarily have 'broken his neck, and have been taken up dead 'once or twice: For the more maims this brotherhood ſhould have met with, the eaſier 'will their converſation flow and keep up; and 'when any one of theſe vigorous invalids had 'finiſhed his narration of the collar-bone, this 'naturally would introduce the hiſtory of the 'ribs. Beſides, the different circumſtances of 'their falls and fractures would help to prolong 'and diverſify their relations. There ſhould 'alſo be another Club of ſuch men, who have 'not ſucceeded ſo well in maiming themſelves, 'but are however in the conſtant purſuit of 'theſe accompliſhments. I would by no means 'be ſuſpected by what I have ſaid to traduce 'in general the body of Foxhunters; for whilſt 'I look upon a reaſonable creature full ſpeed 'after a pack of dogs, by way of pleaſure, and 'not of buſineſs, I ſhall always make honourable mention of it.

'But the moſt irkſome converſation of all 'others I have met with in the neighbourhood, 'has been among two or three of your travellers, who have overlooked men and manners, and have paſſed through *France* and *Italy* 'with the ſame obſervation that the Carriers and 'Stage-coachmen do through *Great Britain*; 'that is, their ſtops and ſtages have been regulated according to the liquor they have met 'with in their paſſage. They indeed remember 'the names of abundance of places, with the

'par-

'particular fineries of certain churches: But their 'diſtinguiſhing mark is certain prettineſſes of 'foreign languages, the meaning of which they 'could have better expreſſed in their own. The 'entertainment of theſe fine obſervers, *Shakeſpear* 'has deſcribed to conſiſt

'In talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,
'The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*;

'and then concludes with a ſigh,

'Now this is worſhipful ſociety!

'I would not be thought in all this to hate 'ſuch honeſt creatures as dogs; I am only unhappy that I cannot partake in their diverſions. But I love them ſo well, as dogs, that I often go with my pockets ſtuffed with bread to diſpenſe my favours, or make my way through them at neighbours houſes. There is in particular a young hound of great expectation, vivacity, and enterpriſe, that attends my flights wherever he ſpies me. This creature obſerves my countenance, and behaves himſelf accordingly. His mirth, his frolic, and joy upon the ſight of me has been obſerved, and I have been gravely deſired not to encourage him ſo much, for it ſpoils his parts; but I think he ſhews them ſufficiently in the ſeveral boundings, friſkings, and ſcourings, when he makes his court to me: But I foreſee in a little time he and I muſt keep company with one another only, for we are

'fit for no other in theſe parts. Having informed 'you how I do paſs my time in the country 'where I am, I muſt proceed to tell you how 'I would paſs it, had I ſuch a fortune as would 'put me above the obſervance of ceremony 'and cuſtom.

'My ſcheme of a country life then ſhould be 'as follows. As I am happy in three or four 'agreeable friends, theſe I would conſtantly have 'with me; and the freedom we took with one 'another at ſchool and the univerſity, we would 'maintain and exert upon all occaſions with great 'courage. There ſhould be certain hours of the 'day to be employed in reading, during which 'time it ſhould be impoſſible for any one of us to 'enter the other's chamber, unleſs by ſtorm. 'After this we would communicate the traſh 'or treaſure we had met with, with our own 'reflexions upon the matter; the juſtneſs of 'which we would controvert with good-hu-'moured warmth, and never ſpare one another 'out of that complaiſant ſpirit of converſation, 'which makes others affirm and deny the ſame 'matter in a quarter of an hour. If any 'of the neighbouring Gentlemen, not of our 'turn, ſhould take it in their heads to viſit 'me, I ſhould look upon theſe perſons in the 'ſame degree enemies to my particular ſtate 'of happineſs, as ever the *French* were to that 'of the Public, and I would be at an annual 'expence in Spies to obſerve their motions. 'Whenever I ſhould be ſurpriſed with a viſit, 'as I hate drinking, I would be briſk in ſwilling

'bumpers,

'bumpers, upon this maxim, that it is better 'to trouble others with my impertinence, than 'to be troubled myſelf with theirs. The ne-'ceſſity of an infirmary makes me reſolve to 'fall into that project; and as we ſhould be 'but five, the terrors of an involuntary ſepa-'ration, which our number cannot ſo well ad-'mit of, would make us exert ourſelves, in 'oppoſition to all the particulars mentioned in 'your inſtitution of that equitable confinement. 'This my way of life I know would ſubject 'me to the imputation of a moroſe, covetous, 'and ſingular fellow. Theſe and all other hard 'words, with all manner of inſipid jeſts, and 'all other reproach, would be matter of mirth 'to me and my friends: Beſides, I would 'deſtroy the application of the epithets Moroſe 'and Covetous, by a yearly relief of my un-'deſervedly neceſſitous neighbours, and by 'treating my friends and domeſtics with an 'humanity that ſhould expreſs the obligation to 'lie rather on my ſide; and as for the word 'Singular, I was always of opinion every man 'muſt be ſo, to be what one would deſire him.

Your very humble ſervant,

J. R.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'ABOUT two years ago, I was called upon 'by the younger part of a country family, 'by my mother's ſide related to me, to viſit

'Mr. *Campbell* the dumb man; for they told me 'that was chiefly what brought them to town, 'having heard wonders of him in *Eſſex*. I, 'who always wanted faith in matters of that 'kind, was not eaſily prevailed on to go; but 'leſt they ſhould take it ill, I went with them, 'when to my ſurpriſe, Mr. *Campbell* related all 'their paſt life; in ſhort, had he not been pre-'vented, ſuch a diſcovery would have come 'out, as would have ruined the next deſign 'of their coming to town, *viz.* buying wedding-'clothes. Our names——though he never 'heard of us before——and we endeavoured 'to conceal—were as familiar to him as to our-'ſelves. To be ſure, Mr. SPECTATOR, he 'is a very learned and wiſe man. Being im-'patient to know my fortune, having paid my 'reſpects in a family-*Jacobus*, he told me (after 'his manner) among ſeveral other things, that 'in a year and nine months I ſhould fall ill 'of a fever, be given over by my Phyſicians, 'but ſhould with much difficulty recover! That 'the firſt time I took the air afterwards, I ſhould 'be addreſſed to by a young Gentleman of a plen-'tiful fortune, good ſenſe, and a generous ſpirit. 'Mr. SPECTATOR, he is the pureſt man in 'the world, for all he ſaid is come to paſs, 'and I am the happieſt ſhe in *Kent*. I have 'been in queſt of Mr. *Campbell* theſe three 'months, and cannot find him out. Now 'hearing you are a dumb man too, I thought 'you might correſpond, and be able to tell me 'ſomething; for I think myſelf highly obliged

'to

'to make his fortune, as he has mine. It is 'very poſſible your Worſhip, who has Spies 'all over this town, can inform me how to 'ſend to him: If you can, I beſeech you be 'as ſpeedy as poſſible, and you will highly 'oblige

Your conſtant reader and admirer,

Dulcibella Thankley.

Ordered, That the Inſpector I employ about Wonders, inquire at the *Golden-Lion*, oppoſite to the *Half-Moon* Tavern in *Drury-Lane*, into the merits of this ſilent Sage, and report accordingly. T

N°475 Thurſday, September 4.

——*Quæ res in ſe neque conſilium, neque modum*
Habet ullum, eam conſilio regere non potes.

Ter. Eun. Act 1. Sc. 1.

Advice is thrown away, where the caſe admits of neither counſel nor moderation.

IT is an old obſervation, which has been made of Politicians who would rather ingratiate themſelves with their Sovereign, than promote his real ſervice, that they accommodate their counſels to his inclinations, and adviſe him to ſuch actions only as his heart is naturally ſet upon.

upon. The Privy-counſellor of one in Love muſt obſerve the ſame conduct, unleſs he would forfeit the friendſhip of the perſon who deſires his Advice. I have known ſeveral odd caſes of this nature. *Hipparchus* was going to marry a common woman, but being reſolved to do nothing without the Advice of his friend *Philander*; he conſulted him upon the occaſion. *Philander* told him his mind freely, and repreſented his miſtreſs to him in ſuch ſtrong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve of the clock was run through the body by the man who had aſked his Advice. *Celia* was more prudent on the like occaſion; ſhe deſired *Leonilla* to give her opinion freely upon a young fellow who made his addreſſes to her. *Leonilla* to oblige her, told her with great frankneſs, that ſhe looked upon him as one of the moſt worthleſs—*Celia*, foreſeeing what a character ſhe was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that ſhe had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman ſeldom aſks Advice before ſhe has bought her wedding-clothes. When ſhe has made her own choice, for form's ſake ſhe ſends a *Congé d'elire* to her friends.

If we look into the ſecret ſprings and motives that ſet people at work on theſe occaſions, and put them upon aſking Advice which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the leaſt, that they are incapable of keeping a ſecret which is ſo very pleaſing to them. A girl longs to tell her confident, that ſhe hopes to be married in

in a little time, and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells ſo much in her thoughts, aſks her very gravely, what ſhe would adviſe her to do in a caſe of ſo much difficulty. Why elſe ſhould *Meliſſa*, who had not a thouſand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to aſk her acquaintance whether they would adviſe her to take *Tom Townly*, that made his addreſſes to her with an eſtate of five thouſand a year? It is very pleaſant on this occaſion, to hear the Lady propoſe her doubts, and to ſee the pains ſhe is at to get over them.

I muſt not here omit a practice that is in uſe among the vainer part of our own Sex, who will often aſk a friend's Advice in relation to a fortune whom they are never likely to come at. WILL HONEYCOMB, who is now on the verge of threeſcore, took me aſide not long ſince, and aſked me in his moſt ſerious look, whether I would adviſe him to marry my Lady *Betty Single*, who, by the way, is one of the greateſt fortunes about town. I ſtared him full in the face upon ſo ſtrange a queſtion; upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and eſtate, adding, that he was reſolved to do nothing in a matter of ſuch conſequence without my approbation. Finding he would have an anſwer, I told him, if he could get the Lady's conſent he had mine. This is about the tenth match which, to my knowledge, WILL has conſulted his friends upon, without ever opening his mind to the party herſelf.

I have been engaged in this ſubject by the following Letter, which comes to me from ſome notable young female Scribe, who, by the contents of it, ſeems to have carried matters ſo far, that ſhe is ripe for aſking Advice; but as I would not looſe her good-will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wiſdom, I ſhall only communicate the Letter to the Public, without returning any anſwer to it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'NOW, Sir, the thing is this: Mr. *Shapely* 'is the prettieſt Gentleman about town. 'He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He 'dances like an Angel. His mouth is made 'I do not know how, but it is the prettieſt that 'I ever ſaw in my life. He is always laughing, 'for he has an infinite deal of wit. If you did 'but ſee how he rolls his ſtockings! He has 'a thouſand pretty fancies, and I am ſure, if 'you ſaw him, you would like him. He is 'a very good ſcholar, and can talk *Latin* as faſt 'as *Engliſh*. I wiſh you could but ſee him 'dance. Now you muſt underſtand poor 'Mr. *Shapely* has no eſtate; but how can 'he help that, you know? And yet my 'friends are ſo unreaſonable as to be always 'teazing me about him, becauſe he has no 'eſtate; but I am ſure he has what is better 'than an eſtate; for he is a good-natured, in-'genious, modeſt, civil, tall, well-bred, hand-'ſom man, and I am obliged to him for his

'civilities

'civilities ever ſince I ſaw him. I forgot to 'tell you that he has black eyes, and looks 'upon me now and then as if he had tears 'in them. And yet my friends are ſo un-'reaſonable, that they would have me be 'uncivil to him. I have a good portion which 'they cannot hinder me of, and I ſhall be 'fourteen on the 29th day of *Auguſt* next, and 'am therefore willing to ſettle in the world 'as ſoon as I can, and ſo is Mr. *Shapely*. 'But every body I adviſe with here is poor 'Mr. *Shapely*'s enemy. I deſire therefore you 'will give me your Advice, for I know you are 'a wiſe man; and if you adviſe me well, I 'am reſolved to follow it. I heartily wiſh you 'could ſee him dance, and am,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

B. D.

'He loves your SPECTATORS mightily.

C

Friday,

N°476 Friday, September 5.

——*Lucidus ordo.* Hor. Ars Poet. v. 41.

Method.

AMONG my daily Papers which I beſtow on the Public, there are ſome which are written with Regularity and Method, and others that run out into the wildneſs of thoſe compoſitions which go by the name of Eſſays. As for the firſt, I have the whole ſcheme of the diſcourſe in my mind before I ſet pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is ſufficient that I have ſeveral thoughts on a ſubject, without troubling myſelf to range them in ſuch order, that they may ſeem to grow out of one another, and be diſpoſed under the proper heads. *Seneca* and *Montaigne* are patterns for writing in this laſt kind, as *Tully* and *Ariſtotle* excel in the other. When I read an Author of genius who writes without Method, I fancy myſelf in a wood that abounds with a great many noble objects, riſing among one another in the greateſt confuſion and diſorder. When I read a methodical diſcourſe, I am in a regular plantation, and can place myſelf in its ſeveral centres, ſo as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are ſtruck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole

whole day together, and every moment diſcover ſomething or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confuſed imperfect notion of the place: In the other your eye commands the whole proſpect, and gives you ſuch an idea of it, as is not eaſily worn out of the memory.

Irregularity and want of method, are only ſupportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore chooſe to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of ſtringing them.

Method is of advantage to a work, both in reſpect to the Writer and the Reader. In regard to the firſt, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his diſcourſe, he finds a great many thoughts riſing out of every head, that do not offer themſelves upon the general ſurvey of a ſubject. His thoughts are at the ſame time more intelligible, and better diſcover their drift and meaning, when they are placed in their proper lights, and follow one another in a regular ſeries, than when they are thrown together without order and connexion. There is always an obſcurity in confuſion, and the ſame ſentence that would have enlightened the reader in one part of a diſcourſe, perplexes him in another. For the ſame reaſon likewiſe every thought in a methodical diſcourſe ſhews itſelf in its greateſt beauty, as the ſeveral figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their diſpoſition in the picture. The advantages

of

of a Reader from a methodical diſcourſe, are correſpondent with thoſe of the Writer. He comprehends every thing eaſily, takes it in with pleaſure, and retains it long.

Method is not leſs requiſite in ordinary converſation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himſelf underſtood. I, who hear a thouſand Coffee-houſe debates every day, am very ſenſible of this want of method in the thoughts of my honeſt countrymen. There is not one diſpute in ten which is managed in thoſe ſchools of politics, where, after the three firſt ſentences, the queſtion is not intirely loſt. Our diſputants put me in mind of the ſcuttle-fiſh, that when he is unable to extricate himſelf, blackens all the water about him until he becomes inviſible. The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts has always, to borrow a phraſe from the *Diſpenſary*, 'a barren 'ſuperfluity of words;' the fruit is loſt amidſt the exuberance of leaves.

Tom Puzzle is one of the moſt eminent immethodical diſputants of any that has fallen under my obſervation. *Tom* has read enough to make him very impertinent; his knowledge is ſufficient to raiſe doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has ſo much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With theſe qualifications *Tom* ſets up for a Free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the conſtitution of his country, and gives ſhrewd intimations that he does not believe another world. In ſhort, *Puzzle* is an atheiſt as much

as

as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common-place topics, into which he never fails to turn the converſation, whatever was the occaſion of it: Though the matter in debate be about *Doway* or *Denain*, it is ten to one but half his diſcourſe runs upon the unreaſonableneſs of bigotry and prieſt-craft. This makes Mr. *Puzzle* the admiration of all thoſe who have leſs ſenſe than himſelf, and the contempt of all thoſe who have more. There is none in town whom *Tom* dreads ſo much as my friend *Will Dry*. *Will*, who is acquainted with *Tom*'s logic, when he finds him running off the queſtion, cuts him ſhort with a 'What 'then? We allow all this to be true, but what 'is it to our preſent purpoſe?' I have known *Tom* eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the ſuperiority of the argument, when he has been nonpluſt on a ſudden by Mr. *Dry*'s deſiring him to tell the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In ſhort, *Dry* is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the ſame advantage over *Puzzle*, that a ſmall body of regular troops would gain over a numberleſs undiſciplined militia. C

N°477 Saturday, September 6.

——An me ludit amabilis
Inſania? audire & videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos & aquæ ſubeunt & auræ.

Hor. Od. 4. l. 3. v. 5.

——Does airy fancy cheat
My mind, well-pleas'd with the deceit?
I ſeem to hear, I ſeem to move,
And wander through the happy grove,
Where ſmooth ſprings flow, and murm'ring breeze
Wantons through the waving trees. CREECH.

SIR,

HAVING lately read your Eſſay on the Pleaſures of the Imagination, I was ſo taken with your thoughts upon ſome of our *Engliſh* Gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a Letter upon that ſubject. I am one, you muſt know, who am looked upon as an humouriſt in Gardening. I have ſeveral acres about my houſe, which I call my Garden, and which a ſkilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confuſion of Kitchen and Parterre, Orchard and Flower-Garden, which lie ſo mixt and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner, who had ſeen nothing of our country, ſhould be conveyed into my Garden at his firſt landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderneſs, and one of the uncultivated parts

of our country. My flowers grow up in ſeveral parts of the Garden in the greateſt luxuriancy and profuſion. I am ſo far from being fond of any particular one, by reaſon of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleaſes me, I give it a place in my Garden. By this means, when a ſtranger walks with me, he is ſurpriſed to ſee ſeveral large ſpots of ground covered with ten thouſand different colours, and has often fingled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field or in a meadow, as ſome of the greateſt beauties of the place. The only method I obſerve in this particular, is to range in the ſame quarter the products of the ſame ſeaſon, that they may make their appearance together, and compoſe a picture of the greateſt variety. There is the ſame irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wildneſs as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the ſoil, and am pleaſed when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raiſing, not to know whether the next tree I ſhall meet is an apple or an oak, an elm or a pear-tree. My Kitchen-Garden has likewiſe its particular quarters aſſigned it; for beſides the wholſom luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a Kitchen-Garden a more pleaſant ſight than the fineſt orangery, or artificial green-houſe. I love to ſee every thing in its perfection, and am more pleaſed to ſurvey my rows of colworts and cabbages, with a thouſand nameleſs pot-herbs, ſpringing up in their full fragrancy and verdure,

than to ſee the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and ſoil that are not adapted to them. I muſt not omit, that there is a fountain riſing in the upper part of my Garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and adminiſters to the pleaſure as well as the plenty of the place. I have ſo conducted it, that it viſits moſt of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the ſame manner as it would do in an open field, ſo that it generally paſſes through banks of violets and primroſes, plats of willow, or other plants, that ſeem to be of its own producing. There is another circumſtance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbours call me, very whimſical: As my Garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the conveniency of ſprings and ſhades, ſolitude and ſhelter, I do not ſuffer any one to deſtroy their neſts in the ſpring, or drive them from their uſual haunts in fruit-time. I value my Garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their ſongs. By this means I have always the muſic of the ſeaſon in its perfection, and am highly delighted to ſee the jay or the thruſh hopping about my walks, and ſhooting before my eye acroſs the ſeveral little glades and alleys that I paſs through. I think there are as many kinds of Gardening as of Poetry: Your makers of Parterres and Flower-Gardens, are Epigrammatiſts and Sonneteers in this art: Contrivers of Bowers and Grotto's, Treillages and Caſcades,

cades, are Romance Writers. *Wiſe* and *London* are our heroic Poets: and if, as a Critic, I may ſingle out any paſſage of their works to commend, I ſhall take notice of that part in the upper Garden at *Kenſington*, which was at firſt nothing but a gravel-pit. It muſt have been a fine genius for Gardening, that could have thought of forming ſuch an unſightly hollow into ſo beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with ſo uncommon and agreeable a ſcene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular ſpot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleaſing contraſt; for as on one ſide of the walk you ſee this hollow baſon, with its ſeveral little plantations lying ſo conveniently under the eye of the beholder; on the other ſide of it there appears a ſeeming mount, made up of trees riſing one higher than another in proportion as they approach the centre. A ſpectator, who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually ſcooped out of that hollow ſpace which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who has walked in this Garden, who was not ſtruck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for myſelf, you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compoſitions in Gardening are altogether after the *Pindaric* manner, and run into the beautiful wildneſs of Nature, without affecting the nicer elegancies of Art. What I am now going to mention,

will, perhaps, deſerve your attention more than any thing I have yet ſaid. I find that in the diſcourſe which I ſpoke of at the beginning of my Letter, you are againſt filling an *Engliſh* Garden with ever-greens; and indeed I am ſo far of your opinion, that I can by no means think the verdure of an ever-green comparable to that which ſhoots out annually, and clothes our trees in the ſummer-ſeaſon. But I have often wondered that thoſe who are like myſelf, and love to live in Gardens, have never thought of contriving a Winter-Garden, which would conſiſt of ſuch trees only as never caſt their leaves. We have very often little ſnatches of ſunſhine and fair weather in the moſt uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently ſeveral days in *November* and *January* that are as agreeable as any in the fineſt months. At ſuch times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleaſure, than to walk in ſuch a Winter-Garden as I have propoſed. In the ſummer ſeaſon the whole country blooms, and is a kind of Garden, for which reaſon we are not ſo ſenſible of thoſe beauties that at this time may be every where met with; but when Nature is in her deſolation, and preſents us with nothing but bleak and barren proſpects, there is ſomething unſpeakably chearful in a ſpot of ground which is covered with trees that ſmile amidſt all the rigour of winter, and give us a view of the moſt gay ſeaſon in the midſt of that which is the moſt dead and melancholy. I have ſo far indulged myſelf in this thought, that I have ſet apart a whole

acre

acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with ivy inſtead of vines. The laurel, the bay-tree, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the ſame nature, grow ſo thick in it, that you cannot imagine a more lively ſcene. The glowing redneſs of the berries with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and are apt to inſpire the heart of the beholder, with that Vernal Delight which you have ſomewhere taken notice of in your former Papers. It is very pleaſant, at the ſame time, to ſee the ſeveral kinds of birds retiring into this little green ſpot, and enjoying themſelves among the branches and foliage, when my great Garden, which I have before mentioned to you, does not afford a ſingle leaf for their ſhelter.

You muſt know, Sir, that I look upon the pleaſure which we take in a Garden, as one of the moſt innocent delights in human life. A Garden was the habitation of our firſt Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmneſs and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent paſſions at reſt. It gives us a great inſight into the contrivance and wiſdom of Providence, and ſuggeſts innumerable ſubjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and ſatisfaction which a man takes in theſe works of Nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind. For all which reaſons I hope you will pardon the length of my preſent Letter. C

I am, Sir, &c.

N°478 Monday, September 8.

——— ——— ———*Uſus*,
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & jus & norma———
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 72.

Faſhion, the arbiter, and rule of right.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT happened lately, that a friend of mine, who had many things to buy for his family, would oblige me to walk with him to the Shops. He was very nice in his way, and fond of having every thing ſhewn, which at firſt made me very uneaſy; but as his humour ſtill continued, the things which I had been ſtaring at along with him, began to fill my head, and led me into a ſet of amuſing thoughts concerning them.

I fancied it muſt be very ſurpriſing to any one who enters into a detail of Faſhions, to conſider how far the vanity of mankind has laid itſelf out in Dreſs, what a prodigious number of people it maintains, and what a circulation of money it occaſions. Providence in this caſe makes uſe of the folly which we will not give up, and it becomes inſtrumental to the ſupport of thoſe who are willing to labour. Hence it is that Fringe-makers, Lace-men, Tire-women, and a number of other trades, which would be uſeleſs

uſeleſs in a ſimple ſtate of Nature, draw their ſubſiſtence; though it is ſeldom ſeen that ſuch as theſe are extremely rich, becauſe their original fault of being founded upon vanity, keeps them poor by the light inconſtancy of its nature. The variableneſs of Faſhion turns the ſtream of buſineſs, which flows from it, now into one channel, and anon into another; ſo that the different ſets of people ſink or flouriſh in their turns by it.

From the Shops we retired to the Tavern, where I found my friend expreſs ſo much ſatisfaction for the bargains he had made, that my moral reflexions (if I had told them) might have paſſed for a reproof; ſo I choſe rather to fall in with him, and let the diſcourſe run upon the uſe of Faſhions.

Here we remembered how much man is governed by his ſenſes, how lively he is ſtruck by the objects which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how much clothes contribute to make us agreeable objects, and how much we owe it to ourſelves that we ſhould appear ſo.

We conſidered man as belonging to ſocieties; ſocieties as formed of different ranks; and different ranks diſtinguiſhed by habits, that all proper duty or reſpect might attend their appearance.

We took notice of ſeveral advantages which are met with in the occurrences of converſation: How the baſhful man has been ſometimes ſo raiſed, as to expreſs himſelf with an air of freedom, when he imagines that his habit introduces him to company with a becoming manner: And again,

how

how a fool in fine clothes ſhall be ſuddenly heard with attention, until he has betrayed himſelf; whereas a man of ſenſe appearing with a Dreſs of negligence ſhall be but coldly received, until he be proved by time, and eſtabliſhed in a character. Such things as theſe we could recollect to have happened to our own knowledge ſo very often, that we concluded the Author had his reaſons, who adviſes his ſon to go in Dreſs rather above his fortune than under it.

At laſt the ſubject ſeemed ſo conſiderable, that it was propoſed to have a repoſitory built for Faſhions, as there are chambers for medals and other rarities. The building may be ſhaped as that which ſtands among the pyramids, in the form of a woman's head. This may be raiſed upon pillars, whoſe ornaments ſhall bear a juſt relation to the deſign. Thus there may be an imitation of fringe carved in the baſe, a ſort of appearance of lace in the frize, and a repreſentation of curling locks, with bows of ribbon ſloping over them, may fill up the work of the corniſh. The inſide may be divided into two apartments appropriated to each Sex. The apartments may be filled with ſhelves, on which boxes are to ſtand as regularly as books in a library. Theſe are to have folding-doors, which being opened, you are to behold a baby dreſſed out in ſome Faſhion which has flouriſhed, and ſtanding upon a pedeſtal, where the time of its reign is marked down. For its farther regulation, let it be ordered, that every one who invents a Faſhion ſhall bring in his box, whoſe front

front he may at pleaſure have either worked or painted with ſome amorous or gay device, that, like books with gilded leaves and covers, it may the ſooner draw the eyes of the beholders. And to the end that theſe may be preſerved with all due care, let there be a keeper appointed, who ſhall be a Gentleman qualified with a competent knowledge in clothes; ſo that by this means the place will be a comfortable ſupport for ſome Beau who has ſpent his eſtate in dreſſing.

The reaſons offered by which we expect to gain the approbation of the Public, were as follows.

Firſt, That every one who is conſiderable enough to be a mode, and has any imperfection of Nature or Chance, which it is poſſible to hide by the advantage of clothes, may, by coming to this repoſitory, be furniſhed herſelf, and furniſh all who are under the ſame misfortune, with the moſt agreeable manner of concealing it; and that on the other ſide, every one who has any beauty in face or ſhape, may alſo be furniſhed with the moſt agreeable manner of ſhewing it.

Secondly, That whereas ſome of our young Gentlemen who travel, give us great reaſon to ſuſpect that they only go abroad to make or improve a fancy for Dreſs, a project of this nature may be a means to keep them at home, which is in effect the keeping of ſo much money in the kingdom. And perhaps the balance of Faſhion in *Europe*, which now leans upon the

ſide

ſide of *France*, may be ſo altered for the future, that it may become as common with *Frenchmen* to come to *England* for their finiſhing ſtroke of breeding, as it has been for *Engliſhmen* to go to *France* for it.

Thirdly, Whereas ſeveral great ſcholars, who might have been otherwiſe uſeful to the world, have ſpent their time in ſtudying to deſcribe the Dreſſes of the antients from dark hints, which they are fain to interpret and ſupport with much learning; it will from henceforth happen, that they ſhall be freed from the trouble, and the world from uſeleſs volumes. This project will be a regiſtry, to which poſterity may have recourſe, for the clearing ſuch obſcure paſſages as tend that way in Authors; and therefore we ſhall not for the future ſubmit ourſelves to the learning of etymology, which might perſuade the age to come, that the farthingal was worn for cheapneſs, or the furbelow for warmth.

Fourthly, Whereas they who are old themſelves, have often a way of railing at the extravagance of youth, and the whole age in which their children live; it is hoped that this ill humour will be much ſuppreſſed, when we can have recourſe to the Faſhions of their times, produce them in our vindication, and be able to ſhew that it might have been as expenſive in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time only to waſh and quill a ruff, as it is now to buy cravats or neck-handkerchiefs.

We deſire alſo to have it taken notice of, that becauſe we would ſhew a particular reſpect to

to foreigners, which may induce them to perfect their breeding here in a knowlege which is very proper for pretty Gentlemen, we have conceived the motto for the houſe in the learned language. There is to be a picture over the door with a looking-glaſs and a dreſſing-chair in the middle of it: Then on one ſide are to be ſeen, above one another, patch-boxes, pin-cuſhions, and little bottles; on the other, powder-bags, puffs, combs and bruſhes; beyond theſe, ſwords with fine knots, whoſe points are hidden, and fans almoſt cloſed, with the handles downward, are to ſtand out interchangeably from the ſides, until they meet at the top, and form a ſemicircle over the reſt of the figures: Beneath all, the writing is to run in this pretty ſounding mannner:

Adeſte, O quotquot ſunt, Veneres, Gratiæ, Cupidines,
En vobis adſunt in promptu
Faces, vincula, ſpicula;
Hinc eligite, ſumite, regite.

All ye Venus's, Graces, and Cupids, attend:
See prepar'd to your hands
Darts, torches, and bands:
Your weapons here chooſe, and your empire extend.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A. B.

The propoſal of my correſpondent I cannot but look upon as an ingenious method of placing perſons

perſons (whoſe parts make them ambitious to exert themſelves in frivolous things) in a rank by themſelves. In order to this, I would propoſe that there be a board of directors of the Faſhionable Society; and becauſe it is a matter of too much weight for a private man to determine alone, I ſhould be highly obliged to my correſpondents if they would give in liſts of perſons qualified for this truſt. If the chief Coffee-houſes, the converſations of which places are carried on by perſons, each of whom has his little number of followers and admirers, would name from among themſelves two or three to be inſerted, they ſhould be put up with great faithfulneſs. Old Beaus are to be preſented in the firſt place; but as that Sect, with relation to Dreſs, is almoſt extinct, it will, I fear, be abſolutely neceſſary to take in all time-ſervers, properly ſo deemed; that is, ſuch as, without any conviction of conſcience or view of intereſt, change with the world, and that merely from a terror of being out of Faſhion. Such alſo, who from facility of temper, and too much obſequiouſneſs, are vicious againſt their will, and follow leaders whom they do not approve, for want of courage to go their own way, are capable perſons for this ſuperintendency. Thoſe who are loth to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to the courſe and order of things, out of fondneſs to be in Faſhion, are proper candidates. To conclude, thoſe who are in Faſhion without apparent merit, muſt be ſuppoſed to have latent qualities, which would appear in a poſt of direction;

tion; and therefore are to be regarded in forming theſe liſts. Any who ſhall be pleaſed according to theſe, or what farther qualifications may occur to himſelf, to ſend a liſt, is deſired to do it within fourteen days after this date.

N. B. The place of the Phyſician to this ſociety, according to the laſt mentioned qualification, is already engaged. T

N°479 Tueſday, September 9.

——*Dare jura maritis.* Hor. Ars Poet. v. 398.

To regulate the matrimonial life.

MANY are the epiſtles I every day receive from Huſbands, who complain of vanity, pride, but above all ill-nature, in their wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I ſee in all their Letters that the cauſe of their uneaſineſs is in themſelves; and indeed I have hardly ever obſerved the married condition unhappy, but for want of judgment or temper in the Man. The truth is, we generally make love in a ſtile, and with ſentiments very unfit for ordinary life: They are half theatrical, half romantic. By this means we raiſe our imaginations to what is not to be expected in human life; and becauſe we did not beforehand think of the creature we are enamoured of, as ſubject to diſhumour, age, ſickneſs,

ſickneſs, impatience or ſullenneſs, but altogether conſidered her as the object of joy, human nature itſelf is often imputed to her as her particular imperfection or defect.

I take it to be a rule proper to be obſerved in all occurrences of life, but more eſpecially in the domeſtic or matrimonial part of it, to preſerve always a diſpoſition to be pleaſed. This cannot be ſupported but by conſidering things in their right light, and as Nature has formed them, and not as our own fancies or appetites would have them. He then who took a young Lady to his bed, with no other conſideration than the expectation of ſcenes of dalliance, and thought of her (as I ſaid before) only as ſhe was to adminiſter to the gratification of deſire; as that deſire flags, will, without her fault, think her charms and her merit abated: From hence muſt follow indifference, diſlike, peeviſhneſs, and rage. But the man who brings his reaſon to ſupport his paſſion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the calamities of human life both in body and mind, and even at the beſt what muſt bring upon him new cares and new relations; ſuch a Lover, I ſay, will form himſelf accordingly, and adapt his mind to the nature of his circumſtances. This latter perſon will be prepared to be a father, a friend, an advocate, a ſteward for people yet unborn, and has proper affections ready for every incident in the marriage ſtate. Such a man can hear the cries of children with pity inſtead of anger; and when they run over his head, he is not

diſturbed

diſturbed at their noiſe, but is glad of their mirth and health. *Tom Truſty* has told me, that he thinks it doubles his attention to the moſt intricate affair he is about, to hear his children, for whom all his cares are applied, make a noiſe in the next room: On the other ſide *Will Sparkiſh* cannot put on his periwig, or adjuſt his cravat at the glaſs, for the noiſe of thoſe damned nurſes and ſqualing brats; and then ends with a gallant reflexion upon the comforts of Matrimony, runs out of the hearing, and drives to the Chocolate-houſe.

According as the Huſband is diſpoſed in himſelf, every circumſtance of his life is to give him torment or pleaſure. When the affection is well placed, and ſupported by the conſiderations of duty, honour and friendſhip, which are in the higheſt degree engaged in this alliance, there can nothing riſe in the common courſe of life, or from the blows or favours of Fortune, in which a man will not find matters of ſome delight unknown to a ſingle condition.

He who ſincerely loves his wife and family, and ſtudies to improve that affection in himſelf, conceives pleaſure from the moſt indifferent things; while the married man, who has not bid adieu to the faſhions and falſe gallantries of the town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both theſe caſes men cannot, indeed, make a ſillier figure, than in repeating ſuch pleaſures and pains to the reſt of the world; but I ſpeak of them only, as they ſit upon thoſe who are involved in them. As I viſit all ſorts

of people, I cannot indeed but ſmile, when the good Lady tells her Huſband what extraordinary things the child ſpoke ſince he went out. No longer than yeſterday I was prevailed with to go home with a fond Huſband; and his wife told him, that his ſon, of his own head, when the clock in the parlour ſtruck two, ſaid, Papa would come home to dinner preſently. While the father has him in a rapture in his arms, and is drowning him with kiſſes, the wife tells me he is but juſt four years old. Then they both ſtruggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his obſervation of two of the clock. I was called upon, by looks upon the child, and then at me, to ſay ſomething; and I told the father, that this remark of the infant of his coming home, and joining the time with it, was a certain indication that he would be a great Hiſtorian and Chronologer. They are neither of them fools, yet received my compliment with great acknowledgment of my preſcience. I fared very well at dinner, and heard many other notable ſayings of their heir, which would have given very little entertainment to one leſs turned to reflexion than I was; but it was a pleaſing ſpeculation to remark on the happineſs of a life, in which things of no moment give occaſion of hope, ſelf-ſatisfaction and triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natured Coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but bulk, for want of this diſpoſition, ſilence the whole family, as a ſet of ſilly women and children, for recounting things which were really above his own capacity. When

When I ſay all this, I cannot deny but there are perverſe jades that fall to mens lots, with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philoſophy to be able to live. When theſe are joined to men of warm ſpirits, without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with ſtripes; but one of our famous Lawyers is of opinion, that this ought to be uſed ſparingly; as I remember, thoſe are his very words; but as it is proper to draw ſome ſpiritual uſe out of all afflictions, I ſhould rather recommend to thoſe who are viſited with women of ſpirit, to form themſelves for the world by patience at home. *Socrates*, who is by all accounts the undoubted head of the ſect of the Hen-pecked, owned and acknowledged that he owed great part of his virtue to the exerciſe which his uſeful wife conſtantly gave it. There are ſeveral good inſtructions may be drawn from his wiſe anſwers to people of leſs fortitude than himſelf on her ſubject. A friend, with indignation, aſked how ſo good a man could live with ſo violent a creature? He obſerved to him, 'That they who 'learn to keep a good ſeat on horſeback, mount 'the leaſt manageable they can get, and when 'they have maſtered them, they are ſure never 'to be diſcompoſed on the backs of ſteeds leſs 'reſtive.' At ſeveral times, to different perſons, on the ſame ſubject, he has ſaid, 'My dear 'friend, you are beholden to *Xantippe*, that I 'bear ſo well your flying out in a diſpute.' To another, 'My hen clacks very much, but 'ſhe brings me chickens. They that live in a

'trading ſtreet, are not diſturbed at the paſſage 'of carts.' I would have, if poſſible, a wiſe man be contented with his lot, even with a Shrew; for though he cannot make her better, he may, you ſee, make himſelf better by her means.

But inſtead of purſuing my deſign of diſplaying Conjugal Love in its natural beauties and attractions, I am got into tales to the diſadvantage of that ſtate of life. I muſt ſay therefore, that I am verily perſuaded that whatever is delightful in human life, is to be enjoyed in greater perfection, in the married, than in the ſingle condition. He that has this paſſion in perfection, in occaſions of joy can ſay to himſelf, beſides his own ſatisfaction, 'How happy will this 'make my wife and children?' Upon occurrences of diſtreſs or danger can comfort himſelf, 'But all this while my wife and children are 'ſafe.' There is ſomething in it that doubles ſatisfactions, becauſe others participate them; and diſpels afflictions, becauſe others are exempt from them. All who are married without this reliſh of their circumſtance, are in either a taſteleſs indolence and negligence, which is hardly to be attained, or elſe live in the hourly repetition of ſharp anſwers, eager upbraidings, and diſtracting reproaches. In a word, the married ſtate, with and without the affection ſuitable to it, is the completeſt image of Heaven and Hell we are capable of receiving in this life. T

Wedneſday,

N°480 Wedneſday, September 10.

Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
Fortis, & in ſeipſo totus teres, atque rotundus.
Hor. Sat. 7. l. 2. v. 85.

Who's proof againſt the charms of vain delight:
Whom feeble Fortune ſtrives in vain to wound,
So cloſely gather'd in a perfect round. CREECH.

THE other day looking over thoſe old manuſcripts, of which I have formerly given ſome account, and which relate to the character of the mighty *Pharamond* of *France*, and the cloſe friendſhip between him and his friend *Eucrate*; I found among the Letters which had been in the cuſtody of the latter, an Epiſtle from a country Gentleman to *Pharamond*, wherein he excuſes himſelf from coming to Court. The Gentleman, it ſeems, was contented with his condition, had formerly been in the King's ſervice; but at the writing of the following Letter, had, from leiſure and reflexion, quite another ſenſe of things than that which he had in the more active part of his life.

Monſieur *Chezluy* to *Pharamond*.

Dread Sir,

'I Have from your own hand (incloſed under the cover of Mr. *Eucrate* of your Majeſty's bedchamber) a Letter which invites

'me to Court. I underſtand this great honour
'to be done me out of reſpect and inclination
'to me, rather than regard to your own ſervice:
'For which reaſons I beg leave to lay before
'your Majeſty my reaſons for declining to de-
'part from home; and will not doubt but, as
'your motive in deſiring my attendance was
'to make me an happier man, when you think
'that will not be effected by my remove, you
'will permit me to ſtay where I am. Thoſe
'who have an ambition to appear in Court,
'have ever an opinion that their perſons or their
'talents are particularly formed for the ſervice
'or ornament of that place; or elſe are hurried
'by downright deſire of gain, or what they
'call honour, or take upon themſelves what-
'ever the generoſity of their maſter can give
'them opportunities to graſp at. But your
'goodneſs ſhall not be thus impoſed upon by
'me: I will therefore confeſs to you, that
'frequent ſolitude, and long converſation with
'ſuch who know no arts which poliſh life,
'have made me the plaineſt creature in your
'dominions. Thoſe leſs capacities of moving
'with a good grace, bearing a ready affability
'to all around me, and acting with eaſe before
'many, have quite left me. I am come to
'that paſs with regard to my perſon, that I
'conſider it only as a machine I am obliged to
'take care of, in order to enjoy my Soul in its
'faculties with alacrity; well remembering, that
'this habitation of clay will in a few years be
'a meaner piece of earth than any utenſil about

'my

'my houſe. When this is, as it really is, the 'moſt frequent reflexion I have, you will eaſily 'imagine how well I ſhould become a drawing-'room: Add to this, what ſhall a man without 'deſires do about the generous *Pharamond?* 'Monſieur *Eucrate* has hinted to me, that you 'have thoughts of diſtinguiſhing me with titles. 'As for myſelf, in the temper of my preſent 'mind, appellations of honour would but em-'barraſs diſcourſe, and new behaviour towards 'me perplex me in every habitude of life. I 'am alſo to acknowledge to you, that my 'children, of whom your Majeſty condeſcended 'to inquire, are all of them mean, both in their 'perſons and genius. The eſtate my eldeſt ſon 'is heir to, is more than he can enjoy with 'a good grace. My ſelf-love will not carry 'me ſo far, as to impoſe upon mankind the 'advancement of perſons (merely for their being 'related to me) into high diſtinctions, who 'ought for their own ſakes, as well as that of 'the Public, to affect obſcurity. I wiſh, my 'generous Prince, as it is in your power to 'give honours and offices, it were alſo to give 'talents ſuitable to them: Where it ſo, the 'noble *Pharamond* would reward the zeal of my 'youth with abilities to do him ſervice in my 'age.

'Thoſe who except of favour without merit, 'ſupport themſelves in it at the expence of 'your Majeſty. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, 'this is the reaſon that we in the country hear 'ſo often repeated the word Prerogative. That

'part of your law which is reſerved in yourſelf 'for the readier ſervice and good of the Public, 'ſlight men are eternally buzzing in our ears 'to cover their own follies and miſcarriages. It 'would be an addition to the high favour you 'have done me, if you would let *Eucrate* ſend 'me word how often, and in what caſes you 'allow a Conſtable to inſiſt upon the Prerogative. From the higheſt to the loweſt Officer 'in your dominions, ſomething of their own 'carriage they would exempt from examination 'under the ſhelter of the word Prerogative. 'I would fain, moſt noble *Pharamond*, ſee one 'of your Officers aſſert your Prerogative by good 'and gracious actions. When is it uſed to help 'the afflicted, to reſcue the innocent, to comfort the ſtranger? Uncommon methods, apparently undertaken to attain worthy ends, 'would never make power invidious. You ſee, 'Sir, I talk to you with the freedom your noble 'nature approves in all whom you admit to your 'converſation.

'But, to return to your Majeſty's Letter, I 'humbly conceive, that all diſtinctions are uſeful to men, only as they are to act in public; 'and it would be a romantic madneſs, for a 'man to be a Lord in his cloſet. Nothing 'can be honourable to a man apart from the 'world, but the reflexion upon worthy actions; 'and he that places honour in a conſciouſneſs 'of well-doing, will have but little reliſh for 'any outward homage that is paid him, ſince 'what gives him diſtinction to himſelf, cannot

'come

'come within the obſervation of his beholders. 'Thus all the words of Lordſhip, Honour, and 'Grace, are only repetitions to a man, that the 'King has ordered him to be called ſo; but no 'evidences that there is any thing in himſelf 'that would give the man, who applies to him, 'thoſe ideas, without the creation of his maſter.

'I have, moſt noble *Pharamond*, all honours 'and all titles in your own approbation; I 'triumph in them as they are your gift, I 'refuſe them as they are to give me the obſer-'vation of others. Indulge me, my noble 'maſter, in this chaſtity of renown; let me 'know myſelf in the favour of *Pharamond*; 'and look down upon the applauſe of the 'people. I am,

In all duty and loyalty,
your majeſty's moſt obedient
ſubject and ſervant,
Jean Chezluy.

SIR,

'I Need not tell with what diſadvantages men 'of low fortunes and great modeſty come 'into the world; what wrong meaſures their 'diffidence of themſelves, and fear of offending, 'often obliges them to take; and what a pity 'it is that their greateſt virtues and qualities, 'that ſhould ſooneſt recommend them, are the 'main obſtacle in the way of their preferment.

'This

'This, Sir, is my caſe; I was bred at a 'country-ſchool, where I learned *Latin* and '*Greek*. The misfortunes of my family forced 'me up to town, where a profeſſion of the 'politer ſort has protected me againſt infamy 'and want. I am now Clerk to a Lawyer, 'and in times of vacancy and receſs from buſi-'neſs, have made myſelf maſter of *Italian* 'and *French*; and though the progreſs I have 'made in my buſineſs has gained me reputation 'enough for one of my ſtanding, yet my mind 'ſuggeſts to me every day, that it is not upon that 'foundation I am to build my fortune.

'The perſon I have my preſent dependence 'upon, has it in his nature, as well as in his 'power, to advance me, by recommending me 'to a Gentleman that is going beyond ſea in 'a public employment. I know the printing 'this Letter would point me out to thoſe I 'want confidence to ſpeak to, and I hope it is 'not in your power to refuſe making any body 'happy.

September 9, 1712. Yours, &c.

T *M. D.*

Thurſday,

N°481 Thurſday, September 11.

——————*Uti non*
Compoſitus meliùs cum Bitho Bacchius; in jus
Acres procurrunt—— Hor. Sat. 7. l. 1. v. 19.

Not better match'd with *Bithus Bacchius* ſtrove;
To law they run, and wrangling dearly love.

IT is ſomething pleaſant enough to conſider the different notions which different perſons have of the ſame thing. If men of low condition very often ſet a value on things, which are not prized by thoſe who are in an higher ſtation of life, there are many things theſe eſteem which are in no value among perſons of an inferior rank. Common people are, in particular, very much aſtoniſhed, when they hear of thoſe ſolemn conteſts and debates, which are made among the Great upon the punctilios of a public ceremony; and wonder to hear that any buſineſs of conſequence ſhould be retarded by thoſe little circumſtances, which they repreſent to themſelves as trifling and inſignificant. I am mightily pleaſed with a Porter's deciſion in one of Mr. *Southern*'s Plays, which is founded upon that fine diſtreſs of a virtuous woman's marrying a ſecond huſband, while her firſt was yet living. The firſt huſband, who was ſuppoſed to have been dead, returning to his houſe after a long abſence,

abſence, raiſes a noble perplexity for the tragic part of the play. In the mean while, the Nurſe and the Porter conferring upon the difficulties that would enſue in ſuch a caſe, honeſt *Samſon* thinks the matter may be eaſily decided, and ſolves it very judiciouſly, by the old proverb, that if his firſt maſter be ſtill living, 'The 'man muſt have his mare again.' There is nothing in my time which has ſo much ſurpriſed and confounded the greateſt part of my honeſt countrymen, as the preſent controverſy between Count *Rechteren* and Monſieur *Meſnager*, which employs the wiſe heads of ſo many nations, and holds all the affairs of *Europe* in ſuſpence.

Upon my going into a Coffee-houſe yeſterday, and lending an ear to the next table, which was encompaſſed with a circle of inferior politicians, one of them, after having read over the News very attentively, broke out into the following remarks. I am afraid, ſays, he, this unhappy rupture between the Footmen at *Utrecht* will retard the peace of Chriſtendom. I wiſh the Pope may not be at the bottom of it. His Holineſs has a very good hand at fomenting a diviſion, as the poor *Swiſs Cantons* have lately experienced to their coſt. If Monſieur What-d'ye-call-him's domeſtics will not come to an accommodation, I do not know how the quarrel can be ended, but by a religious war.

Why truly, ſays a Wiſeacre that ſat by him, were I as the King of *France*, I would ſcorn to take part with the Footmen of either ſide:

Here

Here is all the buſineſs of *Europe* ſtands ſtill becauſe Monſieur *Meſnager*'s man has had his head broke. If Count *Rectrum* had given them a pot of ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this buſtle; but they ſay he is a warm man and does not care to be made mouths at.

Upon this, one, that had held his tongue hitherto, began to exert himſelf; declaring that he was very well pleaſed the Plenipotentiaries of our Chriſtian Princes took this matter into their ſerious conſideration; for that lackeys were never ſo ſaucy and pragmatical, as they are now-a-days, and that he ſhould be glad to ſee them taken down in the treaty of peace, if it might be done without prejudice to the public affairs.

One who ſat at the other end of the table, and ſeemed to be in the intereſts of the *French* King, told them, that they did not take the matter right, for that his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty did not reſent this matter becauſe it was an injury done to Monſieur *Meſnager*'s Footmen; for, ſays he, what are Monſieur *Meſnager*'s Footmen to him? but becauſe it was done to his ſubjects. Now, ſays he, let me tell you, it would look very odd for a ſubject of *France* to have a bloody noſe, and his Sovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged in honour to defend his people againſt hoſtilities; and if the *Dutch* will be ſo inſolent to a crowned head, as, in any wiſe, to cuff or kick thoſe who are under his protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.

This

This diſtinction ſet the controverſy upon a new foot, and ſeemed to be very well approved by moſt that heard it, until a little warm fellow, who declared himſelf a friend to the houſe of *Auſtria*, fell moſt unmercifully upon his *Gallic* Majeſty, as encouraging his ſubjects to make mouths at their betters, and afterwards ſcreening them from the puniſhment that was due to their inſolence. To which he added, that the *French* nation was ſo addicted to grimace, that if there was not a ſtop put to it at the general congreſs, there would be no walking the ſtreets for them in a time of peace, eſpecially if they continued maſters of the *Weſt-Indies*. The little man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring, that if the allies were of his mind, he would oblige the *French* King to burn his gallies, and tolerate the Proteſtant Religion in his dominions, before he would ſheath his ſword. He concluded with calling Monſieur *Meſnager* an inſignificant Prig.

The diſpute was now growing very warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young man of about one and twenty, who ſeems to have been brought up with an eye to the law, taken the debate into his hand, and given it as his opinion, that neither Count *Rechteren* nor Monſieur *Meſnager* had behaved themſelves right in this affair. Count *Rechteren*, ſays he, ſhould have made affidavit that his ſervants had been affronted, and then Monſieur *Meſnager* would have done him juſtice, by taking away their liveries from them, or ſome

other

other way that he might have thought the moſt proper; for let me tell you, if a man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the teeth out of it for his pains. Then again, as for Monſieur *Meſnager*, upon his ſervant being beaten, why, he might have had his action of aſſault and battery. But as the caſe now ſtands, if you will have my opinion, I think they ought to bring it to Referees.

I heard a great deal more of this conference, but I muſt confeſs with little edification; for all I could learn at laſt from theſe honeſt Gentlemen, was, that the matter in debate was of too high a nature for ſuch heads as theirs, or mine, to comprehend. O

N°482 Friday, September 12.

Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant.

Lucr. l. 3. v. 11.

As from the ſweeteſt flow'rs the lab'ring bee
Extracts her precious ſweets. GREECH.

WHEN I have publiſhed any ſingle Paper that falls in with the popular taſte, and pleaſes more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of Letters. My *Tueſday*'s diſcourſe, wherein I gave ſeveral admonitions to the fraternity of the Hen-pecked, has already produced me very many correſpondents; the reaſon

reaſon I cannot gueſs at, unleſs it be that ſuch a diſcourſe is of general uſe, and every married man's money. An honeſt tradeſman, who dates his Letter from *Cheapſide*, ſends me thanks in the name of a Club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their wives will give them leave, and ſtay together until they are ſent for home. He informs me, that my Paper has adminiſtered great conſolation to their whole Club, and deſires me to give ſome further account of *Socrates*, and to acquaint them in whoſe reign he lived, whether he was a citizen or a courtier, whether he buried *Xantippe*, with many other particulars: For that by his ſayings he appears to have been a very wiſe man and a good chriſtian. Another, who writes himſelf *Benjamin Bamboo*, tells me, that being coupled with a Shrew, he had endeavoured to tame her by ſuch lawful means as thoſe which I mentioned in my laſt *Tueſday*'s Paper, and that in his wrath he had often gone further than *Bracton* allows in thoſe caſes; but that for the future he was reſolved to bear it like a man of temper and learning, and conſider her only as one who lives in his houſe to teach him philoſophy. *Tom Dapperwit* ſays, that he agrees with me in that whole diſcourſe, excepting only the laſt ſentence, where I affirm the married ſtate to be either an Heaven or an Hell. *Tom* has been at the charge of a penny upon this occaſion, to tell me, that by his experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind of ſtate, commonly known by the name of Purgatory.

The fair Sex have likewiſe obliged me with their reflexions upon the ſame diſcourſe. A Lady, who calls herſelf *Euterpe*, and ſeems a woman of letters, aſks me whether I am for eſtabliſhing the *Salic* law in every family, and why it is not fit that a woman who has diſcretion and learning ſhould ſit at the helm, when the huſband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary character, ſubſcribes herſelf *Xantippe*, and tells me, that ſhe follows the example of her name-ſake; for being married to a bookiſh man, who has no knowledge of the world, ſhe is forced to take their affairs into her own hands, and to ſpirit him up now and then, that he may not grow muſty, and unfit for converſation.

After this abridgment of ſome Letters which are come to my hands upon this occaſion, I ſhall publiſh one of them at large.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have given us a lively picture of that 'kind of Huſband who comes under the 'denomination of the Hen-pecked; but I do 'not remember that you have ever touched upon 'one that is of the quite different character, 'and who, in ſeveral places of *England*, goes 'by the name of a Cot-Quean. I have the 'misfortune to be joined for life with one of 'this character, who in reality is more a woman 'than I am. He was bred up under the tuition 'of a tender mother, until ſhe had made him 'as good a houſewife as herſelf. He could 'preſerve apricots, and make jellies, before he

'had been two years out of the nurſery. He 'was never ſuffered to go abroad, for fear of 'catching cold: When he ſhould have been 'hunting down a buck, he was by his mother's 'ſide learning how to ſeaſon it, or put it in 'cruſt; and was making paper-boats with his 'ſiſters, at an age when other young Gentlemen 'are croſſing the ſeas, or travelling into foreign 'countries. He has the whiteſt hand that you 'ever ſaw in your life, and raiſes paſte better 'than any woman in *England*. Theſe qualifi-'cations make him a ſad Huſband: He is per-'petually in the kitchen, and has a thouſand 'ſquabbles with the Cook-maid. He is better 'acquainted with the milk-ſcore, than his 'ſteward's accounts. I fret to death when I hear 'him find fault with a diſh that is not dreſſed 'to his liking, and inſtructing his friends that 'dine with him in the beſt pickle for a walnut, 'or ſauce for an hanch of veniſon. With all 'this, he is a very good-natured Huſband, and 'never fell out with me in his life but once, 'upon the over-roſting of a diſh of wild-fowl: 'At the ſame time I muſt own, I would rather 'he was a man of a rough temper, that would 'treat me harſhly ſometimes, than of ſuch an 'effeminate buſy nature in a province that does 'not belong to him. Since you have given us 'the character of a wife who wears the breeches, 'pray ſay ſomething of a huſband that wears the 'petticoat. Why ſhould not a female character 'be as ridiculous in a man, as a male character 'in one of our Sex?

O I am, &c.

N°483 Saturday, September 13.

Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit —— Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 191.

Never preſume to make a God appear,
But for a buſineſs worthy of a God.

ROSCOMMON.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableneſs, than to interpret the afflictions which befal our neighbours, as Puniſhments and Judgments. It aggravates the evil to him who ſuffers, when he looks upon himſelf as the mark of Divine vengeance, and abates the compaſſion of thoſe towards him, who regard him in ſo dreadful a light. This humour of turning every misfortune into a Judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces good-will towards men, and puts the mildeſt conſtruction upon every accident that befalls them. In this caſe, therefore, it is not religion that ſours a man's temper, but it is his temper that ſours his religion: People of gloomy unchearful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will diſcover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the fineſt wines have often the taſte of the ſoil, ſo even the moſt

religious thoughts often draw ſomething that is particular from the conſtitution of the mind in which they ariſe. When folly or ſuperſtition ſtrike in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion itſelf, to preſerve the character of the perſon who is poſſeſſed with it, from appearing highly abſurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden Gentlewoman, whom I ſhall conceal under the name of *Nemeſis*, is the greateſt diſcoverer of Judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what ſin it was that ſet ſuch a man's houſe on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young Lady that loſt her beauty by the ſmall-pox, ſhe fetches a deep ſigh, and tells you, that when ſhe had a fine face ſhe was always looking on it in her glaſs. Tell her of a piece of good-fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintance; and ſhe wiſhes it may proſper with her, but her mother uſed one of her nieces very barbarouſly. Her uſual remarks turn upon people who had great eſtates, but never enjoyed them, by reaſon of ſome flaw in their own, or their father's behaviour. She can give you the reaſon why ſuch an one died childleſs: Why ſuch an one was cut off in the flower of his youth: Why ſuch an one was unhappy in her marriage: Why one broke his leg on ſuch a particular ſpot of ground, and why another was killed with a back-ſword, rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befal any of her acquaintance; and when ſhe hears

hears of a robbery that has been made, or a murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the ſuffering perſon, than on that of the thief or the aſſaſſin. In ſhort, ſhe is ſo good a Chriſtian, that whatever happens to herſelf is a Trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a Judgment.

The very deſcription of this folly, in ordinary life, is ſufficient to expoſe it; but when it appears in a pomp and dignity of ſtile, it is very apt to amuſe and terrify the mind of the reader. *Herodotus* and *Plutarch* very often apply their Judgments as impertinently as the old woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the folly itſelf appear venerable. Indeed, moſt Hiſtorians, as well Chriſtian as Pagan, have fallen into this idle ſuperſtition, and ſpoken of ill ſucceſs, unforeſeen diſaſters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the ſecrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think ſeveral of our own hiſtorians in particular had many revelations of this kind made to them. Our old *Engliſh* Monks ſeldom let any of their Kings depart in peace, who had endeavoured to deminiſh the power or wealth of which the Eccleſiaſtics were in thoſe times poſſeſſed. *William the Conqueror*'s race generally found their Judgments in the *New Foreſt*, where their father had pulled down churches and monaſteries. In ſhort, read one of the chronicles written by an Author of this frame of mind, and you would

think you were reading an hiſtory of the Kings of *Iſrael* or *Judah*, where the Hiſtorians were actually inſpired, and where, by a particular ſcheme of Providence, the Kings were diſtinguiſhed by Judgments or Bleſſings, according as they promoted idolatry or the worſhip of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the perſon whom they befal, but very preſumptuous in regard to him who is ſuppoſed to inflict them. It is a ſtrong argument for a ſtate of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous perſons are very often unfortunate, and vicious perſons proſperous; which is wholly repugnant to the nature of a Being who appears infinitely wiſe and good in all his works, unleſs we may ſuppoſe that ſuch a promiſcuous and undiſtinguiſhing diſtribution of good and evil, which was neceſſary for carrying on the deſigns of Providence in this life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that fire ſhould fall from Heaven in the ordinary courſe of Providence; nor when we ſee triumphant guilt or depreſſed virtue in particular perſons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy arm in the defence of the one, or puniſhment of the other. It is ſufficient that there is a Day ſet apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their reſpective merits.

The folly of aſcribing temporal Judgments to any particular crimes, may appear from ſeveral

conſiderations. I ſhall only mention two: Firſt, That, generally ſpeaking, there is no calamity or affliction, which is ſuppoſed to have happened as a Judgment to a vicious man, which does not ſometimes happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When *Diagoras* the Atheiſt was on board one of the *Athenian* ſhips, there aroſe a very violent tempeſt: upon which the mariners told him, that it was a juſt Judgment upon them for having taken ſo impious a man on board. *Diagoras* begged them to look upon the reſt of the ſhips that were in the ſame diſtreſs, and aſked them whether or no *Diagoras* was on board every veſſel in the fleet. We are all involved in the ſame calamities, and ſubject to the ſame accidents: and when we ſee any one of the ſpecies under any particular oppreſſion, we ſhould look upon it as ariſing from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the perſon who ſuffers.

Another conſideration, that may check our preſumption in putting ſuch a conſtruction upon a misfortune, is this, that it is impoſſible for us to know what are calamities and what are bleſſings. How many accidents have paſſed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and proſperity of the perſons in whoſe lot they have fallen? How many diſappointments have, in their conſequences, ſaved a man from ruin? If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon Bleſſings and Judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he ſees but in part, and

in its beginnings, is an unjuſtifiable piece of raſhneſs and folly. The ſtory of *Biton* and *Clitobus*, which was in great reputation among the heathens, (for we ſee it quoted by all the ancient Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, who have written upon the Immortality of the Soul,) may teach us a caution in this matter. Theſe two brothers, being the ſons of a Lady who was Prieſteſs to *Juno*, drew their mother's chariot to the Temple at the time of a great ſolemnity, the perſons being abſent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on that occaſion. The mother was ſo tranſported with this inſtance of filial duty, that ſhe petitioned her Goddeſs to beſtow upon them the greateſt gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both caſt into a deep ſleep, and the next morning found dead in the Temple. This was ſuch an event, as would have been conſtrued into a Judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of diſobedience, and would doubtleſs have been repreſented as ſuch by any ancient hiſtorian who had given us an account of it. O

N°484 Monday, September 15.

Neque cuiquam tam ſtatim clarum ingenium eſt, ut poſſit emergere; niſi illi materia, occaſio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat. Plin. Epiſt.

No man's abilities are ſo remarkably ſhining, as not to ſtand in need of a proper opportunity, a Patron, and even the praiſes of a Friend, to recommend them to the notice of the world.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'OF all the young fellows who are in their 'progreſs through any profeſſion, none 'ſeem to have ſo good a title to the protection 'of the men of eminence in it as the modeſt 'man; not ſo much becauſe his Modeſty is a 'certain indication of his merit, as becauſe it 'is a certain obſtacle to the producing of it. 'Now, as of all profeſſions this virtue is thought 'to be more particularly unneceſſary in that 'of the Law than in any other, I ſhall only 'apply myſelf to the relief of ſuch who follow 'this profeſſion with this diſadvantage. What 'aggravates the matter is, that thoſe perſons 'who, the better to prepare themſelves for this 'ſtudy, have made ſome progreſs in others, 'have, by addicting themſelves to Letters, in-'creaſed their natural Modeſty, and conſequently 'heightened the obſtruction to this ſort of pre-

'ferment;

'ferment; ſo that every one of theſe may emphatically be ſaid to be ſuch a one as "laboureth "and taketh pains, and is ſtill the more behind." 'It may be a matter worth diſcuſſing then, 'why that which made a youth ſo amiable to 'the ancients, ſhould make him appear ſo ridiculous to the moderns? and, why in our 'days there ſhould be neglect, and even oppreſſion of young beginners, inſtead of that 'protection which was the pride of theirs? 'In the profeſſion ſpoken of, it is obvious to 'every one whoſe attendance is required at '*Weſtminſter-Hall*, with what difficulty a youth 'of any Modeſty has been permitted to make 'an obſervation, that could in no wiſe detract 'from the merit of his elders, and is abſolutely 'neceſſary for the advancing his own. I have 'often ſeen one of theſe not only moleſted in 'his utterance of ſomething very pertinent, but 'even plundered of his queſtion, and by a ſtrong 'Serjeant ſhouldered out of his rank, which he 'has recovered with much difficulty and confuſion. Now as great part of the buſineſs 'of this profeſſion might be diſpatched by one 'that perhaps

——*Abeſt virtute diſerti*
Meſſalæ, nec ſit quantum Cauſellius Aulus.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 370.

——wants *Meſſala*'s pow'rful eloquence,
And is leſs read than deep *Cauſellius*.
ROSCOMMON.

'ſo

'ſo I cannot conceive the injuſtice done to 'the Public, if the men of reputation in this 'Calling would introduce ſuch of the young 'ones into buſineſs, whoſe application to this 'ſtudy will let them into the ſecrets of it, as 'much as their Modeſty will hinder them 'from the practice: I ſay, it would be laying 'an everlaſting obligation upon a young man, 'to be introduced at firſt only as a mute, until 'by this countenance, and a reſolution to ſupport 'the good opinion conceived of him in his 'betters, his complexion ſhall be ſo well ſettled, 'that the litigious of this Iſland may be ſecure 'of his obſtreperous aid. If I might be in-'dulged to ſpeak in the ſtile of a Lawyer, I 'would ſay, that any one about thirty years 'of age might make a common motion to the 'court with as much elegance and propriety as 'the moſt aged advocates in the hall.

'I cannot advance the merit of Modeſty by 'any argument of my own ſo powerfully, as 'by inquiring into the ſentiments the greateſt 'among the ancients of different ages enter-'tained upon this virtue. If we go back to 'the days of *Solomon*, we ſhall find Favour a 'neceſſary conſequence to a ſhame-faced man. '*Pliny*, the greateſt Lawyer and moſt elegant 'Writer of the age he lived in, in ſeveral of 'his Epiſtles is very ſolicitous in recommending 'to the Public ſome young men of his own 'profeſſion, and very often undertakes to become 'an advocate, upon condition that ſome one of 'theſe his favourites might be joined with him,

'in

'in order to produce the merit of ſuch, whoſe 'Modeſty otherwiſe would have ſuppreſſed it. 'It may ſeem very marvellous to a ſaucy mo- 'dern, that *Multum ſanguinis, multum vere- 'cundiæ, multum ſolicitudinis in ore*; "to have "the face firſt full of blood, then the counte- "nance daſhed with Modeſty, and then the "whole aſpect as of one dying with fear, when "a man begins to ſpeak;" ſhould be eſteemed 'by *Pliny* the neceſſary qualifications of a fine 'ſpeaker. *Shakeſpear* alſo has expreſſed himſelf "in the ſame favourable ſtrain' of Modeſty, 'when he ſays,

——In the Modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence——

'Now ſince theſe Authors have profeſſed 'themſelves for the modeſt man, even in the 'utmoſt confuſions of ſpeech and countenance, 'why ſhould an intrepid utterance and a re- 'ſolute vociferation thunder ſo ſucceſsfully in 'our courts of juſtice? And why ſhould that 'confidence of ſpeech and behaviour, which 'ſeems to acknowledge no ſuperior, and to 'defy all contradiction, prevail over that de- 'ference and reſignation with which the modeſt 'man implores that favourable opinion which 'the other ſeems to command?

'As the caſe at preſent ſtands, the beſt con- 'ſolation that I can adminiſter to thoſe who 'cannot get into that ſtroke of buſineſs (as the 'phraſe

'phraſe is) which they deſerve, is to reckon 'every particular acquiſition of knowledge in 'this ſtudy as a real increaſe of their fortune; 'and fully to believe, that one day this ima-'ginary gain will certainly be made out by one 'more ſubſtantial. I wiſh you would talk to 'us a little on this head, you would oblige,

Sir,

Your humble ſervant.

The Author of this Letter is certainly a man of good ſenſe; but I am perhaps particular in my opinion on this occaſion; for I have obſerved, that under the notion of Modeſty, men have indulged themſelves in a ſpiritleſs Sheepiſhneſs, and been for ever loſt to themſelves, their families, their friends, and their country. When a man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may juſtly aim at, and can execute as well as any other, without injuſtice to any other; it is ever want of breeding or courage to be brow-beaten or elbowed out of his honeſt ambition. I have ſaid often, Modeſty muſt be an act of the will, and yet it always implies ſelf-denial: For if a man has an ardent deſire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and, from an unmanly baſhfulneſs, ſhrinks away, and lets his merit languiſh in ſilence, he ought not to be angry at the world that a more unſkilful Actor ſucceeds in his part, becauſe he has not confidence to come upon the ſtage himſelf. The generoſity my correſpondent mentions

mentions of *Pliny*, cannot be enough applauded. To cheriſh the dawn of merit, and haſten its maturity, was a work worthy a noble *Roman* and a liberal Scholar. That concern which is deſcribed in the Letter, is to all the world the greateſt charm imaginable: but then the modeſt man muſt proceed, and ſhew a latent reſolution in himſelf; for the admiration of his Modeſty ariſes from the manifeſtation of his merit. I muſt confeſs we live in an age wherein a few empty bluſterers carry away the praiſe of ſpeaking, while a crowd of fellows over-ſtocked with knowledge are run down by them: I ſay, over-ſtocked, becauſe they certainly are ſo as to their ſervice of mankind, if from their very ſtore they raiſe to themſelves ideas of reſpect, and greatneſs of the occaſion, and I know not what, to diſable themſelves from explaining their thoughts. I muſt confeſs, when I have ſeen *Charles Frankair* riſe up with a commanding mien, and torrent of handſom words, talk a mile off the purpoſe, and drive down twenty baſhful boobies of ten times his ſenſe, who at the ſame time were envying his impudence and deſpiſing his underſtanding, it has been matter of great mirth to me; but it ſoon ended in a ſecret lamentation, that the fountains of every thing praiſe-worthy in theſe realms, the Univerſities, ſhould be ſo muddled with a falſe ſenſe of this virtue, as to produce men capable of being ſo abuſed. I will be bold to ſay, that it is a ridiculous education which does not qualify a man to make his beſt appearance before the greateſt

greateſt man and the fineſt woman to whom he can addreſs himſelf. Were this judiciouſly corrected in the nurſeries of learning, pert Coxcombs would know their diſtance: But we muſt bear with this falſe Modeſty in our young Nobility and Gentry, until they ceaſe at *Oxford* and *Cambridge* to grow dumb in the ſtudy of eloquence. T

N°485 Tueſday, September 16.

Nihil tam firmum eſt, cui periculum non ſit, etiam ab invalido. Quint. Curt. l. 7. c. 8.

The ſtrongeſt things are in danger even from the weakeſt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY Lord *Clarendon* has obſerved, "That 'few men have done more harm than "thoſe who have been thought to be able to "do leaſt; and there cannot be a greater error, "than to believe a man whom we ſee qua-"lified with too mean parts to do good, to "be therefore incapable of doing hurt. There "is a ſupply of malice, of pride, of induſtry, "and even of folly, in the weakeſt, when he "ſets his heart upon it, that makes a ſtrange "progreſs in miſchief." What may ſeem to the 'reader the greateſt paradox in the reflexion of

'the

'the Hiſtorian, is, I ſuppoſe, that Folly, which 'is generally thought incapable of contriving or 'executing any deſign, ſhould be ſo formidable 'to thoſe whom it exerts itſelf to moleſt. But 'this will appear very plain, if we remember 'that *Solomon* ſays, "It is ſport to a Fool to "do miſchief;" and that he might the more 'emphatically expreſs the calamitous circum-'ſtances of him who falls under the diſpleaſure 'of this wanton perſon, the ſame Author adds 'further, that "a ſtone is heavy, and the ſand "weighty, but a Fool's wrath is heavier than "them both." It is impoſſible to ſuppreſs my 'own illuſtration upon this matter, which is, 'that as the man of ſagacity beſtirs himſelf to 'diſtreſs his enemy by methods probable and 'reducible to reaſon, ſo the ſame reaſon will 'fortify his enemy to elude theſe his regular 'efforts; but your Fool projects, acts, and con-'cludes with ſuch notable inconſiſtence, that 'no regular courſe of thought can evade or 'counterplot his prodigious machinations. My 'frontiſpiece, I believe, may be extended to 'imply, that ſeveral of our misfortunes ariſe 'from things, as well as perſons, that ſeem of 'very little conſequence. Into what tragical 'extravagancies does *Shakeſpear* hurry *Othello* 'upon the loſs of an handkerchief only? and 'what barbarities does *Deſdemona* ſuffer from 'a ſlight inadvertency in regard to this fatal 'trifle? If the ſchemes of all the enterprizing 'ſpirits were to be carefully examined, ſome 'intervening accident, not conſiderable enough

'to

'to occaſion any debate upon, or give them 'any apprehenſion of ill conſequence from it, 'will be found to be the occaſion of their ill 'ſucceſs, rather than any error in points of 'moment and difficulty, which naturally en-'gaged their matureſt deliberations. If you go 'to the levée of any great man, you will obſerve 'him exceeding gracious to ſeveral very in-'ſignificant fellows; and this upon this maxim, 'that the neglect of any perſon muſt ariſe from 'the mean opinion you have of his capacity 'to do you any ſervice or prejudice; and that 'this calling his ſufficiency in queſtion, muſt 'give him inclination, and where this is, there 'never wants ſtrength or opportunity to annoy 'you. There is no body ſo weak of invention, 'that cannot aggravate or make ſome little ſtories 'to vilify his enemy; and there are very few 'but have good inclinations to hear them, and 'it is infinite pleaſure to the majority of man-'kind to level a perſon ſuperior to his neigh-'bours. Beſides, in all matter of controverſy, 'that party which has the greateſt abilities la-'bours under this prejudice, that he will cer-'tainly be ſuppoſed, upon account of his abilities, 'to have done an injury, when perhaps he has 'received one. It would be tedious to enumerate 'the ſtrokes that nations and particular friends 'have ſuffered from perſons very contemptible.

'I think *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, ſo 'formidable to his neighbours, could no more 'be ſecured againſt the reſolute villany of *Ra-'villac*, than *Villiers*, Duke of *Buckingham*,

'could be againſt that of *Felton*. And there is 'no incenſed perſon ſo deſtitute, but can pro-'vide himſelf with a knife or a piſtol, if he 'finds ſtomach to apply them. That things 'and perſons of no moment ſhould give ſuch 'powerful revolutions to the progreſs of thoſe 'of the greateſt, ſeems a providential diſpoſition 'to baffle and abate the pride of human ſuf-'ficiency; as alſo to engage the humanity and 'benevolence of ſuperiors to all below them, 'by letting them into this ſecret, that the ſtronger 'depends upon the weaker.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant.

Dear Sir, *Temple, Paper-Buildings.*

'I Received a Letter from you ſome time ago, 'which I ſhould have anſwered ſooner, had 'you informed me in yours to what part of 'this iſland I might have directed my impert-'inence; but having been let into the know-'ledge of that matter, this handſom excuſe is 'no longer ſerviceable. My neighbour *Prettyman* 'ſhall be the ſubject of this Letter; who fall-'ing in with the SPECTATOR's doctrine con-'cerning the month of *May*, began from that 'ſeaſon to dedicate himſelf to the ſervice of 'the Fair in the following manner. I obſerved 'at the beginning of the month he bought 'him a new night-gown, either ſide to be worn 'outwards, both equally gorgeous and attrac-'tive; but until the end of the month I did not

'enter

'enter ſo fully into the knowledge of his contrivance, as the uſe of that garment has ſince ſuggeſted to me. Now you muſt know that all new clothes raiſe and warm the wearer's imagination into a conceit of his being a much finer Gentleman than he was before, baniſhing all ſobriety and reflection, and giving him up to gallantry and amour. Inflamed therefore with this way of thinking, and full of the ſpirit of the month of *May*, did this mercileſs youth reſolve upon the buſineſs of captivating. At firſt he confined himſelf to his room only, now and then appearing at his window in his night-gown, and practiſing that eaſy poſture which expreſſes the very top and dignity of languiſhment. It was pleaſant to ſee him diverſify his lovelineſs, ſometimes obliging the paſſengers only with a ſide-face, with a book in his hand; ſometimes being ſo generous as to expoſe the whole in the fulneſs of its beauty; at other times, by a judicious throwing back of his periwig, he would throw in his ears. You know he is that ſort of perſon which the mob call a handſom jolly man; which appearance cannot miſs of captives in this part of the town. Being emboldened by daily ſucceſs, he leaves his room with a reſolution to extend his conqueſts; and I have apprehended him in his night-gown ſmiting in all parts of this neighbourhood.

'This I, being of an amorous complexion, ſaw with indignation, and had thoughts of purchaſing a wig in theſe parts; into which,

'being at a greater diſtance from the earth, I 'might have thrown a very liberal mixture of 'white horſe-hair, which would make a fairer, 'and conſequently a handſomer appearance, 'while my ſituation would ſecure me againſt 'any diſcoveries. But the paſſion to the hand-'ſom Gentleman ſeems to be ſo fixed to that 'part of the building, that it will be extremely 'difficult to divert it to mine; ſo that I am 'reſolved to ſtand boldly to the complexion of 'my own eye-brow, and prepare me an im-'menſe black wig of the ſame ſort of ſtructure 'with that of my rival. Now, though by this 'I ſhall not, perhaps, leſſen the number of the 'admirers of his complexion, I ſhall have a 'fair chance to divide the paſſengers by the 'irreſiſtible force of mine.

'I expect ſudden diſpatches from you, with 'advice of the family you are in now, how to 'deport myſelf upon this ſo delicate a con-'juncture; with ſome comfortable reſolutions in 'favour of the handſom black man againſt the 'handſom fair one. C

I am,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

N. B. 'He who writ this, is a black man two 'pair of ſtairs; the Gentleman of whom he 'writes, is fair, and one pair of ſtairs.'

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Only ſay, that it is impoſſible for me to ſay
'how much I am

Yours,

Robin Shorter.

P. S. 'I ſhall think it a little hard, if you 'do not take as much notice of this Epiſtle, as 'you have of the ingenious Mr. *Short*'s. I am 'not afraid to let the world ſee which is the 'deeper man of the two.

ADVERTISEMENT.

London, September 15.

'Whereas a young Woman on horſe-back, 'in an equeſtrian habit, on the thirteenth inſtant 'in the evening met the SPECTATOR within a 'mile and an half of this town, and flying in 'the face of juſtice, pulled off her hat, in which 'there was a feather, with the mien and air of 'a young Officer, ſaying at the ſame time, your 'ſervant Mr. SPEC, or words to that purpoſe: 'This is to give notice, that if any perſon can 'diſcover the name, and place of abode of the 'the ſaid offender, ſo as ſhe can be brought to 'juſtice, the informant ſhall have all fitting 'encouragement.

N°486 Wedneſday, September 17.

Audire eſt operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mœchis non vultis —— ——

Hor. Sat. 2. l. 1. v. 38.

IMITATED.

All you who think the city ne'er can thrive,
Till ev'ry cuckold-maker's flea'd alive,
Attend.—— —— POPE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are very many of my acquaintance followers of *Socrates*, with more particular regard to that part of his philoſophy which we, among ourſelves, call his Domeſtics; under which denomination, or title, we include all the conjugal joys and ſufferings. We have indeed, with very great pleaſure, obſerved the honour you do the whole fraternity of the Hen-pecked, in placing that illuſtrious man at our head, and it does in a very great meaſure baffle the rallery of pert rogues, who have no advantage above us, but in that they are ſingle. But when you look about into the crowd of mankind, you will find the fair Sex reigns with greater tyranny over Lovers than Huſbands. You ſhall hardly meet one in a thouſand who is wholly exempt

'from

'from their dominion, and thoſe that are ſo are 'capable of no taſte of life, and breathe and 'walk about the earth as inſignificants. But I 'am going to deſire your further favour in be-'half of our harmleſs brotherhood, and hope 'you will ſhew in a true light the unmarried 'Hen-pecked, as well as you have done juſtice 'to us, who ſubmit to the conduct of our 'wives. I am very particularly acquainted with 'one who is under intire ſubmiſſion to a kind 'girl, as he calls her; and though he knows 'I have been witneſs both to the ill uſage he 'has received from her, and his inability to 'reſiſt her tyranny, he ſtill pretends to make 'a jeſt of me for a little more than ordinary 'obſequiouſneſs to my ſpouſe. No longer than '*Tueſday* laſt he took me with him to viſit his 'miſtreſs; and he having, it ſeems, been a little 'in diſgrace before, thought by bringing me 'with him ſhe would conſtrain herſelf, and 'inſenſibly fall into general diſcourſe with him; 'and ſo he might break the ice, and ſave him-'ſelf all the ordinary compunctions and mortifi-'cations ſhe uſed to make him ſuffer before 'ſhe would be reconciled, after any act of re-'bellion on his part. When we came into the 'room, we were received with the utmoſt cold-'neſs; and when he preſented me as Mr. Such-'a-one, his very good friend, ſhe juſt had pa-'tience to ſuffer my ſalutation; but when 'he himſelf, with a very gay air, offered to 'follow me, ſhe gave him a thundering box 'on the ear, called him a pitiful poor-ſpirited

'wretch, how durſt he ſee her face? His wig
'and hat fell on different parts of the floor.
'She ſeized the wig too ſoon for him to recover
'it, and kicking it down ſtairs, threw herſelf
'into an oppoſite room, pulling the door after
'her with a force, that you would have thought
'the hinges would have given way. We went
'down, you muſt think, with no very good
'countenances; and as we ſneaked off, and
'were driving home together, he confeſſed
'to me, that her anger was thus highly raiſed,
'becauſe he did not think fit to fight a Gen-
'tleman who had ſaid, ſhe was what ſhe was;
'but, ſays he, a kind Letter or two, or fifty
'pieces, will put her in humour again. I aſked
'him why he did not part with her; he an-
'ſwered, he loved her with all the tenderneſs
'imaginable, and ſhe had too many charms to
'be abandoned for a little quickneſs of ſpirit.
'Thus does this illegitimate Hen-pecked over-
'look the huſſy's having no regard to his
'very life and fame, in putting him upon an
'infamous diſpute about her reputation; yet
'has he the confidence to laugh at me, becauſe
'I obey my poor dear in keeping out of harm's
'way, and not ſtaying too late from my own
'family, to paſs through the hazards of a town
'full of Ranters and Debauchees. You that
'are a Philoſopher ſhould urge in our behalf,
'that when we bear with a froward woman,
'our patience is preſerved, in conſideration that
'a breach with her might be a diſhonour to
'children who are deſcended from us, and whoſe

'concern

'concern makes us tolerate a thouſand frailties,
'for fear they ſhould redound diſhonour upon
'the innocent. This and the like circumſtances,
'which carry with them the moſt valuable re-
'gards of human life, may be mentioned for
'our long ſuffering; but in the caſe of Gallants,
'they ſwallow ill uſage from one to whom
'they have no obligation, but from a baſe paſ-
'ſion, which it is mean to indulge, and which
'it would be glorious to overcome.

'Theſe ſort of fellows are very numerous,
'and ſome have been conſpicuouſly ſuch, with-
'out ſhame; nay they have carried on the jeſt
'in the very article of death, and, to the di-
'minution of the wealth and happineſs of their
'families, in bar of thoſe honourably near to
'them, have left immenſe wealth to their
'paramours. What is this but being a cully
'in the grave! Sure this is being Hen-pecked
'with a vengeance! But without dwelling upon
'theſe leſs frequent inſtances of eminent cullyiſm,
'what is there ſo common as to hear a fellow
'curſe his fate that he cannot get rid of a paſſion
'to a Jilt, and quote an half-line out of a miſ-
'cellany Poem to prove his weakneſs is natural?
'If they will go on thus, I have nothing to
'ſay to it: But then let them not pretend to
'be free all this while, and laugh at us poor
'married patients.

'I have known one wench in this town carry
'an haughty dominion over her Lovers ſo well,
'that ſhe has at the ſame time been kept by
'a Sea-Captain in the *Straits*, a Merchant in

'the

'in the city, a country Gentleman in *Hampſhire*, 'and had all her correſpondences managed by 'one ſhe kept for her own uſes. This happy 'man (as the phraſe is) uſed to write very 'punctually, every poſt, Letters for the miſtreſs 'to tranſcribe. He would ſit in his night-'gown and ſlippers, and be as grave giving an 'account, only changing names, that there was 'nothing in thoſe idle reports they had heard 'of ſuch a ſcoundrel as one of the other Lovers 'was; and how could he think ſhe could con-'deſcend ſo low, after ſuch a fine Gentleman 'as each of them? For the ſame epiſtle ſaid the 'ſame thing to and of every one of them. And 'ſo Mr. Secretary and his Lady went to bed 'with great order.

'To be ſhort, Mr. SPECTATOR, we Huſ-'bands ſhall never make the figure we ought 'in the imaginations of young men growing up 'in the world, except you can bring it about 'that a Man of the town ſhall be as infamous 'a character as a Woman of the town. But of 'all that I have met in my time, commend me 'to *Betty Duall*: She is the wife of a Sailor, 'and the kept miſtreſs of a man of Quality; 'ſhe dwells with the latter during the ſea-faring 'of the former. The Huſband aſks no queſtions, 'ſees his apartments furniſhed with riches not 'his, when he comes into port, and the Lover 'is as joyful as a man arrived at his haven when 'the other puts to ſea. *Betty* is the moſt 'eminently victorious of any of her Sex, and 'ought to ſtand recorded the only woman of

'the age in which ſhe lives, who has poſſeſſed
'at the ſame time two abuſed, and two con-
'tented——— T

N°487 Thurſday, September 18.

——— ——Cum proſtrata ſopore
Urget membra quies, & mens ſine pondere ludit.
Petr.

While ſleep oppreſſes the tir'd limbs, the mind
Plays without weight, and wantons unconfin'd.

THOUGH there are many Authors, who have written on Dreams, they have generally conſidered them only as revelations of what has already happened in diſtant parts of the world, or as preſages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I ſhall conſider this ſubject in another light, as Dreams may give us ſome idea of the great excellency of an human Soul, and ſome intimation of its independency on matter.

In the firſt place, our Dreams are great inſtances of that activity which is natural to the human Soul, and which it is not in the power of ſleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his compoſition is ſtill buſied and unwearied. When the organs of ſenſe want their due repoſe and neceſſary reparations,

parations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that ſpiritual ſubſtance to which it is united, the Soul exerts herſelf in her ſeveral faculties, and continues in action until her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this caſe Dreams look like the relaxations and amuſements of the Soul, when ſhe is diſincumbered of her machine, her ſports and recreations, when ſhe has laid her charge aſleep.

In the ſecond place, Dreams are an inſtance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are diſengaged from the body. The Soul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when ſhe acts in conjuction with a companion that is ſo heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in Dreams it is wonderful to obſerve with what a ſprightlineſs and alacrity ſhe exerts herſelf. The flow of ſpeech make unpremeditated harangues, or converſe readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleaſantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind, than invention; yet in Dreams it works with that eaſe and activity that we are not ſenſible when the faculty is employed. For inſtance, I believe every one, ſome time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which caſe the invention prompts ſo readily, that the mind is impoſed upon, and miſtakes its own ſuggeſtions for the compoſitions of another.

I ſhall, under this head, quote a paſſage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious Author

Author gives an account of himſelf in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. 'We are ſomewhat more than ourſelves in our ſleeps, and the ſlumber of the Body ſeems to be but the waking of the Soul. It is the ligation of ſenſe, but the liberty of reaſon; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our ſleeps. At my nativity my aſcendant was the watery ſign of *Scorpio:* I was born in the planetary hour of *Saturn*, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor diſpoſed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one Dream I can compoſe a whole Comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jeſts, and laugh myſelf awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reaſon is then fruitful, I would never ſtudy but in my Dreams; and this time alſo would I chooſe for my devotions; but our groſſer memories have then ſo little hold of our abſtracted underſtandings, that they forget the ſtory, and can only relate to our awakened Souls a confuſed and broken tale of that that has paſſed—Thus it is obſerved that men ſometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do ſpeak and reaſon above themſelves; for then the Soul beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reaſon like herſelf, and to diſcourſe in a ſtrain above mortality.'

We may likewiſe obſerve in the third place, that the paſſions affect the mind with greater ſtrength when we are aſleep, than when we are

are awake. Joy and ſorrow give us more vigorous ſenſations of pain or pleaſure at this time, than at any other. Devotion likewiſe, as the excellent Author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it riſes in the Soul at a time that the body is thus laid at reſt. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable, that this may happen differently in different conſtitutions. I ſhall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I ſhall leave to the ſolution of my reader. Suppoſing a man always happy in his Dreams, and miſerable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miſerable? Were a man a King in his Dreams, and a Beggar awake, and dreamed as conſequentially, and in as continued unbroken ſchemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a King or Beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumſtance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the Soul, in regard to what paſſes in Dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then ariſe in her. Were that active watchful Being only conſcious of her own exiſtence at ſuch a time, what a painful ſolitude would her hours of ſleep be? Were the Soul ſenſible of her being alone in her ſleeping moments, after the ſame manner that ſhe is ſenſible of it while awake, the time would hang very

very heavy on her as it often actually does when ſhe dreams that ſhe is in ſuch ſolitude.

——— ——*Semperque relinqui*
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam——— —— Virg. Æn. 4. v. 466.

—— ——— —— She ſeems alone
To wander in her ſleep through ways unknown,
Guideleſs and dark——— DRYDEN.

But this obſervation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the Soul, of producing her own company on theſe occaſions. She converſes with numberleſs Beings of her own creation, and is tranſported into ten thouſand ſcenes of her own raiſing. She is herſelf the theatre, the actors, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a ſaying which I am infinitely pleaſed with, and which *Plutarch* aſcribes to *Heraclitus*, 'That 'all men whilſt they are awake are in one 'common world; but that each of them, when 'he is aſleep, is in a world of his own.' The waking man is converſant in the world of Nature; when he ſleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himſelf. There ſeems ſomething in this conſideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the Soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I muſt not omit that argument for the excellency of the Soul, which I have ſeen quoted out of *Tertullian*, namely, its power of divining in Dreams. That ſeveral ſuch divinations have been

been made, none can queſtion, who believes the Holy Writings, or who has but the leaſt degree of a common hiſtorical faith; there being innumerable inſtances of this nature in ſeveral Authors, both ancient and modern, ſacred and profane. Whether ſuch dark preſages, ſuch viſions of the night proceed from any latent power in the Soul, during this her ſtate of abſtraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of ſubordinate Spirits, has been a great diſpute among the Learned; the matter of fact is, I think, inconteſtable, and has been looked upon as ſuch by the greateſt Writers, who have been never ſuſpected either of ſuperſtition or enthuſiaſm.

I do not ſuppoſe, that the Soul in theſe inſtances is intirely looſe and unfettered from the body; it is ſufficient, if ſhe is not ſo far ſunk, and immerſed in matter, nor intangled and perplexed in her operations, with ſuch motions of blood and ſpirits, as when ſhe actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is ſlackened enough to give the mind more play. The Soul ſeems gathered within herſelf, and recovers that ſpring which is broke and weakened, when ſhe operates more in concert with the body.

The ſpeculations I have here made, if they are not arguments they are at leaſt ſtrong intimations, not only of the Excellency of an human Soul, but of its Independence on the Body; and if they do not prove, do at leaſt confirm theſe two great points, which are eſtabliſhed by many other reaſons that are altogether unanſwerable. O

Friday,

N°488 Friday, September 19.

Quanti emptæ? parvo. Quanti ergo? octo aſſibus.
Eheu! Hor. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 156.

What doth it coſt? Not much, upon my word.
How much, pray? Why, *Two-pence.* Two-pence!
O Lord! CREECH.

I FIND, by ſeveral Letters which I receive daily, that many of my readers would be better pleaſed to pay Three half-pence for my Paper, than Two-pence. The ingenious *T. W.* tells me, that I have deprived him of the beſt part of his breakfaſt, for that ſince the riſe of my Paper, he is forced every morning to drink his diſh of coffee by itſelf, without the addition of the SPECTATOR, that uſed to be better than lace to it. *Eugenius* informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he ſhould have diſliked any paſſage in my Paper, but that of late there have been two words in every one of them, which he could heartily wiſh left out, *viz.* Price Two-pence. I have a letter from a Sope-boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately, upon the neceſſity we both lie under of ſetting an higher price on our commodities, ſince the late tax has been laid upon them, and deſiring me when I write next on that ſubject, to ſpeak a word or two upon the

preſent duties on caſtle-ſope. But there is none of theſe my correſpondents, who writes with a greater turn of good ſenſe and elegance of expreſſion, than the generous *Philomedes*, who adviſes me to value every SPECTATOR at Sixpence, and promiſes that he himſelf will engage for above a hundred of his acquaintance, who ſhall take it in at that price.

Letters from the female world are likewiſe come to me, in great quantities, upon the ſame occaſion; and as I naturally bear a great deference to this part of our ſpecies, I am very glad to find that thoſe who approve my conduct in this particular, are much more numerous than thoſe who condemn it. A large family of daughters have drawn me up a very handſom remonſtrance, in which they ſet forth that their father having refuſed to take in the SPECTATOR, ſince the additional price was ſet upon it, they offered him unanimouſly to bate him the article of bread and butter in the tea-table account, provided the SPECTATOR might be ſerved up to them every morning as uſual. Upon this the old Gentleman, being pleaſed, it ſeems, with their deſire of improving themſelves, has granted them the continuance both of the SPECTATOR and their bread and butter; having given particular orders, that the tea-table ſhall be ſet forth every morning with its cuſtomary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation. I thought myſelf obliged to mention this particular, as it does honour to this worthy Gentleman; and if the young Lady *Lætitia*, who

ſent

ſent me this account, will acquaint me with his name, I will inſert it at length in one of my Papers, if he deſires it.

I ſhould be very glad to find out any expedient that might alleviate the expence which this my Paper brings to any of my readers; and, in order to it, muſt propoſe two points to their conſideration. Firſt, that if they retrench any the ſmalleſt particular in their ordinary expence it will eaſily make up the Half-penny a-day, which we have now under conſideration. Let a Lady ſacrifice but a ſingle ribband to her morning ſtudies, and it will be ſufficient: Let a family burn but a candle a-night leſs than their uſual number, and they may take in the SPECTATOR without detriment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if my readers will not go to the price of buying my Papers by retail, let them have patience, and they may buy them in the lump, without the burden of a tax upon them. My Speculations, when they are ſold ſingle, like cherries upon the ſtick, are delights for the rich and wealthy; after ſome time they come to market in greater quantities, and are every ordinary man's money. The truth of it is, they have a certain flavour at their firſt appearance, from ſeveral accidental circumſtances of time, place and perſon, which they may loſe if they are not taken early; but in this caſe every reader is to conſider, whether it is not better for him to be half a year behind-hand with the faſhionable and polite part of the world,

than to ſtrain himſelf beyond his circumſtances. My Bookſeller has now about ten thouſand of the third and fourth volumes, which he is ready to publiſh, having already diſpoſed of as large an edition both of the firſt and ſecond volumes. As he is a perſon whoſe head is very well turned to his buſineſs, he thinks they would be a very proper preſent to be made to perſons at chriſtenings, marriages, viſiting-days, and the like joyful ſolemnities, as ſeveral other books are frequently given at funerals. He has printed them in ſuch a little portable volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a ſingle plate; and is of opinion, that a ſalver of SPECTATORS would be as acceptable an entertainment to the Ladies, as a ſalver of Sweatmeats.

I Shall conclude this Paper with an Epigram lately ſent to the writer of the SPECTATOR, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious Author of it.

SIR,

'HAVING heard the following Epigram very much commended, I wonder that 'it has not yet had a place in any of your 'Papers; I think the ſuffrage of our Poet 'Laureat ſhould not be overlooked, which ſhews 'the opinion he entertains of your Paper, whether 'the notion he proceeds upon be true or falſe. 'I make bold to convey it to you, not knowing 'if it has yet come to your hands.

On

On the SPECTATOR.

By Mr. *TATE.*

——— ——— ——— *Aliuſque & idem*
Naſceris ——— ——— ——— ———

Hor. Carm. Sæc. v. 10.

You riſe another and the ſame.

WHEN firſt the *Tatler* to a Mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her Cenſor's ſilence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his ſprightly beams, ſhe wept the night,
'Till the SPECTATOR roſe, and blaz'd as bright.
So the firſt man the Sun's firſt ſetting view'd,
And ſigh'd, 'till circling day his joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that ſecond Sun to name,
Whether a bright ſucceſſor, or the ſame.
So we; but now from this ſuſpenſe are freed,
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'Tis the ſame Sun, and does himſelf ſucceed.

O

N°489 Saturday, September 20.

—Βαθυῤῥείταο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο. Hom.

The mighty force of Ocean's troubled flood.

SIR,

UPON reading your Eſſay concerning the Pleaſures of the Imagination, I find among the three ſources of thoſe pleaſures which you have diſcovered, that Greatneſs is one. This has ſuggeſted to me the reaſon why, of all objects that I have ever ſeen, there is none which affects my Imagination ſo much as the Sea or Ocean. I cannot ſee the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleaſing aſtoniſhment; but when it is worked up in a Tempeſt, ſo that the horizon on every ſide is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impoſſible to deſcribe the agreeable horror that riſes from ſuch a proſpect. A troubled Ocean, to a man who ſails upon it, is, I think, the biggeſt object that he can ſee in motion, and conſequently gives his Imagination one of the higheſt kinds of pleaſure that can ariſe from Greatneſs. I muſt confeſs, it is impoſſible for me to ſurvey this world of fluid matter, without thinking on the Hand that firſt poured it out, and made a proper channel for

for its reception. Such an object naturally raiſes in my thoughts the idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his exiſtence as much as a metaphyſical demonſtration. The Imagnation prompts the underſtanding, and, by the Greatneſs of the ſenſible object, produces in it the idea of a Being who is neither circumſcribed by time nor ſpace.

As I have made ſeveral voyages upon the Sea, I have often been toſſed in Storms, and on that occaſion have frequently reflected on the deſcriptions of them in ancient Poets. I remember *Longinus* highly recommends one in *Homer*, becauſe the Poet has not amuſed himſelf with little fancies upon the occaſion, as Authors of an inferior genius, whom he metions, had done, but becauſe he has gathered together thoſe circumſtances which are the moſt apt to terrify the Imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a Tempeſt. It is for the ſame reaſon, that I prefer the following deſcription of a ſhip in a Storm, which the Pſalmiſt has made, before any other I have ever met with. 'They that 'go down to the Sea in ſhips, that do buſineſs 'in great waters: Theſe ſee the works of the 'Lord, and his wonders in the Deep. For he 'commandeth and raiſeth the ſtormy wind, 'which lifteth up the waters thereof: They 'mount up to the heaven, they go down again 'to the depths, their Soul is melted becauſe of 'trouble. They reel to and fro, and ſtagger 'like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. 'Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,

'and he bringeth them out of their diſtreſſes. 'He maketh the Storm a calm, ſo that the 'waves thereof are ſtill. Then they are glad, 'becauſe they be quiet, ſo he bringeth them 'unto their deſired haven.'

By the way, how much more comfortable as well as rational, is this ſyſtem of the Pſalmiſt, than the Pagan ſcheme in *Virgil*, and other Poets, where one Deity is repreſented as raiſing a Storm, and another as laying it? Were we only to conſider the ſublime in this piece of poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raiſing a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confuſion, thus troubling and becalming Nature!

Great Painters do not only give us landſkips of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon ſea-pieces: I could wiſh you would follow their example. If this ſmall ſketch may deſerve a place among your Works, I ſhall accompany it with a divine Ode, made by a Gentleman upon the concluſion of his Travels.

I.

HOW are thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

II.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy ſweeten'd ev'ry ſoil,
Made ev'ry region pleaſe:
The hoary *Alpine* hills it warm'd,
And ſmooth'd the *Tyrrhene* ſeas.

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide extended Deep
In all its horrors riſe!

V.

Confuſion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the Pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſet me free,
Whilſt in the confidence of pray'r
My Soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

VIII.

VIII.

The Storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The Sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

IX.

In midſt of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodneſs I'll adore,
And praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preſerv'ſt my life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, if death muſt be my doom,
Shall join my Soul to thee.

N°490 Monday, September 22.

Domus & placens Uxor. Hor. Od. 14. l. 2. v. 21.

Thy houſe and pleaſing Wife. CREECH.

I HAVE very long entertained an ambition to make the word Wife the moſt agreeable and delightful name in nature. If it be not ſo in itſelf, all the wiſer part of mankind from the beginning of the world to this day has conſented in an error: But our unhappineſs in *England* has been, that a few looſe men of genius

genius for pleaſure, have turned it all to the gratification of ungoverned deſires, in ſpight of good ſenſe, form and order; when, in truth, any ſatisfaction beyond the boundaries of reaſon, is but a ſtep towards madneſs and folly. But is the ſenſe of joy and accompliſhment of deſire no way to be indulged or attained? and have we appetites given us not to be at all gratified? Yes certainly: Marriage is an inſtitution calculated for a conſtant ſcene of as much delight as our Being is capable of. Two perſons who have choſen each other, out of all the ſpecies, with deſign to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themſelves to be good humoured, affable, diſcreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with reſpect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives. The wiſer of the two (and it always happens one of them is ſuch) will, for her or his own ſake, keep things from outrage with the utmoſt ſanctity. When this union is thus preſerved (as I have often ſaid) the moſt indifferent circumſtance adminiſters delight. Their condition is an endleſs ſource of new gratifications. The married man can ſay, if I am unacceptable to all the world beſide, there is one whom I intirely love, that will receive me with joy and tranſport, and think herſelf obliged to double her kindneſs and careſſes of me from the gloom with which ſhe ſees me overcaſt. I need not diſſemble the ſorrow of my heart to be agreeable there, that very ſorrow quickens her affection,

This

This paſſion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very conſtitution, and the kindneſs flows as eaſily and ſilently as the blood in the veins. When this affection is enjoyed in the moſt ſublime degree, unſkilful eyes ſee nothing of it; but when it is ſubject to be changed and has an allay in it that may make it end in diſtaſte, it is apt to break into rage, or overflow into fondneſs, before the reſt of the world.

Uxander and *Viramira* are amorous and young, and have been married theſe two years; yet do they ſo much diſtinguiſh each other in company, that in your converſation with the dear things you are ſtill put to a ſort of croſs-purpoſes. Whenever you addreſs yourſelf in ordinary diſcourſe to *Viramira*, ſhe turns her head another way, and the anſwer is made to the dear *Uxander*: If you tell a merry tale, the application is ſtill directed to her Dear; and when ſhe ſhould commend you, ſhe ſays to him, as if he had ſpoke it, That is, my Dear, ſo pretty——This puts me in mind of what I have ſomewhere read in the admired Memoirs of the famous *Cervantes*, where, while honeſt *Sancho Pança* is putting ſome neceſſary humble queſtions concerning *Rozinante*, his ſupper, or his lodgings, the Knight of the ſorrowful countenance is ever improving the harmleſs lowly hints of his 'Squire to the poetical conceit, rapture and flight, in contemplation of the dear *Dulcinea* of his affections.

On

On the other ſide, *Dictamnus* and *Maria* are for ever ſquabbling, and you may obſerve them all the time they are in company, in a ſtate of impatience. As *Uxander* and *Viramira* wiſh you all gone, that they may be at freedom for dalliance; *Dictamnus* and *Maria* wait your abſence that they may ſpeak their harſh interpretations on each other's words and actions during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater part of the evils attending this condition of life, ariſes from faſhion. Prejudice in this caſe is turned the wrong way, and inſtead of expecting more happineſs than we ſhall meet with in it, we are laughed into a prepoſſeſſion, that we ſhall be diſappointed if we hope for laſting ſatisfactions.

With all perſons who have made good ſenſe the rule of action, Marriage is deſcribed as the ſtate capable of the higheſt human felicity. *Tully* has Epiſtles full of affectionate pleaſure, when he writes to his Wife, or ſpeaks of his children. But above all the hints of this kind I have met with in Writers of ancient date, I am pleaſed with an Epigram of *Martial*, in honour of the beauty of his Wife *Cleopatra*. Commentators ſay it was written the day after his wedding-night. When his Spouſe was retired to the bathing room in the heat of the day, he, it ſeems, came in upon her when ſhe was juſt going into the water. To her beauty and carriage on this occaſion we owe the following Epigram, which I ſhewed my friend WILL HONEYCOMB in *French*, who has tranſlated

tranſlated it as follows, without underſtanding the original. I expect it will pleaſe the *Engliſh* better than the *Latin* reader.

When my bright Conſort, now nor Wife nor Maid,
Aſham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,
Fled to the ſtreams, the ſtreams my Fair betray'd;
To my fond eyes ſhe all tranſparent ſtood,
She bluſh'd, I ſmil'd at the ſlight covering flood.
Thus through the glaſs the lovely lily glows,
Thus through the ambient gem ſhines forth the roſe.
I ſaw new charms, and plung'd to ſeize my ſtore,
Kiſſes I ſnatch'd, the waves prevented more.

My friend would not allow that this luſcious account could be given of a Wife, and therefore uſed the Word Conſort; which, he learnedly ſaid, would ſerve for a Miſtreſs as well, and give a more gentlemanly turn to the Epigram. But, under favour of him and all other ſuch fine Gentlemen, I cannot be perſuaded but that the paſſion a bridegroom has for a virtuous young woman, will, by little and little, grow into friendſhip, and then it is aſcended to a higher pleaſure than it was in its firſt fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate man who has entered into this ſtate, and left the habitudes of life he might have enjoyed with a faithful friend. But when the Wife proves capable of filling ſerious as well as joyous hours, ſhe brings happineſs unknown to friendſhip itſelf. *Spencer* ſpeaks of each kind of love with great juſtice, and attributes the higheſt praiſe to friendſhip; and indeed there is no diſputing that point, but

by making that friendſhip take place between two married perſons.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And to diſpart the heart with power extreme,
Whether ſhall weigh the balance down; to wit,
The dear affection unto kindred ſweet,
Or raging fire of love to womenkind,
Or zeal of friends combin'd by virtues meet:
But, of them all, the band of virtuous mind
Methinks the gentle heart ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

For natural affection ſoon doth ceaſe,
And quenched is with *Cupid*'s greater flame;
But faithful friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſs,
And them with maſtering diſcipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aſpiring to eternal fame.
For as the Soul doth rule this earthly maſs,
And all the ſervice of the body frame;
So love of Soul doth love of body paſs,
No leſs than perfect gold ſurmounts the meaneſt braſs.

T

Tueſday,

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T

Tueſday,

N°491 Tueſday, September 23.

——*Digna ſatis fortuna reviſit.*

Virg. Æn. 3. v. 318.

A juſt reverſe of fortune on him waits.

IT is common with me to run from book to book to exerciſe my mind with many objects, and qualify myſelf for my daily labours. After an hour ſpent in this loitering way of reading, ſomething will remain to be food to the imagination. The writings that pleaſe me moſt on ſuch occaſions are ſtories, for the truth of which there is good authority. The mind of man is naturally a lover of juſtice, and when we read a ſtory wherein a criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no quality which is the object of pity, the Soul enjoys a certain revenge for the offence done to its nature, in the wicked actions committed in the preceding part of the hiſtory. This will be better underſtood by the reader from the following narration itſelf, than from any thing which I can ſay to introduce it.

WHEN *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy*, ſirnamed *The Bold*, reigned over ſpacious dominions now ſwallowed up by the power of *France*, he heaped many favours and honours upon *Claudius Rhynſault*, a *German*, who had ſerved

ſerved him in his wars againſt the inſults of his neighbours. A great part of *Zealand* was at that time in ſubjection to that Dukedom. The Prince himſelf was a perſon of ſingular humanity and juſtice. *Rhynſault*, with no other real quality than courage, had diſſimulation enough to paſs upon his generous and unſuſpicious maſter for a perſon of blunt honeſty and fidelity, without any vice that could bias him from the execution of juſtice. His Highneſs prepoſſeſſed to his advantage, upon the deceaſe of the Governor of his chief town of *Zealand*, gave *Rhynſault* that command. He was not long ſeated in that government, before he caſt his eyes upon *Sapphira*, a woman of exquiſite beauty, the wife of *Paul Danvelt*, a wealthy Merchant of the city under his protection and government. *Rhynſault* was a man of a warm conſtitution, and violent inclination to women, and not unſkilled in the ſoft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the ſatisfactions which are reaped from the poſſeſſion of beauty, but was an utter ſtranger to the decencies, honours and delicacies, that attend the paſſion towards them in elegant minds. However he had ſo much of the world, that he had a great ſhare of the language which uſually prevails upon the weaker part of that Sex, and he could with his tongue utter a paſſion with which his heart was wholly untouched. He was one of thoſe brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty without the leaſt pity, paſſion, or love to that with which

they are ſo much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inſeparable from a luſtful man; and the poſſeſſion of a woman by him who has no thought but allaying a paſſion painful to himſelf, is neceſſarily followed by diſtaſte and averſion. *Rhynſault* being reſolved to accompliſh his will on the wife of *Danvelt*, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her houſe; but ſhe new his character and diſpoſition too well, not to ſhun all occaſions that might inſnare her into his converſation. The Governor deſpairing of ſucceſs by ordinary means, apprehended and impriſoned her huſband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correſpondence with the enemies of the Duke to betray the town into their poſſeſſion. This deſign had its deſired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, preſented herſelf in the hall of the Governor's houſe, and as he paſſed through the apartment, threw herſelf at his feet, and holding his knees, beſeeched his mercy. *Rhynſault* beheld her with a diſſembled ſatisfaction, and aſſuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her ariſe, and told her ſhe muſt follow him to his cloſet; and aſking her whether ſhe knew the hand of the Letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud, 'If you will 'ſave your huſband, you muſt give me an account 'of all you know without prevarication; for 'every body is ſatisfied he was too fond of you 'to be able to hide from you the names of

'the reſt of the conſpirators, or any other par-'ticulars whatſoever.' He went to his cloſet, and ſoon after the Lady was ſent for to an audience. The ſervant knew his diſtance when matters of ſtate were to be debated; and the Governor laying aſide the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the ſup-plicant, to rally an affliction, which it was in her power eaſily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his impriſonment. She eaſily perceived his intention, and, bathed in tears, began to deprecate ſo wicked a deſign. Luſt, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its ſervice and ſubjection. Her becoming tears, her honeſt anguiſh, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her poſture and figure in the vehemence of ſpeaking, were but ſo many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his deſire. All humanity was loſt in that one appetite, and he ſignified to her in ſo many plain terms, that he was unhappy until he had poſſeſſed her, and nothing leſs ſhould be the price of her huſband's life; and ſhe muſt, before the following noon, pronounce the death or enlargement of *Darvelt*. After this notification, when he ſaw *Sapphira* enough again diſtracted to make the ſubject of their diſcourſe to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called ſervants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with inſupportable affliction, ſhe immediately repairs to her huſband, and having ſignified to his goalers, that ſhe had a propoſal to make to her huſband from the

Governor, ſhe was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had paſſed, and repreſented the endleſs conflict ſhe was in between love to his perſon, and fidelity to his bed. It is eaſy to imagine the ſharp affliction this honeſt pair was in upon ſuch an incident, in lives not uſed to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by ſhame from ſpeaking what his fear prompted, upon ſo near an approach of death; but let fall words that ſignified to her, he ſhould not think her polluted, though ſhe had not yet confeſſed to him that the Governor had violated her perſon, ſince he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permiſſion to ſave a life he had not reſolution enough to reſign for the ſafety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy *Sapphira* attended the Governor, and being led into a remote apartment, ſubmitted to his deſires. *Rhynſault* commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had paſſed between them, and with an air of gaiety in the language of a Gallant, bid her return, and take her huſband out of priſon: But, continued he, my fair one muſt not be offended that I have taken care he ſhould not be an interruption to our future aſſignations. Theſe laſt words foreboded what ſhe found when ſhe came to the goal, her huſband executed by the order of *Rhynſault*.

It was remarkable that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole courſe

courſe of her affliction, uttered neither ſigh nor complaint, but ſtood fixed with grief at this conſummation of her misfortunes. She betook herſelf to her abode, and after having in ſolitude paid her devotions to Him who is the avenger of innocence, ſhe repaired privately to Court. Her perſon, and a certain grandeur of ſorrow negligent of forms, gained her paſſage into the preſence of the Duke her Sovereign. As ſoon as ſhe came into the preſence, ſhe broke forth into the following words, 'Behold, O mighty '*Charles*, a wretch weary of life, though it has 'always been ſpent with innocence and virtue. 'It is not in your power to redreſs my injuries, 'but it is to avenge them. And if the protection 'of the diſtreſſed, and the puniſhment of oppreſſors, is a taſk worthy a Prince, I bring the Duke 'of *Burgundy* ample matter for doing honour 'to his own great name, and wiping infamy 'off mine.'

When ſhe had ſpoke this, ſhe delivered the Duke a paper reciting her ſtory. He read it with all the emotions that indignation and pity could raiſe in a Prince jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and proſperity of his ſubjects.

Upon an appointed day, *Rhynſault* was ſent for to court, and, in the preſence of a few of the council, confronted by *Sapphira:* the Prince aſking, 'Do you know that Lady?' *Rhynſault*, as ſoon as he could recover his ſurpriſe, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highneſs would pleaſe to think that a reparation.

The Duke ſeemed contented with this anſwer, and ſtood by during the immediate ſolemnization of the ceremony. At the concluſion of it he told *Rhynſault*, 'Thus far you have 'done as conſtrained by my authority: I ſhall 'not be ſatisfied of your kind uſage of her, 'without you ſign a gift of your whole eſtate 'to her after your deceaſe.' To the performance of this alſo the Duke was a witneſs. When theſe two acts were executed, the Duke turned to the Lady, and told her, it now remains for me to put you in quiet poſſeſſion of what your huſband has ſo bountifully beſtowed on you; and ordered the immediate execution of *Rhynſault*. T

N°492 Wedneſday, September 24.

Quicquid eſt boni moris levitate extinguitur.
Seneca.

Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

Tunbridge, September 18.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman of eighteen years of 'age, and I do aſſure you, a maid of unſpotted reputation, founded upon a very careful carriage in all my looks, words and actions. 'At the ſame time I muſt own to you, that it 'is

'is with much conſtraint to fleſh and blood 'that my behaviour is ſo ſtrictly irreproachable; 'for I am naturally addicted to mirth, to gaiety, 'to a free air, to motion and gadding. Now 'what gives me a great deal of anxiety, and is 'ſome diſcouragement in the purſuit of virtue, 'is, that the young women who run into greater 'freedoms with the men are more taken notice 'of than I am. The men are ſuch unthinking 'ſots, that they do not prefer her who reſtrains 'all her paſſions and affections, and keeps much 'within the bounds of what is lawful, to her 'who goes to the utmoſt verge of innocence, 'and parlies at the very brink of vice, whether 'ſhe ſhall be a wife or a miſtreſs. But I muſt 'appeal to your Spectatorial wiſdom, who, I 'find, have paſſed very much of your time in the 'ſtudy of woman, whether this is not a moſt 'unreaſonable proceeding. I have read ſome-'where, that *Hobbes* of *Malmeſbury* aſſerts, that 'continent perſons have more of what they 'contain, than thoſe who give a looſe to their 'deſires. According to this rule, let there be 'equal age, equal wit, and equal good-humour, 'in the woman of prudence, and her of liberty; 'what ſtores has he to expect, who takes the 'former? What refuſe muſt he be contented 'with, who chooſes the latter? Well, but I ſat 'down to write to you to vent my indignation 'againſt ſeveral pert creatures who are addreſſed 'to and courted in this place, while poor I, 'and two or three like me, are wholly un-'regarded.

'Every one of theſe affect gaining the hearts 'of your Sex: This is generally attempted by 'a particular manner of carrying themſelves with 'familiarity. *Glycera* has a dancing walk, and 'keeps time in her ordinary gait. *Chloe*, her 'ſiſter, who is unwilling to interrupt her 'conqueſts, comes into the room before her 'with a familiar run. *Dulciſſa* takes advantage 'of the approach of the winter, and has in-'troduced a very pretty ſhiver; cloſing up her 'ſhoulders, and ſhrinking as ſhe moves. All 'that are in this mode carry their fans between 'both hands before them. *Dulciſſa* herſelf, who 'is the author of this air, adds the pretty run 'to it; and has alſo, when ſhe is in very good 'humour, a taking familiarity in throwing her-'ſelf into the loweſt ſeat in the room, and 'letting her hooped petticoats fall with a lucky 'decency about her. I know ſhe practiſes this 'way of ſitting down in her chamber; and 'indeed ſhe does it as well as you may have 'ſeen an Actreſs fall down dead in a Tragedy. 'Not the leaſt indecency in her poſture. If 'you have obſerved what pretty carcaſes are 'carried off at the end of a verſe at the Theatre, 'it will give you a notion how *Dulciſſa* plumps 'into a chair. Here is a little country girl that 'is very cunning, that makes her uſe of being 'young and unbred, and outdoes the inſnarers, 'who are almoſt twice her age. The air that 'ſhe takes is to come into company after a 'walk, and is very ſucceſsfully out of breath 'upon occaſion. Her mother is in the ſecret,

'and

'and calls her romp, and then looks round to 'ſee what young men ſtare at her.

'It would take up more than can come into 'one of your Papers, to enumerate all the 'particular airs of the younger company in 'this place. But I cannot omit *Dulceorella*, 'whoſe manner is the moſt indolent imaginable, 'but ſtill as watchful of conqueſt as the buſieſt 'virgin among us. She has a peculiar art of 'ſtaring at a young fellow, until ſhe ſees ſhe 'has got him, and inflamed him by ſo much 'obſervation. When ſhe ſees ſhe has him, and 'he begins to toſs his head upon it, ſhe is 'immediately ſhort-ſighted, and labours to ob-'ſerve what he is at a diſtance with her eyes 'half ſhut. Thus the captive, that thought her 'firſt ſtruck, is to make very near approaches, 'or be wholly diſregarded. This artifice has 'done more execution than all the ogling of 'the reſt of the women here, with the utmoſt 'variety of half glances, attentive heedleſneſſes, 'childiſh inadvertencies, haughty contempts, or 'artificial overſights. After I have ſaid thus 'much of Ladies among us who fight thus 'regularly, I am to complain to you of a ſet 'of familiar romps, who have broken through 'all common rules, and have thought of a very 'effectual way of ſhewing more charms than 'all of us. Theſe, Mr. SPECTATOR, are the 'Swingers. You are to know theſe careleſs 'pretty creatures are very innocents again; and 'it is to be no matter what they do, for it is 'all harmleſs freedom. They get on ropes, as

'you

'you muſt have ſeen the children, and are ſwung 'by their men viſitants. The jeſt is, that Mr. 'Such-a-one, can name the colour of Mrs. 'Such-a-one's ſtockings; and ſhe tells him, 'he is a lying thief, ſo he is, and full of 'roguery; and ſhe will lay a wager, and her 'ſiſter ſhall tell the truth if he ſays right, and 'he cannot tell what colour her garters are of. 'In this diverſion there are very many pretty 'ſhrieks, not ſo much for fear of falling, as 'that their petticoats ſhould untye: For there 'is a great care had to avoid improprieties; 'and the Lover who ſwings the Lady, is to 'tye her clothes very cloſe with his hatband, 'before ſhe admits him to throw up her heels.

'Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, except you can 'note theſe wantonneſſes in their beginnings, 'and bring us ſober girls into obſervation, there 'is no help for it, we muſt ſwim with the tide; 'the Coquettes are too powerful a party for 'us. To look into the merit of a regular and 'well-behaved woman, is a ſlow thing. A 'looſe trivial ſong gains the affections, when 'a wiſe homily is not attended to. There is 'no other way but to make war upon them, 'or we muſt go over to them. As for my 'part, I will ſhew all the world it is not for 'want of charms that I ſtand ſo long unaſked; 'and if you do not take meaſures for the im-'mediate redreſs of us Rigids, as the fellows 'call us, I can move with a ſpeaking mien, 'can look ſignificantly, can liſp, can trip, can 'loll, can ſtart, can bluſh, can rage, can weep,

'if

'if I muſt do it, and can be frighted as agreeably
'as any ſhe in *England*. All which is humbly
'ſubmitted to your Spectatorial conſideration with
'all humility, by

Your moſt humble ſervant,

T *Matilda Mohair.*

N°493 Thurſday, September 25.

Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam adſpice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.

Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 76.

Commend not 'till a man is throughly known:
A raſcal prais'd, you make his faults your own.

ANON.

IT is no unpleaſant matter of ſpeculation to conſider the recommendatory Epiſtles that paſs round this town from hand to hand, and the abuſe people put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that paſs, that inſtead of being the teſtimony of merit in the perſon recommended, the true reading of a Letter of this ſort is, 'The bearer hereof is ſo uneaſy to
'me, that it will be an act of charity in you
'to take him off my hands; whether you prefer
'him or not, it is all one, for I have no manner
'of kindneſs for him, or obligation to him or
'his; and do what you pleaſe as to that.' As negligent

negligent as men are in this reſpect, a point of honour is concerned in it; and there is nothing a man ſhould be more aſhamed of, than paſſing a worthleſs creature into the ſervice or intereſts of a man who has never injured you. The women indeed are a little too keen in their reſentments, to treſpaſs often this way: But you ſhall ſometimes know that the miſtreſs and the maid ſhall quarrel, and give each other very free language, and at laſt the Lady ſhall be pacified to turn her out of doors, and give her a very good word to any body elſe. Hence it is that you ſee, in a year and half's time, the ſame face a domeſtic in all parts of the town. Good-breeding and good-nature lead people in a great meaſure to this injuſtice: When ſuitors of no conſideration will have confidence enough to preſs upon their ſuperiors, thoſe in power are tender of ſpeaking the exceptions they have againſt them, and are mortgaged into promiſes out of their impatience of importunity. In this latter caſe, it would be a very uſeful inquiry to know the hiſtory of recommendations: There are, you muſt know, certain abettors of this way of torment, who make it a profeſſion to manage the affairs of candidates: Theſe Gentlemen let out their impudence to their clients, and ſupply any defective recommendation, by informing how ſuch and ſuch a man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the leaſt ſcrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the reſt to them. When one of theſe undertakers have your buſineſs in hand, you may

may be ſick, abſent in town or country, and the patron ſhall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been ſhewn a Gentleman ſome years ago, who puniſhed a whole people for their facility in giving their credentials. This perſon had belonged to a regiment which did duty in the *Weſt-Indies*, and by the mortality of the place happened to be commanding Officer in the colony. He oppreſſed the ſubjects with great frankneſs, until he became ſenſible that he was heartily hated by every man under his command. When he had carried his point, to be thus deteſtable, in a pretended fit of diſhumour, and feigned uneaſineſs of living where he found he was ſo univerſally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief inhabitants a deſign he had to return for *England*, provided they would give him ample teſtimonials of their approbation. The Planters came into it to a man, and in proportion to his deſerving the quite contrary, the words juſtice, generoſity, and courage, were inſerted in his commiſſion, not omitting the general good-liking of people of all conditions in the colony. The Gentleman returns for *England*, and within a few months after came back to them their Governor on the ſtrength of their own teſtimonials.

Such a rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to eaſy recommenders, in the ordinary courſe of things from one hand to another; but how would a man bear to have it ſaid to him, the perſon I took into confidence on the credit you gave him, has proved falſe, unjuſt, and has not anſwered

anſwered any way the character you gave me of him?

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of that rake *Jack Toper* of the *Temple*, for an honeſt ſcrupulouſneſs in this point. A friend of his meeting with a ſervant that had formerly lived with *Jack*, and having a mind to take him, ſent to him to know what faults the fellow had, ſince he could not pleaſe ſuch a careleſs fellow as he was. His anſwer was as follows:

SIR,

'*THOMAS* that lived with me was 'turned away becauſe he was too good 'for me. You know I live in Taverns; he 'is an orderly ſober raſcal, and thinks much 'to ſleep in an entry until two in a morning. 'He told me one day when he was dreſſing 'me, that he wondered I was not dead before 'now, ſince I went to dinner in the evening, 'and went to ſupper at two in the morning. 'We were coming down *Eſſex-Street* one night 'a little fluſtered, and I was giving him the 'word to alarm the watch; he had the im-'pudence to tell me it was againſt the law. 'You that are married, and live one day after 'another the ſame way, and ſo on the whole 'week, I dare ſay will like him, and he will 'be glad to have his meat in due ſeaſon. The 'fellow is certainly very honeſt. My ſervice 'to your Lady.

Yours, *J. T.*

Now

Now this was very fair dealing. *Jack* knew very well, that though the love of order made a man very aukward in his equipage, it was a valuable quality among the queer people who live by rule; and had too much good ſenſe and good-nature to let the fellow ſtarve, becauſe he was not fit to attend his vivacities.

I ſhall end this diſcourſe with a Letter of recommendation from *Horace* to *Claudius Nero*. You will ſee in that Letter a ſlowneſs to aſk a favour, a ſtrong reaſon for being unable to deny his good word any longer, and that it is a ſervice to the perſon to whom he recommends, to comply with what is aſked: All which are neceſſary circumſtances, both in juſtice and good-breeding, if a man would aſk ſo as to have reaſon to complain of a denial; and indeed a man ſhould not in ſtrictneſs aſk otherwiſe. In hopes the authority of *Horace*, who perfectly underſtood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in people of condition, and the confidence of thoſe who apply to them without merit, I have tranſlated the Epiſtle.

To Claudius Nero.

SIR,

'*Septimius*, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleaſed to allow me in your friendſhip. For when he beſeeches me to recommend him

to

'to your notice, in ſuch a manner as to be 'received by you, who are delicate in the choice 'of your friends and domeſtics, he knows our 'intimacy, and underſtands my ability to ſerve 'him better than I do myſelf. I have defended 'myſelf againſt his ambition to be yours, as 'long as I poſſibly could; but fearing the im-'putation of hiding my power in you out of 'mean and ſelfiſh conſiderations, I am at laſt 'prevailed upon to give you this trouble. 'Thus, to avoid the appearance of a greater 'fault, I have put on this confidence. If you 'can forgive this tranſgreſſion of modeſty in 'behalf of a friend, receive this Gentleman 'into your intereſts and friendſhip, and take 'it from me that he is an honeſt and a brave 'man. T

N° 494 Friday, September 26.

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maximè deteſtabilem, quorum eſt tandem philoſophorum? Cic.

What kind of philoſophy is it, to extol Melancholy, the moſt deteſtable thing in nature?

ABOUT an age ago it was the faſhion in *England*, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much ſanctity as poſſible into his face, and in particular to

to abſtain from all appearances of mirth and pleaſantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The Saint was of a ſorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with Spleen and Melancholy. A Gentleman, who was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous Independent miniſter, who was Head of a college in thoſe times. This Gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of Letters, and juſt fitted out for the Univerſity with a good cargo of *Latin* and *Greek*. His friends were reſolved that he ſhould try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the Independent miniſter whom I have before mentioned was governor. The youth, according to cuſtom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a ſervant, who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in faſhion. He conducted him, with great ſilence and ſerioufneſs, to a long gallery which was darkened at noonday, and had only a ſingle candle burning in it. After a ſhort ſtay in this melancholy apartment he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himſelf for ſome time by the glimmering of a taper, until at length the Head of the college came out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen night-caps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled; but his fears increaſed, when, inſtead of being

aſked what progreſs he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His *Latin* and *Greek* ſtood him in little ſtead; he was to give an account only of the ſtate of his Soul, whether he was of the number of the Elect; what was the occaſion of his converſion; upon what day of the month, and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole examination was ſummed up with one ſhort queſtion, namely, 'Whether he was prepared for death?' The boy, who had been bred up by honeſt parents, was frighted out of his wits at the ſolemnity of the proceeding, and by the laſt dreadful interrogatory; ſo that upon making his eſcape out of the houſe of mourning, he could never be brought a ſecond time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithſtanding this general form and outſide of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many perſons, who, by a natural unchearfulneſs of heart, miſtaken notions of piety, or weakneſs of underſtanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themſelves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superſtitious fears and groundleſs ſcruples cut them off from the pleaſures of converſation, and all thoſe ſocial entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if mirth was made for reprobates, and chearfulneſs of heart denied thoſe who are the only perſons that have a proper title to it.

Sombrius

Sombrius is one of the ſons of Sorrow. He thinks himſelf obliged in duty to be ſad and diſconſolate. He looks on a ſudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptiſmal vow. An innocent jeſt ſtartles him like blaſphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; deſcribe a public ceremony, he ſhakes his head; ſhew him a gay equipage, he bleſſes himſelf. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is ſcandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He ſits at a chriſtening, or a marriage-feaſt, as at a funeral; ſighs at the concluſion of a merry ſtory, and grows devout when the reſt of the company grow pleaſant. After all, *Sombrius* is a religious man, and would have behaved himſelf very properly, had he lived when Chriſtianity was under a general perſecution.

I would by no means preſume to tax ſuch characters with hypocriſy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but He, who knows the ſecrets of mens hearts, ſhould pretend to diſcover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonſtration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent perſons, who are weighed down by this habitual Sorrow of heart, they rather deſerve our compaſſion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to conſider whether ſuch a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by repreſenting it as

an unſociable ſtate, that extinguiſhes all joy and gladneſs, darkens the face of Nature, and deſtroys the reliſh of Being itſelf.

I have, in former Papers, ſhewn how great a tendency there is to chearfulneſs in Religion, and how ſuch a frame of mind is not only the moſt lovely, but the moſt commendable in a virtuous perſon. In ſhort, thoſe who repreſent religion in ſo unamiable a light, are like the Spies, ſent by *Moſes* to make a diſcovery of the land of *Promiſe*, when by their reports they diſcouraged the people from entering upon it. Thoſe who ſhew us the joy, the chearfulneſs, the good-humour, that naturally ſpring up in this happy ſtate, are like the Spies bringing along with them the cluſters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleaſant country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan Writer has made a diſcourſe, to ſhew that the atheiſt, who denies a God, does him leſs diſhonour than the man who owns his Being, but at the ſame time believes him to be cruel, hard to pleaſe, and terrible to human nature. For my own part, ſays he, I would rather it ſhould be ſaid of me, that there was never any ſuch man as *Plutarch*, than that *Plutarch* was ill-natured, capricious, or inhumane.

If we may believe our Logicians, man is diſtinguiſhed from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has an heart capable of mirth, and naturally diſpoſed to it. It is not the buſineſs of virtue to extirpate the af-

fections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and reſtrain, but was not deſigned to baniſh gladneſs from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleaſures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exerciſe of virtue, are in their own nature ſo far from excluding all gladneſs of heart, that they are perpetual ſources of it. In a word, the true ſpirit of Religion cheers, as well as compoſes the Soul; it baniſhes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and diſſolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual ſerenity, uninterrupted chearfulneſs, and an habitual inclination to pleaſe others, as well as to be pleaſed in itſelf. O

N°495 Saturday, September 27.

Duris ut ilex tonſa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Hor. Od. 4. l. 4. v. 57.

—Like an oak on ſome cold mountain's brow,
At ev'ry wound they ſprout and grow:
The ax and ſword new vigour give,
And by their ruins they revive. ANON.

AS I am one, who, by my profeſſion, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I conſider with ſo much pleaſure, as thoſe who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reaſon I have often amuſed myſelf with ſpeculations on the race of people called *Jews*, many of whom I have met with in moſt of the conſiderable towns which I have paſſed through in the courſe of my travels. They are, indeed, ſo diſſeminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the inſtruments by which the moſt diſtant nations converſe with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correſpondence: They are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though they are

are but little valued in themſelves, are abſolutely neceſſary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of obſervation, I ſhall conſider this people in three views: Firſt, with regard to their number; Secondly, their diſperſion; and, Thirdly, their adherence to their religion: and afterwards endeavour to ſhew, Firſt, what natural reaſons, and, Secondly, what providential reaſons may be aſſigned for theſe three remarkable particulars.

The *Jews* are looked upon by many to be as numerous at preſent, as they were formerly in the land of *Canaan*.

This is wonderful, conſidering the dreadful ſlaughter made of them under ſome of the *Roman* Emperors, which Hiſtorians deſcribe by the death of many hundred thouſands in a war; and the innumerable maſſacres and perſecutions they have undergone in *Turkey*, as well as in all Chriſtian nations of the world. The *Rabbins*, to expreſs the great havock which has been ſometimes made of them, tell us, after their uſual manner of hyperbole, that there were ſuch torrents of holy blood ſhed as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the ſea.

Their diſperſion is the ſecond remarkable particular in this people. They ſwarm over all the *Eaſt*; and are ſettled in the remoteſt parts of *China*: They are ſpread through moſt of the nations of *Europe* and *Afric*, and many families of them are eſtabliſhed in the *Weſt-Indies*: not

to mention whole nations bordering on *Preſter-John*'s Country, and ſome diſcovered in the inner parts of *America*, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion, is no leſs remarkable than their numbers and diſperſion, eſpecially conſidering it as perſecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewiſe the more remarkable if we conſider the frequent apoſtaſies of this people, when they lived under their Kings, in the land of *Promiſe*, and within ſight of their Temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the natural reaſons for theſe three particulars which we find in the *Jews*, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the firſt place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their conſtant employment, their abſtinence, their exemption from wars, and above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accurſed ſtate, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the Meſſiah may deſcend from them.

The diſperſion of the *Jews* into all the nations of the earth, is the ſecond remarkable particular of that people, though not ſo hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the Temple and Holy City in view, for which reaſon they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of *Promiſe*. They have as often been baniſhed out of moſt other places where they have ſettled, which muſt very much diſperſe

perſe and ſcatter a people, and oblige them to ſeek a livelihood where they can find it. Beſides, the whole people is now a race of ſuch Merchants as are wanderers by profeſſion, and, at the ſame time, are in moſt, if not all, places incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This diſperſion would probably have loſt their religion, had it not been ſecured by the ſtrength of its conſtitution: For they are to live all in a body, and generally within the ſame incloſure; to marry among themſelves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This ſhuts them out from all table-converſation, and the moſt agreeable intercourſes of life; and, by conſequence, excludes them from the moſt probable means of converſion.

If, in the laſt place, we conſider what providential reaſon may be aſſigned for theſe three particulars, we ſhall find that their numbers, diſperſion, and adherence to their religion, have furniſhed every age, and every nation of the world, with the ſtrongeſt arguments for the Chriſtian faith, not only as theſe very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themſelves are the depoſitaries of theſe and all the other propheſies, which tend to their own confuſion. Their number furniſhes us with a ſufficient cloud of witneſſes that atteſt the truth of the old Bible. Their diſperſion ſpreads theſe witneſſes through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion makes their teſtimony unqueſtionable.

tionable. Had the whole body of the *Jews* been converted to Chriſtianity, we ſhould certainly have thought all the propheſies of the Old Teſtament, that relate to the coming and hiſtory of our bleſſed Saviour, forged by Chriſtians, and have looked upon them, with the propheſies of the *Sibyls*, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretel. O

N°496 Monday, September 29.

Gnatum pariter uti his decuit, aut etiam ampliùs,
Quòd illa ætas magis ad hæc utenda idonea eſt.
Terent. Heaut. Act 1. Sc. 1.

Your ſon ought to have ſhared in theſe things, becauſe youth is beſt ſuited to the enjoyment of them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THOSE ancients who were the moſt 'accurate in their remarks on the genius 'and temper of mankind, by conſidering the 'various bent and ſcope of our actions through-'out the progreſs of life, have with great ex-'actneſs allotted inclinations and objects of 'deſire particular to every ſtage, according to 'the different circumſtances of our converſation 'and fortune, through the ſeveral periods of 'it. Hence they were diſpoſed eaſily to excuſe 'thoſe exceſſes which might poſſibly ariſe from

'a

'a too eager purſuit of the affections more 'immediately proper to each ſtate: They in-'dulged the levity of childhood with tenderneſs, 'overlooked the gaiety of youth with good-'nature, tempered the forward ambition and 'impatience of ripened manhood with diſcretion, 'and kindly imputed the tenacious avarice of 'old men to their want of reliſh for any other 'enjoyment. Such allowances as theſe were 'no leſs advantageous to common ſociety than 'obliging to particular perſons; for by main-'taining a decency and regularity in the courſe 'of life, they ſupported the dignity of human 'nature, which then ſuffers the greateſt violence 'when the order of things is inverted; and in 'nothing is it more remarkably vilified and 'ridiculous, than when feebleneſs prepoſterouſly 'attempts to adorn itſelf with that outward 'pomp and luſtre, which ſerve only to ſet off 'the bloom of Youth with better advantage.

'I was inſenſibly carried into reflexions of this 'nature, by juſt now meeting *Paulino* (who is 'in his climacteric) bedecked with the utmoſt 'ſplendor of dreſs and equipage, and giving an 'unbounded looſe to all manner of pleaſure, 'whilſt his only Son is debarred all innocent 'diverſion, and may be ſeen frequently ſolacing 'himſelf in the Mall with no other attendance 'than one antiquated ſervant of his father's for 'a companion and director.

'It is a monſtrous want of reflexion, that a 'man cannot conſider, that when he cannot 'reſign the pleaſures of life in his decay of

'appetite

'appetite and inclination to them, his Son muſt
'have a much uneaſier taſk to reſiſt the im-
'petuoſity of growing deſires. The ſkill there-
'fore ſhould, methinks, be to let a Son want
'no lawful diverſion, in proportion to his future
'fortune, and the figure he is to make in the
'world. The firſt ſtep towards virtue that I have
'obſerved in young men of condition that have
'run into exceſſes, has been that they had a
'regard to their quality and reputation in the
'management of their vices. Narrowneſs in
'their circumſtances has made many Youths, to
'ſupply themſelves as debauchees, commence
'cheats and raſcals. The father who allows
'his Son to his utmoſt ability avoids this latter
'evil, which as to the world is much greater
'than the former. But the contrary practice
'has prevailed ſo much among ſome men, that
'I have known them deny them what was
'merely neceſſary for education ſuitable to their
'Quality. Poor young *Antonio* is a lamentable
'inſtance of ill conduct in this kind. The
'young man did not want natural talents; but
'the father of him was a Coxcomb, who
'affected being a fine Gentleman ſo unmercifully,
'that he could not endure in his ſight, or the
'frequent mention of one, who was his Son,
'growing into manhood, and thruſting him out
'of the gay world. I have often thought the
'father took a ſecret pleaſure in reflecting that
'when that fine houſe and ſeat came into the
'next hands, it would revive his memory, as
'a perſon who knew how to enjoy them, from

'obſervation

'obſervation of the ruſticity and ignorance of 'his ſucceſſor. Certain it is that a man may, if 'he will, let his heart cloſe to the having no 'regard to any thing but his dear ſelf, even with 'excluſion of his very children. I recommend 'this ſubject to your conſideration, and am,

Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

T. B.

London, Sept. 26, 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM juſt come from *Tunbridge*, and have 'ſince my return read Mrs. *Matilda Mohair*'s 'Letter to you: She pretends to make a mighty 'ſtory about the diverſion of Swinging in that 'place. What was done, was only among 'relations; and no man ſwung any woman 'who was not ſecond couſin at fartheſt. She 'is pleaſed to ſay, care was taken that the 'Gallants tied the Ladies legs before they were 'wafted into the air. Since ſhe is ſo ſpiteful, 'I will tell you the plain truth; there was no 'ſuch nicety obſerved, ſince we were all, as I juſt 'now told you, near relations; but Mrs. *Mohair* 'herſelf has been ſwung there, and ſhe invents 'all this malice, becauſe it was obſerved ſhe 'has crooked legs, of which I was an eye-'witneſs.

Your humble ſervant,

Richard Shoeſtring.

Mr.

Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WE have juſt now read your Paper, containing Mrs. *Mohair*'s Letter. It is an 'invention of her own from one end to the 'other; and I deſire you would print the in-'cloſed Letter by itſelf, and ſhorten it ſo as to 'come within the compaſs of your half-ſheet. 'She is the moſt malicious minx in the world, 'for all ſhe looks ſo innocent. Do not leave 'out that part about her being in love with 'her father's Butler, which makes her ſhun 'men; for that is the trueſt of it all.

Your humble ſervant,

Sarah Trice.

P. S. 'She has crooked legs.

Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'ALL that Mrs. *Mohair* is ſo vexed at againſt 'the good company of this place, is, that 'we all know ſhe has crooked legs. This is 'certainly true. I do not care for putting my 'name, becauſe one would not be in the power 'of the creature.

Your humble ſervant unknown.

Mr.

Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THAT inſufferable Prude Mrs. *Mohair*, 'who has told ſuch ſtories of the company 'here, is with child, for all her nice airs and 'her crooked legs. Pray be ſure to put her in 'for both thoſe two things, and you will oblige 'every body here, eſpecially

Your humble ſervant,

T *Alice Bluegarter.*

N°497 Tueſday, September 30.

Οὑτός ἐστι γαλεώτης γέρων. Menander.

A cunning old fox this!

A FAVOUR well beſtowed is almoſt as great an honour to him who confers it, as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the ſuperior reputation of the patron in this caſe is, that he is always ſurrounded with ſpecious pretences of unworthy candidates, and is often alone in the kind inclination he has towards the well-deſerving. Juſtice is the firſt quality in the man who is in a poſt of direction; and I remember to have heard an old Gentleman talk of the civil wars, and in his relation give an account of a general Officer, who with this one quality,

quality, without any ſhining endowments, became ſo peculiarly beloved and honoured, that all deciſions between man and man were laid before him by the parties concerned in a private way; and they would lay by their animoſities implicitly, if he bid them be friends, or ſubmit themſelves in the wrong without reluctance, if he ſaid it, without waiting the judgment of court-martials. His manner was to keep the dates of all commiſſions in his cloſet, and wholly diſmiſs from the ſervice ſuch who were deficient in their duty; and after that took care to prefer according to the order of battle. His familiars were his intire friends, and could have no intereſted views in courting his acquaintance; for his affection was no ſtep to their preferment, though it was to their reputation. By this means a kind aſpect, a ſalutation, a ſmile, and giving out his hand, had the weight of what is eſteemed by vulgar minds more ſubſtantial. His buſineſs was very ſhort, and he who had nothing to do but juſtice, was never affronted with a requeſt of a familiar daily viſitant for what was due to a brave man at a diſtance. Extraordinary merit he uſed to recommend to the King for ſome diſtinction at home, until the order of battle made way for his riſing in the troops. Add to this that he had an excellent manner of getting rid of ſuch whom he obſerved were good at a Halt, as his phraſe was. Under this deſcription he comprehended all thoſe who were contented to live without reproach, and had no promptitude in their minds towards glory. Theſe

fellows

fellows were alſo recommended to the King, and taken off of the General's hands into poſts wherein diligence and common honeſty were all that were neceſſary. This General had no weak part in his line, but every man had as much care upon him, and as much honour to loſe as himſelf. Every Officer could anſwer for what paſſed where he was, and the General's preſence was never neceſſary any where, but where he had placed himſelf at the firſt diſpoſition; except that accident happened from extraordinary efforts of the enemy which he could not foreſee; but it was remarkable that it never fell out from failure in his own troops. It muſt be confeſſed the world is juſt ſo much out of order, as an unworthy perſon poſſeſſes what ſhould be in the direction of him who has better pretenſions to it.

Inſtead of ſuch a conduct as this old fellow uſed to deſcribe in his General, all the evils which have ever happened among mankind have aroſe from the wanton diſpoſition of the favours of the powerful. It is generally all that men of modeſty and virtue can do, to fall in with ſome whimſical turn in a great man, to make way for things of real and abſolute ſervice. In the time of Don *Sebaſtian* of *Portugal*, or ſome time ſince, the firſt Miniſter would let nothing come near him but what bore the moſt profound face of wiſdom and gravity. They carried it ſo far, that, for the greater ſhew of their profound knowledge, a pair of ſpectacles tied on their noſes, with a black ribbon round

their heads, was what completed the dreſs of thoſe who made their court at his levée, and none with naked noſes were admitted to his preſence. A blunt honeſt fellow, who had a command in the train of artillery, had attempted to make an impreſſion upon the porter day after day in vain, until at length he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark ſuit of clothes, and two pair of ſpectacles on at once. He was conducted from room to room, with great deference, to the Miniſter; and carrying on the farce of the place, he told his Excellence that he had pretended in this manner to be wiſer than he really was, but with no ill intention; but he was honeſt Such-a-one of the Train, and he came to tell him that they wanted Wheelbarrows and Pick-axes. The thing happened not to diſpleaſe, the Great Man was ſeen to ſmile, and the ſucceſsful Officer was reconducted with the ſame profound ceremony out of the houſe.

When *Leo* X. reigned Pope of *Rome*, his Holineſs though a man of ſenſe, and of an excellent taſte of letters, of all things affected Fools, Buffoons, Humouriſts, and Coxcombs: Whether it were from vanity, and that he enjoyed no talents in other men but what were inferior to him, or whatever it was, he carried it ſo far, that his whole delight was in finding out new Fools, and, as our phraſe is, playing them off, and making them ſhew themſelves to advantage. A Prieſt of his former acquaintance ſuffered a great many diſappointments in attempting

tempting to find acceſs to him in a regular character, until at laſt in deſpair he retired from *Rome*, and returned in an equipage ſo very fantaſtical, both as to the dreſs of himſelf and ſervants, that the whole court were in an emulation who ſhould firſt introduce him to his Holineſs. What added to the expectation his Holineſs had of the pleaſure he ſhould have in his follies, was, that this fellow, in a dreſs the moſt exquiſitely ridiculous, deſired he might ſpeak to him alone, for he had matters of the higheſt importance, upon which he wanted a conference. Nothing could be denied to a Coxcomb of ſo great hope; but when they were apart, the impoſtor revealed himſelf, and ſpoke as follows;

DO not be ſurpriſed, moſt holy Father, at ſeeing, inſtead of a Coxcomb to laugh at, your old friend who has taken this way of acceſs to admoniſh you of your own folly. Can any thing ſhew your Holineſs how unworthily you treat mankind, more than my being put upon this difficulty to ſpeak with you? It is a degree of folly to delight to ſee it in others, and it is the greateſt inſolence imaginable to rejoice in the diſgrace of human nature. It is a criminal humility in a perſon of your Holineſs's underſtanding, to believe you cannot excel but in the converſation of Half-wits, Humouriſts, Coxcombs and Buffoons. If your Holineſs has a mind to be diverted like a rational man, you have a great opportunity for it, in diſrobing all

the impertinents you have favoured, of all their riches and trappings at once, and beſtowing them on the humble, the virtuous, and the meek. If your Holineſs is not concerned for the ſake of virtue and religion, be pleaſed to reflect, that for the ſake of your own ſafety it is not proper to be ſo very much in jeſt. When the Pope is thus merry, the people will in time begin to think many things, which they have hitherto beheld with great veneration, are in themſelves objects of ſcorn and deriſion. If they once get a trick of knowing how to laugh, your Holineſs's ſaying this ſentence in one night-cap and the other with the other, the change of your ſlippers, bringing you your ſtaff in the midſt of a prayer, then ſtripping you of one veſt and clapping on a ſecond during Divine Service, will be found out to have nothing in it. Conſider, Sir, that at this rate a head will be reckoned never the wiſer for being bald, and the ignorant will be apt to ſay, that going barefoot does not at all help on in the way to heaven. The red cap and the coul will fall under the ſame contempt; and the vulgar will tell us to our faces that we ſhall have no authority over them, but from the force of our arguments, and the ſanctity of our lives. T

Wedneſday,

N°498 Wedneſday, October 1.

——*Fruſtra retinacula tendens*
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.
Virg. Georg. 1. v. 514.

Nor reins, nor curbs, nor cries, the horſes fear,
But force along the trembling Charioteer.
DRYDEN.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL of *Great Britain.*

From the farther end of the Widow's Coffee-houſe in *Devereux-Court*, *Monday* evening, twenty eight minutes and a half paſt ſix.

Dear Dumb,

'IN ſhort, to uſe no farther preface, if I 'ſhould tell you that I have ſeen a Hackney-'Coachman, when he has come to ſet down 'his fare, which has conſiſted of two or three 'very fine Ladies, hand them out, and ſalute 'every one of them with an air of familiarity, 'without giving the leaſt offence, you would 'perhaps think me guilty of a gaſconade. But 'to clear myſelf from that imputation, and to 'explain this matter to you, I aſſure you that 'there are many illuſtrious youths within this 'city, who frequently recreate themſelves by 'driving of a Hackney-Coach: But thoſe whom,

'above all others, I would recommend to you, 'are the young Gentlemen belonging to our 'Inns of Court. We have, I think, about a 'dozen Coachmen, who have chambers here 'in the *Temple*; and as it is reaſonable to be- 'lieve others will follow their example, we 'may perhaps in time (if it ſhall be thought 'convenient) be drove to *Weſtminſter* by our 'own fraternity, allowing every fifth perſon to 'apply his meditations this way, which is but 'a modeſt computation, as the humour is now 'likely to take. It is to be hoped likewiſe, 'that there are in the other nurſeries of the Law 'to be found a proportionable number of theſe 'hopeful plants, ſpringing up to the everlaſting 'renown of their native country. Of how long 'ſtanding this humour has been, I know not; 'the firſt time I had any particular reaſon to take 'notice of it, was about this time twelvemonth, 'when being upon *Hamſtead-Heath* with ſome 'of theſe ſtudious young men, who went thither 'purely for the ſake of contemplation, nothing 'would ſerve them but I muſt go through a 'courſe of this philoſophy too; and being ever 'willing to embelliſh myſelf with any com- 'mendable qualification, it was not long before 'they perſuaded me into the coach-box; nor 'indeed much longer, before I underwent the 'fate of my brother *Phaeton*; for having drove 'about fifty paces with pretty good ſucceſs, 'through my own natural ſagacity, together 'with the good inſtructions of my tutors, who, 'to give them their due, were on all hands

'encourag-

'encouraging and aſſiſting me in this laudable 'undertaking; I ſay, Sir, having drove about 'fifty paces with pretty good ſucceſs, I muſt 'needs be exerciſing the laſh, which the horſes 'reſented ſo ill from my hands, that they gave 'a ſudden ſtart and thereby pitched me directly 'upon my head, as I very well remembered 'about half an hour afterwards, which not only 'deprived me of all the knowledge I had gained 'for fifty yards before, but had like to have 'broke my neck into the bargain. After ſuch 'a ſevere reprimand, you may imagine I was 'not very eaſily prevailed with to make a 'ſecond attempt; and indeed upon mature de-'liberation, the whole ſcience ſeemed, at leaſt 'to me, to be ſurrounded with ſo many dif-'ficulties, that notwithſtanding the unknown 'advantages which might have accrued to me 'thereby, I gave over all hopes of attaining it; 'and I believe had never thought of it more, 'but that my memory has been lately refreſhed 'by ſeeing ſome of theſe ingenious Gentlemen 'ply in the open ſtreets, one of which I ſaw 'receive ſo ſuitable a reward of his labours, 'that though I know you are no friend to ſtory-'telling, yet I muſt beg leave to trouble you 'with this at large.

'About a fortnight ſince, as I was diverting 'myſelf with a pennyworth of walnuts at the '*Temple*-gate, a lively young fellow in a fuſtian 'jacket ſhot by me, beckoned a coach, and 'told the Coachman he wanted to go as far as '*Chelſea:* They agreed upon the price, and

'this young Gentleman mounts the coach-box; 'the fellow, ſtaring at him, deſired to know, 'if he ſhould not drive until they were out of 'town? No, no, replied he: He was then going 'to climb up to him, but received another check, 'and was then ordered to get into the coach, 'or behind it, for that he wanted no inſtructors; 'but be ſure you dog you, ſays he, do not bilk 'me. The fellow thereupon ſurrendered his 'whip, ſcratched his head, and crept into the 'coach. Having myſelf occaſion to go into 'the *Strand* about the ſame time, we ſtarted 'both together; but the ſtreet being very full of 'coaches, and he not ſo able a Coachman as 'perhaps he imagined himſelf, I had ſoon got 'a little way before him; often, however, 'having the curioſity to caſt my eye back upon 'him, to obſerve how he behaved himſelf in 'this high ſtation; which he did with great 'compoſure, until he came to the paſs, which 'is a military term the brothers of the whip 'have given to the ſtrait at Saint *Clement*'s 'church: when he was arrived near this place, 'where are always coaches in waiting, the 'Coachmen began to ſuck up the muſcles of 'their cheeks, and to tip the wink upon each 'other, as if they had ſome roguery in their 'heads, which I was immediately convinced of; 'for he no ſooner came within reach, but the 'firſt of them with his whip took the exact 'dimenſion of his ſhoulders, which he very 'ingeniouſly called endorſing; and indeed I

'muſt

'must ſay, that every one of them took due 'care to endorſe him as he came through their 'hands. He ſeemed at firſt a little uneaſy under 'the operation, and was going in all haſte to 'take the numbers of their coaches; but at 'length by the mediation of the worthy Gen-'tleman in the coach, his wrath was aſſuaged, 'and he prevailed upon to purſue his journey; 'though indeed I thought they had clapped 'ſuch a ſpoke in his wheel, as had diſabled 'him from being a Coachman for that day 'at leaſt: For I am much miſtaken, Mr. SPEC, 'if ſome of theſe endorſements were not wrote 'in ſo ſtrong a hand, that they are ſtill legible. 'Upon my enquiring the reaſon of this unuſual 'ſalutation, they told me, that it was a cuſtom 'among them, whenever they ſaw a brother 'tottering or unſtable in his poſt, to lend him 'a hand, in order to ſettle him again therein: 'For my part I thought their allegations but 'reaſonable, and ſo marched off. Beſides our 'Coachmen, we abound in divers other ſorts 'of ingenious robuſt youth, who, I hope, will 'not take it ill if I refer giving you an account 'of their ſeveral recreations to another oppor-'tunity. In the mean time, if you would but 'beſtow a little of your wholſom advice upon 'our Coachmen, it might perhaps be a reprieve 'to ſome of their necks. As I underſtand you 'have ſeveral Inſpectors under you, if you would 'but ſend one amongſt us here in the *Temple*, 'I am perſuaded he would not want employment.

'But

'But I leave this to your own conſideration,
'and am,

Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

Moſes Greenbag.

P. S. 'I have heard our Critics in the Coffee-
'houſes hereabout talk mightily of the unity
'of time and place: According to my notion
'of the matter, I have endeavoured at ſome-
'thing like it in the beginning of my Epiſtle,
'I deſire to be informed a little as to that par-
'ticular. In my next I deſign to give you
'ſome account of excellent Water-men, who
'are bred to the Law, and far outdo the land
'ſtudents abovementioned. T

N°499 Thurſday, October 2.

——— ———*Nimis uncis*
Naribus indulges——— Perſ. Sat. 1. v. 40.

---You drive the jeſt too far. DRYDEN.

MY friend WILL HONEYCOMB has told me, for above this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a SPECTATOR, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my Works. This morning I received from him the following Letter which, after

after having rectified ſome little orthographical miſtakes, I ſhall make a preſent of to the Public.

Dear SPEC,

'I Was about two nights ago, in company with very agreeable young people of both Sexes, where talking of ſome of your Papers which are written on conjugal love, there aroſe a diſpute among us, whether there were not more bad Huſbands in the world than bad Wives. A Gentleman, who was advocate for the Ladies, took this occaſion to tell us the ſtory of a famous ſiege in *Germany*, which I have ſince found related in my hiſtorical Dictionary, after the following manner. When the Emperor *Conrade* the Third had beſieged *Guelphus*, Duke of *Bavaria*, in the city of *Henſberg*, the women finding that the town could not poſſibly hold out long, petitioned the Emperor that they might depart out of it, with ſo much as each of them could carry. The Emperor knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition; when the women, to his great ſurpriſe, came out of the place with every one her huſband upon her back. The Emperor was ſo moved at the ſight, that he burſt into tears, and after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the Duke into his favour.

'The

'The Ladies did not a little triumph at this 'ſtory, aſking us at the ſame time, whether 'in our conſciences we believed that the men 'in any town of *Great Britain* would, upon 'the ſame offer, and at the ſame conjuncture, 'have loaden themſelves with their wives; or 'rather, whether they would not have been 'glad of ſuch an opportunity to get rid of 'them? To this my very good friend *Tom 'Dapperwit*, who took upon him to be the 'mouth of our Sex, replied, that they would 'be very much to blame if they would not 'do the ſame good office for the women, con-'ſidering that their ſtrength would be greater, 'and their burdens lighter. As we were 'amuſing ourſelves with diſcourſes of this na-'ture in order to paſs away the evening, which 'now begins to grow tedious, we fell into that 'laudable and primitive diverſion of queſtions 'and commands. I was no ſooner veſted with 'the regal authority, but I injoined all the Ladies, 'under pain of my diſpleaſure, to tell the com-'pany ingenuouſly, in caſe they had been in 'the ſiege abovementioned, and had the ſame 'offers made them as the good women of that 'place, what every one of them would have 'brought off with her, and have thought moſt 'worth the ſaving? There were ſeveral merry 'anſwers made to my queſtion, which enter-'tained us until bed-time. This filled my 'mind with ſuch a bundle of ideas, that upon 'my going to ſleep I fell into the following 'dream.

'I

'I ſaw a town of this iſland, which ſhall 'be nameleſs, inveſted on every ſide, and the 'inhabitants of it ſo ſtraitened as to cry for 'quarter. The General refuſed any other terms 'than thoſe granted to the abovementioned town 'of *Henſberg*, namely that the married women 'might come out with what they could bring 'along with them. Immediately the city-gates 'flew open, and a female proceſſion appeared, 'multitudes of the Sex following one another 'in a row, and ſtaggering under their reſpective 'burdens. I took my ſtand upon an eminence 'in the enemies camp, which was appointed 'for the general rendezvous of theſe female 'carriers, being very deſirous to look into their 'ſeveral ladings. The firſt of them had a 'huge ſack upon her ſhoulders, which ſhe ſet 'down with great care: Upon the opening of 'it, when I expected to have ſeen her huſband 'ſhot out of it, I found it was filled with 'china-ware. The next appeared in a more 'decent figure, carrying a handſom young fel-'low upon her back: I could not forbear com-'mending the young woman for her conjugal 'affection, when, to my great ſurpriſe, I found 'that ſhe had left the good man at home, 'and brought away her gallant. I ſaw the 'third, at ſome diſtance, with a little withered 'face peeping over her ſhoulder, whom I could 'not ſuſpect for any but her ſpouſe, until upon 'her ſetting him down I heard her call him 'dear pug, and found him to be her favourite 'monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of

'cards

'cards along with her; and the fifth a *Bologna* 'lap-dog; for her huſband, it ſeems, being 'a very burly man, ſhe thought it would be 'leſs trouble for her to bring away little *Cupid*. 'The next was the wife of a rich uſurer, 'loaden with a bag of gold; ſhe told us that 'her ſpouſe was very old, and by the courſe of 'Nature could not expect to live long; and 'that to ſhew her tender regards for him, ſhe 'had ſaved that which the poor man loved 'better than his life. The next came towards 'us with her ſon upon her back, who, we were 'told, was the greateſt Rake in the place, but 'ſo much the mother's darling, that ſhe left 'her huſband behind with a large family of 'hopeful ſons and daughters, for the ſake of 'this graceleſs youth.

'It would be endleſs to mention the ſeveral 'perſons, with their ſeveral loads that appeared 'to me in this ſtrange viſion. All the place 'about me was covered with packs of ribbons, 'brocades, embroidery, and ten thouſand other 'materials ſufficient to have furniſhed a whole 'ſtreet of toy-ſhops. One of the women, having 'an huſband, who was none of the heavieſt, 'was bringing him off upon her ſhoulders, at 'the ſame time that ſhe carried a great bundle of '*Flanders* lace under her arm; but finding her-'ſelf ſo over-loaden, that ſhe could not ſave both 'of them, ſhe dropped the good man, and 'brought away the bundle. In ſhort, I found 'but one huſband among this great mountain 'of baggage, who was a lively cobler, that

'kicked

'kicked and ſpurred all the while his wife 'was carrying him on, and, as it was ſaid, had 'ſcarce paſſed a day in his life without giving 'her the diſcipline of the ſtrap.

'I cannot conclude my Letter, dear SPEC, 'without telling thee one very odd whim in 'this my dream. I ſaw, methoughts, a dozen 'women employed in bringing off one man; 'I could not gueſs who it ſhould be, until upon 'his nearer approach I diſcovered thy ſhort phiz. 'The women all declared that it was for the 'ſake of thy works, and not thy perſon, that 'they brought thee off, and that it was on 'condition that thou ſhouldeſt continue the 'SPECTATOR. If thou thinkeſt this dream 'will make a tolerable one, it is at thy ſervice, 'from,

Dear SPEC,

Thine, ſleeping and waking,

WILL HONEYCOMB.

The Ladies will ſee, by this Letter, what I have often told them, that WILL is one of thoſe old-faſhioned men of wit and pleaſure of the town, that ſhews his parts by rallery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without ſucceſs. I cannot however diſmiſs his Letter, without obſerving, that the true ſtory on which it is built does honour to the Sex, and that in order to abuſe them, the Writer is obliged to have recourſe to dream and fiction.

O

Friday,

N° 500 Friday, October 3.

——Hue natas adjice ſeptem,
Et totidem juvenes, & mox generoſque nurusque:
Quærite nunc, habeat quam noſtra ſuperbia cauſam.
Ovid. Met. l. 6. v. 182.

Seven are my Daughters, of a form divine,
With ſeven fair Sons, an indefective line.
Go, fools, conſider this, and aſk the cauſe,
From which my pride its ſtrong preſumption draws.
CROXAL.

SIR,

'YOU who are ſo well acquainted with the 'ſtory of *Socrates*, muſt have read how, 'upon his making a diſcourſe concerning Love, 'he preſſed his point with ſo much ſucceſs, 'that all the Bachelors in his audience took a 'reſolution to marry by the firſt opportunity, and 'that all the married men immediately took 'horſe and galloped home to their Wives. I 'am apt to think your diſcourſes, in which 'you have drawn ſo many agreeable pictures of 'Marriage, have had a very good effect this way 'in *England*. We are obliged to you, at leaſt 'for having taken off that ſenſeleſs ridicule, 'which for many years the witlings of the town 'have turned upon their fathers and mothers. 'For my own part, I was born in wedlock,

'and

'and I do not care who knows it: For which 'reaſon, among many others, I ſhould look 'upon myſelf as a moſt inſufferable Coxcomb, 'did I endeavour to maintain that Cuckoldom 'was inſeparable from Marriage, or to make uſe 'of Huſband and Wife as terms of reproach. 'Nay, Sir, I will go one ſtep further, and 'declare to you before the whole world, that 'I am a married man, and at the ſame time I 'have ſo much aſſurance as not to be aſhamed 'of what I have done.

'Among the ſeveral pleaſures that accompany 'this ſtate of life, and which you have deſcribed 'in your former Papers, there are two you 'have not taken notice of, and which are 'ſeldom caſt into the account, by thoſe who 'write on this ſubject. You muſt have obſerved, 'in your Speculations on human nature, that 'nothing is more gratifying to the mind of 'man than power or dominion; and this I 'think myſelf amply poſſeſſed of, as I am the 'father of a family. I am perpetually taken 'up in giving out orders, in preſcribing duties, 'in hearing parties, in adminiſtering juſtice, 'and in diſtributing rewards and puniſhments. 'To ſpeak in the language of the Centurion, "I ſay unto one, go, and he goeth; and to "another, come, and he cometh; and to my "ſervant, do this, and he doeth it." In ſhort, 'Sir, I look upon my family as a patriarchal 'ſovereignty, in which I am myſelf both King 'and Prieſt. All great governments are nothing 'elſe but cluſters of theſe little private royalties,

'and therefore I conſider the maſters of families 'as ſmall deputy-governors preſiding over the 'ſeveral little parcels and diviſions of their fel-'low-ſubjects. As I take great pleaſure in the 'adminiſtration of my government in particular, 'ſo I look upon myſelf not only as a more 'uſeful, but as a much greater and happier 'man than any Bachelor in *England*, of my rank 'and condition.

'There is another accidental advantage in 'Marriage, which has likewiſe fallen to my 'ſhare, I mean the having a multitude of 'Children. Theſe I cannot but regard as very 'great bleſſings. When I ſee my little troop 'before me, I rejoice in the additions which I 'have made to my ſpecies, to my country and 'to my religion, in having produced ſuch a 'number of reaſonable creatures, citizens, and 'chriſtians. I am pleaſed to ſee myſelf thus 'perpetuated; and as there is no production 'comparable to that of a human creature, I 'am more proud of having been the occaſion 'of ten ſuch glorious productions, than if I 'had built a hundred pyramids at my own 'expence, or publiſhed as many volumes of the 'fineſt wit and learning. In what a beautiful 'light has the Holy Scripture repreſented *Abdon*, 'one of the Judges of *Iſrael*, who had forty 'Sons and thirty Grandſons, that rode on three-'ſcore and ten aſs-colts, according to the mag-'nificence of the eaſtern countries? How muſt 'the heart of the old man rejoice, when he 'ſaw ſuch a beautiful proceſſion of his own

'deſcen-

'deſcendants, ſuch a numerous cavalcade of his 'own raiſing? For my own part, I can ſit in 'my parlour with great content, when I take 'a review of half a dozen of my little boys 'mounting upon hobby-horſes, and of as many 'little girls tutoring their babies, each of them 'endeavouring to excel the reſt, and to do ſome-'thing that may gain my favour and appro-'bation. I cannot queſtion but He who has 'bleſſed me with ſo many Children, will aſſiſt 'my endeavours in providing for them. There 'is one thing I am able to give each of them, 'which is a virtuous education. I think it is 'Sir *Francis Bacon*'s obſervation, that in a nu-'merous family of Children, the eldeſt is often 'ſpoiled by the proſpect of an eſtate, and the 'youngeſt by being the darling of the parent; 'but that ſome one or other in the middle, who 'has not perhaps been regarded, has made his 'way in the world, and over-topped the reſt. 'It is my buſineſs to implant in every one of 'my Children the ſame ſeeds of induſtry, and 'the ſame honeſt principles. By this means I 'think I have a fair chance, that one or other 'of them may grow conſiderable in ſome or 'other way of life, whether it be in the army, or 'in the fleet, in trade, or any of the three learned 'profeſſions; for you muſt know, Sir, that from 'long experience and obſervation, I am per-'ſuaded of what ſeems a paradox to moſt of 'thoſe with whom I converſe, namely, that a 'man who has many Children, and gives them 'a good education, is more likely to raiſe a

'family, than he who has but one, notwith-
'ſtanding he leaves him his whole eſtate. For
'this reaſon I cannot forbear amuſing myſelf
'with finding out a General, an Admiral, or an
'Alderman of *London*, a Divine, a Phyſician,
'or a Lawyer, among my little people who are
'now perhaps in petticoats; and when I ſee the
'motherly airs of my little Daughters when they
'are playing with their puppets, I cannot but
'flatter myſelf that their Huſbands and Children
'will be happy in the poſſeſſion of ſuch Wives
'and Mothers.

'If you are a father, you will not perhaps
'think this Letter impertinent: but if you are
'a ſingle man, you will not know the meaning
'of it, and probably throw it into the fire.
'Whatever you determine of it, you may aſſure
'yourſelf that it comes from one who is

Your moſt humble ſervant,

and well-wiſher,

Philogamus.

O

Saturday,

N°501 Saturday, October 4.

Durum: ſed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.

Hor. Od. 24. l. 1. v. 19.

'Tis hard: but when we needs muſt bear,
Enduring patience makes the burden light.

CREECH.

AS ſome of the fineſt compoſitions among the ancients are in Allegory, I have endeavoured, in ſeveral of my Papers, to revive that way of writing, and hope I have not been altogether unſucceſsful in it; for I find there is always a great demand for thoſe particular Papers, and cannot but obſerve that ſeveral Authors have endeavoured of late to excel in works of this nature. Among theſe, I do not know any one who has ſucceeded better than a very ingenious Gentleman, to whom I am obliged for the following piece, and who was the Author of the viſion in the 460th Paper. O

HOW are we tortured with the abſence of what we covet to poſſeſs, when it appears to be loſt to us! What excurſions does the Soul make in imagination after it! And how does it turn into itſelf again, more fooliſhly fond and dejected, at the diſappointment! Our grief, in-

ſtead of having recourſe to reaſon, which might reſtrain it, ſearches to find a further nouriſhment. It calls upon memory to relate the ſeveral paſſages and circumſtances of ſatisfactions which we formerly enjoyed; the pleaſures we purchaſed by thoſe riches that are taken from us; or the power and ſplendor of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceaſed. It needs muſt happen from hence that the paſſion ſhould often ſwell to ſuch a ſize as to burſt the heart which contains it, if time did not make theſe circumſtances leſs ſtrong and lively, ſo that reaſon ſhould become a more equal match for the paſſion, or if another deſire which becomes more preſent did not overpower them with a livelier repreſentation. Theſe are thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of Viſion upon this ſubject, and may therefore ſtand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found myſelf upon a naked ſhore, with company whoſe afflicted countenances witneſſed their conditions. Before us flowed a water deep, ſilent, and called the river of *Tears*, which iſſuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompaſſed an iſland that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and ſhattered, having been ſometimes overſet by the impatience and haſte of ſingle paſſengers to arrive at the other ſide. This immediately was brought to us by *Misfortune* who ſteers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared

peared a woman of a mild and compoſed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by repreſenting the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon ſome who knew her for *Patience*, and ſome of thoſe too who until then cried the loudeſt, were perſuaded by her, and returned back. The reſt of us went in, and ſhe (whoſe good-nature would not ſuffer her to forſake perſons in trouble) deſired leave to accompany us, that ſhe might at leaſt adminiſter ſome ſmall comfort or advice while we ſailed. We were no ſooner embarked but the boat was puſhed off, the ſheet was ſpread; and being filled with *Sighs*, which are the winds of that country, we made a paſſage to the farther bank, through ſeveral difficulties of which the moſt of us ſeemed utterly regardleſs.

When we landed, we perceived the iſland to be ſtrangely overcaſt with fogs, which no brightneſs could pierce, ſo that a kind of gloomy horror ſat always brooding over it. This had ſomething in it very ſhocking to eaſy tempers, inſomuch that ſome others, whom *Patience* had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themſelves round the verge of the iſland to find a ford by which ſhe told them they might eſcape.

For my part, I ſtill went along with thoſe who were for piercing into the centre of the place; and joining ourſelves to others whom we found upon the ſame journey, we marched ſolemnly as at a funeral through bordering hedges of roſemary, and through a grove of yew-trees,

which love to overſhadow tombs and flouriſh in church-yards. Here we heard on every ſide the wailings and complaints of ſeveral of the inhabitants, who had caſt themſelves diſconſolately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to approach any of theſe, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breaſts, tearing their hair, or after ſome other manner viſibly agitated with vexation. Our ſorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and ſaw, and one of our number was wrought up to ſuch a pitch of wildneſs, as to talk of hanging himſelf upon a bough which ſhot temptingly acroſs the path we travelled in; but he was reſtrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the moſt duſky ſilent part of the iſland, and by the redoubled ſounds of ſighs, which made a doleful whiſtling in the branches, the thickneſs of air which occaſioned faintiſh reſpiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the *Grotto of Grief*. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, ſunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. Theſe crept ſlow and half congealed amongſt its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans that rolled through all the paſſages. In the moſt retired part of it ſat the doleful Being herſelf; the path to her was ſtrowed with goads, ſtings and thorns; and her throne on which ſhe ſat was broken into

a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy miſt hung above her; her head oppreſſed with it reclined upon her arm: Thus did ſhe reign over her diſconſolate ſubjects, full of herſelf to ſtupidity, in eternal penſiveneſs, and the profoundeſt ſilence. On one ſide of her ſtood *Dejection* juſt dropping into a ſwoon, and *Paleneſs* waſting to a ſkeleton; on the other ſide were *Care* inwardly tormented with imaginations, and *Anguiſh* ſuffering outward *Troubles* to ſuck the blood from her heart in the ſhape of *Vultures*. The whole vault had a genuine diſmalneſs in it, which a few ſcattered lamps, whoſe bluiſh flames aroſe and ſunk in their urns, diſcovered to our eyes with increaſe. Some of us fell down, overcome and ſpent with what they ſuffered in the way, and were given over to thoſe tormentors that ſtood on either hand of the preſence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where *Patience*, whom we had left behind, was ſtill waiting to receive us.

With her (whoſe company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and aſcended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whoſe bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath; and lifting our eyes, which until then were fixed downwards, felt a ſullen ſort of ſatisfaction, in obſerving through the ſhades what numbers had entered the iſland. This ſatisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excuſable, becauſe

becauſe it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have reſpect to that of others; and therefore we did not conſider them as ſuffering, but ourſelves as not ſuffering in the moſt forlorn eſtate. It had alſo the ground-work of humanity and compaſſion in it, though the mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards, it began to diſcover itſelf, and from obſerving that others were unhappy, we came to queſtion one another, when it was that we met, and what were the ſad occaſions that brought us together. Then we heard our ſtories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and ſo by degrees became tolerable company.

A conſiderable part of the troubleſom road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air ſeemed thinner, it lay with leſs oppreſſion upon us, and we could now and then diſcern tracks in it of a lighter grayneſs, like the breakings of day, ſhort in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country *Gleams of Amuſement*. Within a ſhort while theſe gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the *Sighs* that hitherto filled the air with ſo much dolefulneſs, altered to the ſound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the iſland were abated.

When we had arrived at laſt at the ford by which we were to paſs out, we met with thoſe faſhionable mourners who had been ferried over along

along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coaſted by the ſhore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by ſhewing themſelves to the world only at the time when we did, they might ſeem alſo to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters that rolled on the other ſide ſo deep and ſilent, were much dried up, and it was an eaſier matter for us to wade over.

The river being croſſed, we were received upon the further bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom *Comfort* had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of theſe blamed us for ſtaying ſo long away from them, others adviſed us againſt all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by aſking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded, that in a caſe of ſo much melancholy and affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than *Patience*. Here *Patience*, appearing ſerene at her praiſes, delivered us over to *Comfort*. *Comfort* ſmiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the ſky purpled on that ſide to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.

Monday,

N° 502 Monday, October 6.

Melius, pejus, proſit, obſit, nil vident niſi quod lubent.
Ter. Heaut. Act 4. Sc. 1.

Better or worſe, profitable or diſadvantageous, they ſee nothing but what they liſt.

WHEN men read, they taſte the matter with which they are entertained, according as their own reſpective ſtudies and inclinations have prepared them, and make their reflexions accordingly. Some peruſing *Roman* Writers, would find in them, whatever the ſubject of the diſcourſes were, parts which implied the grandeur of that people in their warfare or their politics. As for my part, who am a mere SPECTATOR, I drew this morning concluſions of their eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy ſentiments, from the reading a Comedy of *Terence*. The Play was the *Self-Tormentor*. It is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not obſerve in the whole one paſſage that could raiſe a laugh. How well diſpoſed muſt that people be, who could be entertained with ſatisfaction by ſo ſober and polite mirth? In the firſt ſcene of the Comedy, when one of the old men accuſes the other of impertinence for interpoſing in his affairs, he anſwers, 'I am a 'man,

'man, and cannot help feeling any ſorrow that 'can arrive at man.' It is ſaid, this ſentence was received with an univerſal applauſe. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good underſtanding of a people, than a ſudden conſent to give their approbation of a ſentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were ſpoken with never ſo great ſkill in the Actor, the manner of uttering that ſentence could have nothing in it which could ſtrike any but people of the greateſt humanity, nay people elegant and ſkilful in obſervations upon it. It is poſſible he might have laid his hand on his breaſt, and with a winning inſinuation in his countenance, expreſſed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his caſe his own; yet I will engage a Player in *Covent-Garden* might hit ſuch an attitude a thouſand times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that a Miniſter of State in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth* had all manner of books and ballads brought to him, of what kind ſoever, and took great notice how much they took with the people; upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their preſent diſpoſitions, and the moſt proper way of applying them according to his own purpoſes. What paſſes on the Stage, and the reception it meets with from the audience, is a very uſeful inſtruction of this kind. According to what you may obſerve there on our Stage, you ſee them often moved ſo directly againſt all common ſenſe and humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a nation of ſavages.

ſavages. It cannot be called a miſtake of what is pleaſant, but the very contrary to it is what moſt aſſuredly takes with them. The other night an old woman carried off with a pain in her ſide, with all the diſtortions and anguiſh of countenance which is natural to one in that condition, was laughed and clapped off the Stage. *Terence*'s Comedy, which I am ſpeaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to pleaſe none but ſuch as had as good a taſte as himſelf. I could not but reflect upon the natural deſcription of the innocent young woman made by the ſervant to his maſter. 'When 'I came to the houſe, ſaid he, an old woman 'opened the door, and I followed her in, be-'cauſe I could by entering upon them unawares 'better obſerve what was your miſtreſs's ordinary 'manner of ſpending her time, the only way 'of judging any one's inclinations and genius. 'I found her at her needle in a ſort of ſecond 'mourning, which ſhe wore for an aunt ſhe 'had lately loſt. She had nothing on but what 'ſhewed ſhe dreſſed only for herſelf. Her hair 'hung negligently about her ſhoulders. She 'had none of the arts with which others uſe to 'ſet themſelves off, but had that negligence of 'perſon which is remarkable in thoſe who are 'careful of their minds——Then ſhe had a 'maid who was at work near her, that was a 'ſlattern, becauſe her miſtreſs was careleſs; 'which I take to be another argument of your 'ſecurity in her; for the Go-betweens of women 'of intrigue are rewarded too well to be dirty.

'When you were named, and I told her you 'deſired to ſee her, ſhe threw down her work 'for joy, covered her face, and decently hid her 'tears'——He muſt be a very good Actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the Author, that could gain it among us for this ſpeech, though ſo full of nature and good ſenſe.

The intolerable folly and confidence of Players putting in words of their own, does in a great meaſure feed the abſurd taſte of the audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a cluſter of Coxcombs to take up the houſe to themſelves, and equally inſult both the Actors and the Company. Theſe Savages, who want all manner of regard and deference to the reſt of mankind, come only to ſhew themſelves to us, without any other purpoſe than to let us know they deſpiſe us.

The groſs of an audience is compoſed of two ſorts of people, thoſe who know no pleaſure but of the body, and thoſe who improve or command corporeal pleaſures by the addition of fine ſentiments of the mind. At preſent the intelligent part of the company are wholly ſubdued, by the inſurrections of thoſe who know no ſatisfactions but what they have in common with all other animals.

This is the reaſon that when a ſcene tending to procreation is acted, you ſee the whole Pit in ſuch a chuckle, and old Letchers, with mouths open, ſtare at thoſe looſe geſticulations on the Stage with ſhameful earneſtneſs; when the juſteſt pictures

pictures of human life in its calm dignity, and the propereſt ſentiments for the conduct of it, paſs by like mere narration, as conducing only to ſomewhat much better which is to come after. I have ſeen the whole houſe at ſome times in ſo proper a diſpoſition, that indeed I have trembled for the Boxes, and feared the entertainment would end in the repreſentation of the rape of the *Sabines*.

I would not be underſtood in this talk to argue, that nothing is tolerable on the Stage but what has an immediate tendency to the promotion of virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing againſt the intereſts of virtue, and is not offenſive to good-manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be repreſented. For this reaſon I have no exception to the well-drawn ruſticities in the *Country-Wake*; and there is ſomething ſo miraculouſly pleaſant in *Dogget*'s acting the aukward triumph and comic ſorrow of *Hob* in different circumſtances, that I ſhall not be able to ſtay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the gallantry of taking the cudgels for *Glouceſterſhire*, with the pride of heart in tucking himſelf up, and taking aim at his adverſary, as well as the other's proteſtation in the humanity of low Romance, that he could not promiſe the 'Squire to break *Hob*'s head, but he would, if he could, do it in love; then flouriſh and begin: I ſay, what vexes me is, that ſuch excellent touches as theſe, as well as the 'Squire's being out of all patience at *Hob*'s ſucceſs, and venturing himſelf into the crowd, are circumſtances

ſtances hardly taken notice of, and the height of the jeſt is only in the very point that heads are broken. I am confident, were there a ſcene written, wherein *Penkethman* ſhould break his leg by wreſtling with *Bullock*, and *Dicky* come in to ſet it, without one word ſaid but what ſhould be according to the exact rules of ſurgery in making the extenſion, and binding up the leg, the whole houſe ſhould be in a roar of applauſe at the diſſembled anguiſh of the patient, the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy addreſs and arch looks of the ſurgeon. To enumerate the entrance of Ghoſts, the embattling of Armies, the noiſe of Heroes in love, with a thouſand other enormities, would be to tranſgreſs the bounds of this Paper, for which reaſon it is poſſible they may have hereafter diſtinct diſcourſes; not forgetting any of the audience who ſhall ſet up for Actors, and interrupt the Play on the Stage: and Players who ſhall prefer the applauſe of fools to that of the reaſonable part of the company. T.

N° 503 Tueſday, October 7.

Deleo omnes debinc ex animo mulieres.
Ter. Eun. Act 2. Sc. 3.

From hence forward I blot out of my thoughts all memory of womankind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have often mentioned with great vehemence and indignation the miſbehaviour of people at Church; but I am at preſent to talk to you on that ſubject, and complain to you of one, whom at the ſame time I know not what to accuſe of, except it be looking too well there, and diverting the eyes of the congregation to that one object. However I have this to ſay, that ſhe might have ſtaid at her own pariſh, and not come to perplex thoſe who are otherwiſe intent upon their duty.

'Laſt *Sunday* was ſeven-night I went into a Church not far from *London*-bridge; but I wiſh I had been contented to go to my own pariſh, I am ſure it had been better for me: I ſay, I went to church thither, and got into a pew very near the pulpit. I had hardly been accommodated with a ſeat, before there entered into the iſle a young Lady in the very bloom of youth and beauty, and dreſſed in the moſt

'elegant

'elegant manner imaginable. Her form was 'ſuch, that it engaged the eyes of the whole 'congregation in an inſtant, and mine among 'the reſt. Though we were all thus fixed upon 'her, ſhe was not in the leaſt out of countenance, 'or under the leaſt diſorder, though unattended 'by any one, and not ſeeming to know par-'ticularly where to place herſelf. However, ſhe 'had not in the leaſt a confident aſpect, but 'moved on with the moſt graceful modeſty, 'every one making way until ſhe came to a ſeat 'juſt over-againſt that in which I was placed. 'The Deputy of the Ward ſat in that pew, and 'ſhe ſtood oppoſite to him, and at a glance into 'the ſeat, though ſhe did not appear the leaſt 'acquainted with the Gentleman, was let in, 'with a confuſion that ſpoke much admiration 'at the novelty of the thing. The Service im-'mediately began, and ſhe compoſed herſelf 'for it with an air of ſo much goodneſs and 'ſweetneſs, that the confeſſion which ſhe uttered 'ſo as to be heard where I ſat, appeared an act 'of humiliation more than ſhe had occaſion for. 'The truth is, her beauty is ſomething ſo in-'nocent, and yet ſo ſublime, that we all gazed 'upon her like a phantom. None of the pictures 'which we behold of the beſt *Italian* painters, 'have any thing like the ſpirit which appeared 'in her countenance, at the different ſentiments 'expreſſed in the ſeveral parts of Divine Service: 'That gratitude and joy at a thankſgiving, that 'lowlineſs and ſorrow at the prayers for the 'ſick and diſtreſſed, that triumph at the paſſages

'which gave inſtances of the Divine mercy, 'which appeared reſpectively in her aſpect, will 'be in my memory to my laſt hour. I proteſt 'to you, Sir, ſhe ſuſpended the devotion of 'every one around her; and the eaſe ſhe did 'every thing with, ſoon diſperſed the churliſh 'diſlike and heſitation in approving what is ex-'cellent, too frequent amongſt us, to a general 'attention and entertainment in obſerving her 'behaviour. All the while that we were gazing 'at her, ſhe took notice of no object about her, 'but had an art of ſeeming aukwardly attentive, 'whatever elſe her eyes were accidentally thrown 'upon. One thing indeed was particular, ſhe 'ſtood the whole Service, and never kneeled 'or ſat: I do not queſtion but that was to ſhew 'herſelf with the greater advantage, and ſet 'forth to better grace her hands and arms, lifted 'up with the moſt ardent devotion, and her 'boſom, the faireſt that ever was ſeen, bare 'to obſervation; while ſhe, you muſt think, 'knew nothing of the concern ſhe gave others, 'any other than as an example of devotion, 'that threw herſelf out, without regard to dreſs 'or garment, all contrition, and looſe of all 'worldly regards, in ecſtaſy of devotion. Well, 'now the organ was to play a Voluntary, and 'ſhe was ſo ſkilful in muſic, and ſo touched 'with it, that ſhe kept time not only with ſome 'motion of her head, but alſo with a different 'air in her countenance. When the muſic 'was ſtrong and bold, ſhe looked exalted, but 'ſerious; when lively and airy, ſhe was ſmiling

'and

'and gracious; when the notes were more ſoft
'and languiſhing, ſhe was kind and full of
'pity. When ſhe had now made it viſible to
'the whole congregation, by her motion and
'ear, that ſhe could dance, and ſhe wanted
'now only to inform us that ſhe could ſing
'too, when the Pſalm was given out, her voice
'was diſtinguiſhed above all the reſt, or rather
'people did not exert their own in order to hear
'her. Never was any heard ſo ſweet and ſo
'ſtrong. The organiſt obſerved it, and he
'thought fit to play to her only, and ſhe
'ſwelled every note, when ſhe found ſhe had
'thrown us all out, and had the laſt verſe to
'herſelf in ſuch a manner as the whole con-
'gregation was intent upon her, in the ſame
'manner as we ſee in the Cathedrals they are
'on the perſon who ſings alone the Anthem.
'Well, it came at laſt to the Sermon, and
'our young Lady would not loſe her part in
'that neither; for ſhe fixed her eye upon the
'Preacher, and as he ſaid any thing ſhe approved,
'with one of *Charles Mather*'s fine tables ſhe ſet
'down the ſentence, at once ſhewing her fine
'hand, the gold pen, her readineſs in writing,
'and her judgment in chooſing what to write.
'To ſum up what I intend by this long and
'particular account, I mean to appeal to you,
'whether it is reaſonable that ſuch a creature
'as this ſhall come from a janty part of the
'town, and give herſelf ſuch violent airs, to
'the diſturbance of an innocent and inoffenſive
'congregation, with her ſublimities. The fact,

'I assure you, was as I have related; but I 'had like to have forgot another very con- 'siderable particular. As soon as church was 'done she immediately stepped out of her 'pew, and fell into the finest pitty-pat air, for- 'sooth, wonderfully out of countenance, tossing 'her head up and down, as she swam along the 'body of the church. I, with several others 'of the inhabitants, followed her out, and saw 'her hold up her fan to an hackney-coach at 'a distance, who immediately came up to her, 'and she whipped into it with great nimbleness, 'pulled the door with a bowing mien, as if 'she had been used to a better glass. She said 'aloud, "You know where to go," and drove 'off. By this time the best of the congregation 'was at the church-door, and I could hear some 'say, "A very fine Lady;" others, "I will "warrant ye, she is no better than she should "be:" and one very wise old Lady said, "she "ought to have been taken up." Mr. SPEC- 'TATOR, I think this matter lies wholly before 'you: for the offence does not come under 'any law, though it is apparent this creature 'came among us only to give herself airs, and 'enjoy her full swing in being admired. I 'desire you would print this, that she may be 'confined to her own parish; for I can assure 'you there is no attending any thing else in 'a place where she is a novelty. She has been 'talked of among us ever since under the name 'of the Phantom: But I would advise her to 'come no more; for there is so strong a party

'made

'made by the women againſt her, that ſhe muſt 'expect they will not be excelled a ſecond time 'in ſo outrageous a manner, without doing 'her ſome inſult. Young women, who aſſume 'after this rate, and affect expoſing themſelves 'to view in congregations at the other end of 'the town, are not ſo miſchievous, becauſe they 'are rivalled by more of the ſame ambition, 'who will not let the reſt of the company be 'particular: But in the name of the whole con-'gregation where I was, I deſire you to keep 'theſe agreeable diſturbances out of the city, 'where ſobriety of manners is ſtill preſerved, 'and all glaring and oſtentatious behaviour, 'even in things laudable, diſcountenanced. I 'wiſh you may never ſee the Phantom, and 'am,

Sir,

T Your moſt humble ſervant,

Ralph Wonder.

N°504. Wedneſday, October 8.

Lepus tute es, & pulpamentum quæris.
Ter. Eun. Act 3. Sc. 1.

You are a hare yourſelf, and want dainties, forſooth.

IT is a great convenience to thoſe who want Wit to furniſh out a converſation, that there is ſomething or other in all companies where it is wanted, ſubſtituted in its ſtead, which, according to their taſte, does the buſineſs as well. Of this nature is the agreeable paſtime in country-halls of croſs-purpoſes, queſtions and commands, and the like. A little ſuperior to theſe are thoſe who can play at crambo, or cap verſes. Then above them are ſuch as can make verſes, that is, rhyme; and among thoſe who have the *Latin* tongue, ſuch as uſe to make what they call golden verſes. Commend me alſo to thoſe who have not brains enough for any of theſe exerciſes, and yet do not give up their pretenſions to mirth. Theſe can ſlap you on the back unawares, laugh loud, aſk you how you do with a twang on your ſhoulders, ſay you are dull to-day, and laugh a voluntary to put you in humour; not to mention the laborious way among the minor Poets, of making things come into ſuch and ſuch a ſhape, as that of an egg,

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an hand, an ax, or any thing that no body had ever thought on before for that purpoſe, or which would have coſt a great deal of pains to accompliſh it if they did. But all theſe methods, though they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the ſmalleſt capacity, do not ſerve an honeſt Gentleman who wants Wit for his ordinary occaſions; therefore it is abſolutely neceſſary that the poor in imagination ſhould have ſomething which may be ſerviceable to them at all hours upon all common occurrences. That which we call Punning is therefore greatly affected by men of ſmall intellects. Theſe men need not be concerned with you for the whole ſentence; but if they can ſay a quaint thing, or bring in a word which ſounds like any one word you have ſpoken to them, they can turn the diſcourſe, or diſtract you ſo that you cannot go on, and by conſequence if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus if you talk of a candle, he can deal with you; and if you aſk him to help you to ſome bread, a Punſter ſhould think himſelf very ill-bred if he did not; and if he is not as well-bred as yourſelf, he hopes for Grains of allowance. If you do not underſtand that laſt fancy, you muſt recollect that bread is made of grain; and ſo they go on for ever, without poſſibility of being exhauſted.

There are another kind of people of ſmall faculties, who ſupply want of Wit with want of breeding; and becauſe women are both by nature

nature and education more offended at any thing which is immodeſt, than we men are, theſe are ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double meanings. Every one's own obſervation will ſuggeſt inſtances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; for your double meaners are diſperſed up and down through all parts of town or city where there are any to offend, in order to ſet off themſelves. Theſe men are mighty loud laughers, and held very pretty Gentlemen with the ſillier and unbred part of womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be in the world, the happieſt and ſureſt to be pleaſant, are a ſort of people whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and thoſe are your Biters.

A Biter is one who tells you a thing you have no reaſon to diſbelieve in itſelf, and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no reaſon to diſbelieve it for his ſaying it; and if you give him credit, laughs in your face, and triumphs that he has deceived you. In a word, a Biter is one who thinks you a fool, becauſe you do not think him a knave. This deſcription of him one may inſiſt upon to be a juſt one; for what elſe but a degree of knavery is it, to depend upon deceit for what you gain of another, be it in point of Wit, or Intereſt, or any thing elſe?

This way of Wit is called Biting, by a metaphor taken from beaſts of prey, which devour harmleſs and unarmed animals, and look upon them

them as their food wherever they meet them. The Sharpers about town very ingeniouſly underſtood themſelves to be to the undeſigning part of mankind, what foxes are to lambs, and therefore uſed the word Biting to expreſs any exploit wherein they had over-reached any innocent and inadvertent man of his purſe. Theſe raſcals of late years have been the gallants of the town, and carried it with a faſhionable haughty air, to the diſcouragement of modeſty and all honeſt arts. Shallow fops who are governed by the eye, and admire every thing that ſtruts in vogue, took up from the Sharpers the phraſe of Biting, and uſed it upon all occaſions, either to diſown any nonſenſical ſtuff they ſhould talk themſelves, or evade the force of what was reaſonably ſaid by others. Thus, when one of theſe cunning creatures was entered into a debate with you, whether it was practicable in the preſent ſtate of affairs to accompliſh ſuch a propoſition, and you thought he had let fall what deſtroyed his ſide of the queſtion, as ſoon as you looked with an earneſtneſs ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cried, Bite, and you were immediately to acknowledge all that part was in jeſt. They carry this to all the extravagance imaginable, and if one of theſe Witlings knows any particulars which may give authority to what he ſays, he is ſtill the more ingenious if he impoſes upon your credulity. I remember a remarkable inſtance of this kind. There came up a ſhrewd young fellow to a plain young man, his countryman, and taking him aſide

aſide with a grave concerned countenance, goes on at this rate: I ſee you here, and have you heard nothing out of *Yorkſhire?*——You look ſo ſurpriſed you could not have heard of it——and yet the particulars are ſuch, that it cannot be falſe: I am ſorry I am got into it ſo far, that I now muſt tell you; but I know not but it may be for your ſervice to know—on *Tueſday* laſt, juſt after dinner——you know his manner is to ſmoke, opening his box, your father fell down dead of an apoplexy. The youth ſhewed the filial ſorrow which he ought——Upon which the witty man cried, 'Bite, there is nothing in 'all this——'

To put an end to this ſilly, pernicious, frivolous way at once, I will give the reader one late inſtance of a Bite, which no Biter for the future will ever be able to equal, though I heartily wiſh him the ſame occaſion. It is a ſuperſtition with ſome ſurgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the goal, and bargain for the carcaſs with the criminal himſelf. A good honeſt fellow did ſo laſt Seſſions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. The ſurgeon communicated his buſineſs, and fell into diſcourſe with a little fellow, who refuſed twelve ſhillings, and inſiſted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow, who killed the Officer of *Newgate*, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him, look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half-ſtarved all his life, and is now half-

dead with fear, cannot anſwer your purpoſe. I have ever lived highly and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in impriſonment; you ſee my creſt ſwells to your knife, and after *Jack Catch* has done, upon my honour you will find me as ſound as ever a bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty ſhillings I am your man——Says the ſurgeon, done, there is a guinea——This witty rogue took the money, and as ſoon as he had it in his fiſt, cries 'Bite, 'I am to be hanged in chains.' T

Thurſday,

N° 505 Thurſday, October 9.

Non habeo denique nauci Marſum Augurem,
Non vicanos Aruſpices, non de circo Aſtrologos,
Non Iſiacos Conjectores, non Interpretes ſomniûm:
Non enim ſunt ii, aut ſcientiâ, aut arte Divini,
Sed ſuperſtitioſi vates impudenteſque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut inſani, aut quibus egeſtas imperat:
Qui ſui queſtûs cauſâ fictas ſuſcitant ſententias,
Qui ſibi ſemitam non ſapiunt, alteri monſtrant viam,
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt:
De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera.

Ennius.

Augurs, and Soothſayers, Aſtrologers,
Diviners, and Interpreters of Dreams,
I ne'er conſult, and heartily deſpiſe:
Vain their pretence to more than human ſkill:
For gain imaginary ſchemes they draw;
Wand'rers themſelves, they guide another's ſteps;
And for poor ſix-pence promiſe countleſs wealth:
Let them, if they expect to be believ'd,
Deduct the ſix-pence, and beſtow the reſt.

THOSE who have maintained that men would be more miſerable than beaſts, were their hopes confined to this life only, among other conſiderations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the anguiſh of the preſent evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflexion on what is paſſed, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties

difficulties or misfortunes is ſo natural to the mind, that were a man's ſorrows and diſquietudes ſummed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had ſuffered more from the apprehenſion of ſuch evils as never happened to him, than from thoſe evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among thoſe evils which befal us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the proſpect, than by their actual preſſure.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found the preſcience on the lines of a man's hand, others, on the features of his face; ſome on the ſignatures which Nature has impreſſed on his body, and others on his own hand-writing: Some read mens fortunes in the ſtars, as others have ſearched after them in the entrails of beaſts, or the flights of birds. Men of the beſt ſenſe have been touched more or leſs with theſe groundleſs horrors and preſages of futurity, upon ſurveying the moſt indifferent works of Nature. Can any thing be more ſurpriſing than to conſider *Cicero*, who made the greateſt figure at the Bar, and in the Senate of the *Roman* Commonwealth, and, at the ſame time, outſhined all the Philoſophers of antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as buſying himſelf in the college of Augurs, and obſerving with a religious attention, after what manner the chickens pecked the ſeveral grains of corn which were thrown to them.

Not-

Notwithſtanding theſe follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wiſe and learned in the preſent age, multitudes of weak and ignorant Perſons are ſtill ſlaves to them. There are numberleſs arts of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite obſervations of days, numbers, voices and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In ſhort, every thing propheſies to the ſuperſtitious man; there is ſcarce a ſtraw or a ruſty piece of iron that lies in his way by accident.

It is not to be conceived how many Wizards, Gipſies, and Cunning-men are diſperſed through all the countries and market-towns of *Great Britain*, not to mention the Fortune-tellers and Aſtrologers, who live very comfortably upon the curioſity of ſeveral well-diſpoſed perſons in the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

Among the many pretended arts of divination, there is none which ſo univerſally amuſes as that by Dreams. I have indeed obſerved in a late Speculation, that there have been ſometimes, upon very extraordinary occaſions, ſupernatural revelations made to certain perſons by this means; but as it is the chief buſineſs of this Paper to root out popular errors, I muſt endeavour to expoſe the folly and ſuperſtition of thoſe perſons, who, in the common and ordinary courſe of life, lay any ſtreſs upon things of ſo uncertain, ſhadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following Letter, which is dated from a quarter

of

of the town that has always been the habitation of ſome prophetic *Philomath*; it having been uſual time out of mind for all ſuch people as have loſt their wits, to reſort to that place either for their cure or for their inſtruction.

Moorfields, Oct. 4, 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING long conſidered whether there 'be any trade wanting in this great city, 'after having ſurveyed very attentively all kinds 'of ranks and profeſſions, I do not find in any 'quarter of the town an *Oneirocritic*, or, in 'plain *Engliſh*, an Interpreter of Dreams. For 'want of ſo uſeful a perſon, there are ſeveral 'good people who are very much puzzled in this 'particular, and dream a whole year together 'without being ever the wiſer for it. I hope I 'am pretty well qualified for this office, hav-'ing ſtudied by candle-light all the rules of 'art which have been laid down upon this 'ſubject. My great uncle by my wife's ſide 'was a *Scotch* Highlander, and ſecond-ſighted. 'I have four fingers and two thumbs upon 'one hand, and was born on the longeſt night 'of the year. My chriſtian and ſir-name begin 'and end with the ſame letters. I am lodged 'in *Moorfields*, in a houſe that for theſe fifty 'years has been always tenanted by a Conjurer.

'If you had been in company, ſo much 'as myſelf, with ordinary women of the town, 'you muſt know that there are many of them 'who every day in their lives, upon ſeeing or

'hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry, "My Dream is out;" and cannot go to ſleep 'in quiet the next night, until ſome thing or 'other has happened which has expounded the 'Viſions of the preceding one. There are 'others who are in very great pain for not 'being able to recover the circumſtances of a 'Dream, that made ſtrong impreſſions upon 'them while it laſted. In ſhort, Sir, there are 'many whoſe waking thoughts are wholly em-'ployed on their ſleeping ones. For the benefit 'therefore of this curious and inquiſitive part 'of my fellow-ſubjects, I ſhall in the firſt place 'tell thoſe perſons what they dreamed of, who 'fancy they never dream at all. In the next 'place, I ſhall make out any Dream, upon 'hearing a ſingle circumſtance of it; and in 'the laſt place, ſhall expound to them the good 'or bad fortune which ſuch Dreams portend. 'If they do not preſage good luck, I ſhall 'deſire nothing for my pains; not queſtioning 'at the ſame time, that thoſe who conſult me 'will be ſo reaſonable as to afford me a moderate 'ſhare out of any conſiderable eſtate, profit or 'emolument which I ſhall diſcover to them. 'I interpret to the Poor for nothing, on condition 'that their names may be inſerted in public 'advertiſements, to atteſt the truth of ſuch my 'interpretations. As for people of Quality or 'others who are indiſpoſed, and do not care to 'come in perſon, I can interpret their Dreams 'by ſeeing their water. I ſet aſide one day in 'the week for Lovers; and interpret by the

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'great for any Gentlewoman who is turned of 'ſixty, after the rate of half a crown *per* 'week, with the uſual allowances for good luck. 'I have ſeveral rooms and apartments fitted 'up, at reaſonable rates, for ſuch as have not 'conveniencies for dreaming at their own 'houſes.

Titus Trophonius.

N. B. 'I am not dumb. O

N°506 Friday, October 10.

Candida perpetuo reſide, concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari ſemper ſit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat illa ſenem quondam: Sed & ipſa marito,
Tunc quoque cùm fuerit, non videatur anus.

Mart. Epig. 13. l. 4. v. 7.

Perpetual harmony their bed attend,
And *Venus* ſtill the well-match'd pair befriend.
May ſhe, when Time has ſunk him into years,
Love her old man, and cheriſh his white hairs;
Nor he perceive her charms through age decay,
But think each happy ſun his bridal day.

THE following Eſſay is written by the Gentleman, to whom the world is obliged for thoſe ſeveral excellent diſcourſes which have been marked with the letter X.

I Have ſomewhere met with a Fable that made *Wealth* the father of *Love*. It is certain that a mind ought, at leaſt, to be free from the apprehenſions of want and poverty, before it can fully attend to all the ſoftneſſes and endearments of this paſſion. Notwithſtanding we ſee multitudes of married people, who are utter ſtrangers to this delightful paſſion, amidſt all the affluence of the moſt plentiful fortunes.

It is not ſufficient to make a marriage happy, that the humours of two people ſhould be alike; I could inſtance an hundred pair, who have not the leaſt ſentiment of Love remaining for one another, yet are ſo like in their humours, that if they were not already married, the whole world would deſign them for man and wife.

The ſpirit of Love has ſomething ſo extremely fine in it, that it is very often diſturbed and loſt, by ſome little accidents which the careleſs and unpolite never attend to, until it is gone paſt recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to baniſh it from a married ſtate, than too great a familiarity, and laying aſide the common rules of decency. Though I could give inſtances of this in ſeveral particulars, I ſhall only mention that of Dreſs. The Beaus, and Belles about town, who dreſs purely to catch one another, think there is no farther occaſion for the bait, when their firſt deſign has ſucceeded. But beſides the too common fault in point of neatneſs, there are ſeveral others which I do not remember to

have ſeen touched upon, but in one of our modern Comedies, where a *French* Woman offering to undreſs and dreſs herſelf before the Lover of the Play, and aſſuring her miſtreſs that it was very uſual in *France*, the Lady tells her that is a ſecret in Dreſs ſhe never knew before, and that ſhe was ſo unpoliſhed an *Engliſh* woman, as to reſolve never to learn to dreſs even before her huſband.

There is ſomething ſo groſs in the carriage of ſome wives, that they loſe their huſbands hearts for faults, which, if a man has either good-nature or good-breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the Ladies are generally moſt faulty in this particular; who, at their firſt giving into Love, find the way ſo ſmooth and pleaſant, that they fancy it is ſcarce poſſible to be tired in it.

There is ſo much nicety and diſcretion required to keep Love alive after marriage, and make converſation ſtill new and agreeable after twenty or thirty years, that I know nothing which ſeems readily to promiſe it, but an earneſt endeavour to pleaſe on both ſides, and ſuperior good ſenſe on the part of the man.

By a man of ſenſe, I mean one acquainted with buſineſs and letters.

A woman very much ſettles her eſteem for a man, according to the figure he makes in the world, and the character he bears among his own Sex. As learning is the chief advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as ſcandalous and inexcuſable for a man of fortune to

be illiterate, as for a woman not to know how to behave herſelf on the moſt ordinary occaſions. It is this which ſets the two Sexes at the greateſt diſtance; a woman is vexed and ſurpriſed, to find nothing more in the converſation of a man, than in the common tattle of her own Sex.

Some ſmall engagement at leaſt in buſineſs, not only ſets a man's talents in the faireſt light, and allots him a part to act, in which a wife cannot well intermeddle; but gives frequent occaſions for thoſe little abſences, which, whatever ſeeming uneaſineſs they may give, are ſome of the beſt preſervatives of Love and Deſire.

The fair Sex are ſo conſcious to themſelves, that they have nothing in them which can deſerve intirely to engroſs the whole man, that they heartily deſpiſe one, who, to uſe their own expreſſion, is always hanging at their apron-ſtrings.

Lætitia is pretty, modeſt, tender, and has ſenſe enough; ſhe married *Eraſtus*, who is in a poſt of ſome buſineſs, and has a general taſte in moſt parts of polite learning. *Lætitia*, wherever ſhe viſits, has the pleaſure to hear of ſomething which was handſomly ſaid or done by *Eraſtus*. *Eraſtus*, ſince his marriage, is more gay in his Dreſs than ever, and in all companies is as complaiſant to *Lætitia* as to any other Lady. I have ſeen him give her her fan, when it has dropped, with all the gallantry of a Lover. When they take the air together,

Eraſtus

Eraſtus is continually improving her thoughts, and, with a turn of wit and ſpirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an inſight into things ſhe had no notions of before. *Lætitia* is tranſported at having a new world thus opened to her, and hangs upon the man that gives her ſuch agreeable informations. *Eraſtus* has carried this point ſtill further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more ſatisfied with herſelf. *Eraſtus* finds a juſtneſs or beauty in whatever ſhe ſays or obſerves, that *Lætitia* herſelf was not aware of; and by his aſſiſtance, ſhe has diſcovered an hundred good qualities and accompliſhments in herſelf, which ſhe never before, once dreamed of. *Eraſtus*, with the moſt artful complaiſance in the world, by ſeveval remote hints, finds the means to make her ſay or propoſe almoſt whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own diſcovery, and gives her all the reputation of it.

Eraſtus has a perfect taſte in painting, and carried *Lætitia* with him the other day to ſee a collection of pictures. I ſometimes viſit this happy couple. As we were laſt week walking in the long gallery before dinner, 'I have lately 'laid out ſome money in paintings, ſays *Eraſtus*; 'I bought that *Venus* and *Adonis* purely upon '*Lætitia*'s judgment; it coſt me threeſcore 'guineas, and I was this morning offered a 'hundred for it.' I turned towards *Lætitia*, and ſaw her cheeks glow with pleaſure, while at the ſame time ſhe caſt a look upon *Eraſtus*, the moſt tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

Flavilla married *Tom Tawdry*; ſhe was taken with his laced coat and rich ſword-knot; ſhe has the mortification to ſee *Tom* deſpiſed by all the worthy part of his own Sex. *Tom* has nothing to do after dinner, but to determine whether he will pare his nails at Saint *James*'s, *White*'s, or his own houſe. He has ſaid nothing to *Flavilla* ſince they were married, which ſhe might not have heard as well from her own Woman. He however takes great care to keep up the ſaucy ill-natured authority of a huſband. Whatever *Flavilla* happens to aſſert, *Tom* immediately contradicts with an oath by way of preface, and, 'My dear, I muſt tell you, you 'talk moſt confoundedly ſilly.' *Flavilla* had a heart naturally as well diſpoſed for all the tenderneſs of Love as that of *Lætitia*; but as Love ſeldom continues long after eſteem, it is difficult to determine, at preſent, whether the unhappy *Flavilla* hates or diſpiſes the perſon moſt, whom ſhe is obliged to lead her whole life with. X

Saturday,

N° 507 Saturday, October 11.

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.
Juv. Sat. 2. v. 46.

Preſerv'd from ſhame by numbers on our ſide.

THERE is ſomething very ſublime, though very fanciful, in *Plato*'s deſcription of the Supreme Being, that 'Truth is his body, and 'Light his ſhadow.' According to this definition, there is nothing ſo contradictory to his nature, as Error and Falſhood. The Platoniſts have ſo juſt a notion of the Almighty's averſion to every thing which is falſe and erroneous, that they looked upon Truth as no leſs neceſſary than Virtue, to qualify a human Soul for the enjoyment of a ſeparate ſtate. For this reaſon, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and ſeaſon the will for a future life, ſo they preſcribed ſeveral contemplations and ſciences to rectify the underſtanding. Thus *Plato* has called mathematical demonſtrations the cathartics or purgatives of the Soul, as being the moſt proper means to cleanſe it from error, and to give it a reliſh of Truth; which is the natural food and nouriſhment of the underſtanding, as Virtue is the perfection and happineſs of the will.

There are many Authors who have ſhewn wherein the malignity of a Lye conſiſts, and ſet

ſet forth, in proper colours, the heinouſneſs of the offence. I ſhall here conſider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been ſo much ſpoken to; I mean that abominable practice of Party-lying. This vice is ſo very predominant among us at preſent, that a man is thought of no principles, who does not propagate a certain ſyſtem of Lies. The Coffee-houſes are ſupported by them, the Preſs is choked with them, eminent Authors live upon them. Our bottle-converſation is ſo infected with them, that a Party-lye is grown as faſhionable an entertainment, as a lively catch or a merry ſtory: The truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be ſtruck dumb, were this fountain of diſcourſe dried up. There is however one advantage reſulting from this deteſtable practice; the very appearances of Truth are ſo little regarded, that Lyes are at preſent diſcharged in the air, and begin to hurt no body. When we hear a Party-ſtory from a ſtranger, we conſider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of courſe, in which the honeſt Gentleman deſigns to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common ſenſe, that gives credit to the relations of Party-writers; nay his own friends ſhake their heads at him, and conſider him in no other light than as an officious tool or a well-meaning idiot. When it was formerly the faſhion to huſband a Lye, and trump it up in ſome extraordinary emergency, it generally did

did execution, and was not a little ſerviceable to the faction that made uſe of it; but at preſent every man is upon his guard, the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to ſee men of probity, who would ſcorn to utter a falſhood for their own particular advantage, give ſo readily into a Lye when it becomes the voice of their faction, notwithſtanding they are thoroughly ſenſible of it as ſuch. How is it poſſible for thoſe who are men of honour in their perſons, thus to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reaſons for it, and at the ſame time diſcover the inſufficiency of theſe reaſons to juſtify ſo criminal a practice.

In the firſt place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a Lye, and conſequently the puniſhment, may be very much diminiſhed, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of thoſe who partake in it. Though the weight of a Falſhood would be too heavy for one to bear, it grows light in their imaginations, when it is ſhared among many. But in this caſe a man very much deceives himſelf; guilt, when it ſpreads through numbers, is not ſo properly divided as multiplied: Every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the Number of thoſe who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of an offending multitude, as they would upon any ſingle perſon had none ſhared with him in the offence. In a word,

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the diviſion of guilt is like to that of Matter; though it may be ſeparated into infinite portions, every portion ſhall have the whole eſſence of Matter in it, and conſiſt of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the ſecond place, though multitudes, who join in a Lye, cannot exempt themſelves from the guilt, they may from the ſhame of it. The ſcandal of a Lye is in a manner loſt and annihilated, when diffuſed among ſeveral thouſands; as a drop of the blackeſt tincture wears away and vaniſhes, when mixed and confuſed in a conſiderable body of water; the blot is ſtill in it, but is not able to diſcover itſelf. This is certainly a very great motive to ſeveral Party-Offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to ſhew the weakneſs of this reaſon, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himſelf in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conſcience, the ſuggeſtions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

The third and laſt great motive for mens joining in a popular falſhood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a Party-lye, notwithſtanding they are convinced of it as ſuch, is the doing good to a cauſe which every Party may be ſuppoſed to look upon as the moſt meritorious. The unſoundneſs of this principle has been ſo often expoſed, and is ſo univerſally acknowleged, that

that a man muſt be an utter ſtranger to the principles, either of Natural Religion or Chriſtianity, who ſuffers himſelf to be guided by it. If a man might promote the ſuppoſed good of his country by the blackeſt calumnies and falſhoods, our nation abounds more in Patriots than any other of the Chriſtian world. When *Pompey* was deſired not to ſet ſail in a tempeſt that would hazard his life, 'It is neceſſary for 'me, ſays he, to ſail, but it is not neceſſary for 'me to live.' Every man ſhould ſay to himſelf, with the ſame ſpirit, it is my duty to ſpeak Truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office. One of the Fathers hath carried this point ſo high, as to declare, 'He would not 'tell a Lye, though he were ſure to gain 'Heaven by it.' However extravagant ſuch a proteſtation may appear, every one will own, that a man may ſay very reaſonably, 'He would 'not tell a Lye, if he were ſure to gain Hell 'by it;' or if you have a mind to ſoften the expreſſion, that he would not tell a Lye to gain any temporal reward by it, when he ſhould run the hazard of loſing much more than it was poſſible for him to gain. O

Monday,

N°508 Monday, October 13.

Omnes autem & habentur & dicuntur Tyranni, qui poteſtate ſunt perpetuâ, in ea civitate quæ libertate uſa eſt. Corn. Nepos in Milt. c. 8.

For all thoſe are accounted and denominated Tyrants, who exerciſe a perpetual power in that ſtate, which was before free.

THE following Letters complain of what I have frequently obſerved with very much indignation, therefore I ſhall give them to the Public in the words with which my correſpondents, who ſuffer under the hardſhips mentioned in them, deſcribe them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN former ages all pretenſions to dominion 'have been ſupported and ſubmitted to, either 'upon account of inheritance, conqueſt, or 'election; and all ſuch perſons who have taken 'upon them any ſovereignty over their fellow-'creatures upon any other account, have been 'always called Tyrants, not ſo much becauſe 'they were guilty of any particular barbarities, 'as becauſe every attempt to ſuch a ſuperiority 'was in its nature tyrannical. But there is an-'other ſort of Potentates, who may with greater 'propriety be called Tyrants, than thoſe laſt

'mentioned, both as they aſſume a deſpotic 'dominion over thoſe as free as themſelves, 'and as they ſupport it by acts of notable op-'preſſion and injuſtice; and theſe are the Rules 'in all Clubs and meetings. In other govern-'ments, the puniſhments of ſome have been 'alleviated by the rewards of others; but what 'makes the reign of theſe Potentates ſo par-'ticularly grievous, is, that they are exquiſite 'in puniſhing their ſubjects, at the ſame time 'they have it not in their power to reward them. 'That the reader may the better comprehend 'the nature of theſe Monarchs, as well as the 'miſerable ſtate of thoſe that are their vaſſals, 'I ſhall give an account of the King of the 'company I am fallen into, whom for his par-'ticular tyranny I ſhall call *Dionyſius*; as alſo 'of the ſeeds that ſprung up to this odd ſort 'of Empire.

'Upon all meetings at Taverns, it is neceſſary 'ſome one of the company ſhould take it upon 'him to get all things in ſuch order and readi-'neſs, as may contribute as much as poſſible 'to the felicity of the convention; ſuch as 'haſtening the fire, getting a ſufficient number 'of candles, taſting the wine with a judicious 'ſmack, fixing the ſupper, and being briſk for 'the diſpatch of it. Know then, that *Dionyſius* 'went through theſe offices with an air that 'ſeemed to expreſs a ſatisfaction rather in ſerving 'the Public, than in gratifying any particular 'inclination of his own. We thought him 'a perſon of an exquiſite palate, and therefore

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'by conſent beſeeched him to be always our 'Proveditor; which poſt, after he had hand-'ſomly denied, he could do no otherwiſe than 'accept. At firſt he made no other uſe of his 'power, than in recommending ſuch and ſuch 'things to the company, ever allowing theſe 'points to be diſputable; inſomuch that I have 'often carried the debate for partridge, when 'his Majeſty has given intimation of the high 'reliſh of duck, but at the ſame time has 'chearfully ſubmitted, and devoured his par-'tridge with moſt gracious reſignation. This 'ſubmiſſion on his ſide naturally produced the 'like on ours; of which he in a little time 'made ſuch barbarous advantage, as in all thoſe 'matters, which before ſeemed indifferent to 'him, to iſſue out certain edicts as uncontrolable 'and unalterable as the laws of the *Medes* and '*Perſians*. He is by turns outrageous, peeviſh, 'froward and jovial. He thinks it our duty 'for the little offices, as Proveditor, that in re-'turn all converſation is to be interrupted or 'promoted by his inclination for or againſt the 'preſent humour of the company. We feel, 'at preſent, in the utmoſt extremity, the in-'ſolence of office; however, I, being naturally 'warm, ventured to oppoſe him in a diſpute 'about a haunch of veniſon. I was altogether 'for roſting, but *Dionyſius* declared himſelf for 'boiling with ſo much proweſs and reſolution, 'that the cook thought it neceſſary to con-'ſult his own ſafety, rather than the luxury 'of my propoſition. With the ſame authority

'that

'that he orders what we ſhall eat and drink, 'he alſo commands us where to do it, and 'we change our Taverns according as he ſuſ-'pects any treaſonable practices in the ſettling 'the bill by the maſter, or ſees any bold re-'bellion in point of attendance by the waiters. 'Another reaſon for changing the ſeat of empire, 'I conceive to be the pride he takes in the pro-'mulgation of our ſlavery, though we pay our 'club for our entertainments even in theſe 'palaces of our grand Monarch. When he 'has a mind to take the air, a party of us 'are commanded out by way of life-guard, 'and we march under as great reſtrictions as 'they do. If we meet a neighbouring King, 'we give or keep the way according as we are 'out-numbered or not; and if the train of each 'is equal in number, rather than give battle, 'the ſuperiority is ſoon adjuſted by a deſertion 'from one of them.

'Now, the expulſion of theſe unjuſt rulers 'out of all ſocieties would gain a man as ever-'laſting a reputation, as either of the *Brutus*'s 'got from their endeavours to extirpate tyranny 'from among the *Romans*. I confeſs myſelf 'to be in a conſpiracy againſt the Uſurper of 'our Club; and to ſhew my reading, as well 'as my merciful diſpoſition, ſhall allow him 'until the ides of *March*, to dethrone himſelf. 'If he ſeems to affect empire until that time, 'and does not gradually recede from the in-'curſions he has made upon our liberties, he ſhall 'find a dinner dreſſed which he has no hand

'in, and ſhall be treated with an order, mag-
'nificence, and luxury as ſhall break his proud
'heart; at the ſame time that he ſhall be con-
'vinced in his ſtomach he was unfit for his
'poſt, and a more mild and ſkilful Prince re-
'ceive the acclamations of the people, and be
'ſet up in his room: but, as *Milton* ſays,

'——. ——Theſe thoughts
'Full counſel muſt mature. Peace is deſpair'd,
'And who can think ſubmiſſion? War, then, war,
'Open, or underſtood, muſt be reſolv'd.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a young woman at a Gentleman's ſeat
'in the country, who is a particular friend
'of my father's, and came hither to paſs away
'a month or two with his daughters. I have
'been entertained with the utmoſt civility by
'the whole family, and nothing has been
'omitted which can make my ſtay eaſy and
'agreeable on the part of the family; but there
'is a Gentleman here, a viſitant as I am, whoſe
'behaviour has given me great uneaſineſſes.
'When I firſt arrived here, he uſed me with
'the utmoſt complaiſance; but, forſooth, that
'was not with regard to my Sex, and ſince he
'has no deſigns upon me, he does not know
'why he ſhould diſtinguiſh me from a man in
'things

'things indifferent. He is, you muſt know, one 'of thoſe familiar Coxcombs, who have obſerved 'ſome well-bred men with a good grace con-'verſe with women, and ſay no fine things, 'but yet treat them with that ſort of reſpect 'which flows from the heart and the under-'ſtanding, but is exerted in no profeſſions of 'compliments. This puppy, to imitate this 'excellence, or avoid the contrary fault of being 'troubleſom in complaiſance, takes upon him 'to try his talent upon me, inſomuch that he 'contradicts me upon all occaſions, and one day 'told me I lyed. If I had ſtuck him with my 'bodkin, and behaved myſelf like a man, ſince 'he will not treat me as a woman, I had, I 'think, ſerved him right. I wiſh, Sir, you 'would pleaſe to give him ſome maxims of 'behaviour in theſe points, and reſolve me if 'all Maids are not in point of converſation to 'be treated by all Bachelors as their miſtreſſes? 'if not ſo, are they not to be uſed as gently 'as their ſiſters? Is it ſufferable, that the Fop 'of whom I complain ſhould ſay, that he would 'rather have ſuch-a-one without a groat, than 'me with the *Indies*? What right has any 'man to make ſuppoſitions of things not in 'his power, and then declare his will to the 'diſlike of one that has never offended him? 'I aſſure you theſe are things worthy your 'conſideration, and I hope we ſhall have your 'thoughts upon them. I am, though a woman, 'juſtly offended, ready to forgive all this, 'becauſe I have no remedy but leaving very

'agreeable company ſooner than I deſire. This 'alſo is an heinous aggravation of his offence, 'that he is inflicting baniſhment upon me. 'Your printing this Letter may perhaps be an 'admonition to reform him: As ſoon as it 'appears I will write my name at the end of 'it, and lay it in his way; the making which 'juſt reprimand, I hope you will put in the 'power of,

Sir,

Your conſtant reader,

T and humble ſervant.

N° 509 Tueſday, October 14.

Hominis frugi & temperantis functus officium.

Ter. Heaut. Act 3. Sc. 3.

Diſcharging the part of a good oeconomiſt.

THE uſeful knowledge in the following Letter ſhall have a place in my Paper, though there is nothing in it which immediately regards the polite or the learned world; I ſay immediately, for upon reflexion every man will find there is a remote influence upon his own affairs, in the proſperity or decay of the trading part of mankind. My preſent correſpondent, I believe, was never in print before; but what

'he

he ſays well deſerves a general attention, though delivered in his own homely maxims, and a kind of proverbial ſimplicity; which ſort of learning has raiſed more eſtates than ever were, or will be, from attention to *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Tully*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, or any of the reſt, whom, I dare ſay, this worthy citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable Writers. But to the Letter.

Mr. WILLIAM SPECTATOR,

SIR, *Broadſtreet, Oct.* 10, 1712.

'I Accuſe you of many diſcourſes on the 'ſubject of money, which you have here-'tofore promiſed the Public, but have not 'diſcharged yourſelf thereof. But, foraſmuch 'as you ſeemed to depend upon advice from 'others what to do in that point, have ſat down 'to write you the needful upon that ſubject. 'But, before I enter thereupon, I ſhall take this 'opportunity to obſerve to you, that the thriving 'frugal man ſhews it in every part of his ex-'pence, dreſs, ſervants, and houſe; and I muſt, 'in the firſt place, complain to you, as SPEC-'TATOR, that in theſe particulars there is at 'this time, throughout the city of *London*, a 'lamentable change from that ſimplicity of 'manners, which is the true ſource of wealth 'and proſperity. I juſt now ſaid, the man of 'Thrift ſhews regularity in every thing; but, you 'may, perhaps, laugh that I take notice of ſuch

'a particular, as I am going to do, for an in-
'ſtance that this city is declining, if their an-
'cient Oeconomy is not reſtored. The thing
'which gives me this proſpect, and ſo much
'offence, is the neglect of the Royal-Exchange,
'I mean the edifice ſo called, and the walks
'appertaining thereunto. The Royal-Exchange
'is a fabric that well deſerves to be ſo called,
'as well to expreſs that our Monarchs higheſt
'glory and advantage conſiſts in being the
'patrons of trade, as that it is commodious for
'buſineſs, and an inſtance of the grandeur both
'of Prince and People. But alas! at preſent
'it hardly ſeems to be ſet apart for any ſuch
'uſe or purpoſe. Inſtead of the aſſembly of
'honourable merchants, ſubſtantial tradeſmen,
'and knowing maſters of ſhips; the mumpers,
'the halt, the blind, and the lame; your ven-
'ders of traſh, apples, plumbs; your ragga-
'muffins, rakeſhames, and wenches, have juſtled
'the greater number of the former out of that
'place. Thus it is, eſpecially on the Evening-
''Change; ſo that what with the din of ſquall-
'ings, oaths, and cries of beggars, men of the
'greateſt conſequence in our city abſent them-
'ſelves from the place. This particular, by the
'way, is of evil conſequence; for if the 'Change
'be no place for men of the higheſt credit to
'frequent, it will not be a diſgrace to thoſe
'of leſs abilities to abſent. I remember the
'time when raſcally company were kept out,
'and the unlucky boys with toys and balls
'were whipped away by a Beadle. I have

'ſeen

'ſeen this done indeed of late, but then it has 'been only to chaſe the lads from chuck, that 'the Beadle might ſeize their copper.

'I muſt repeat the abomination, that the 'walnut trade is carried on by old women 'within the walks, which makes the place im-'paſſable by reaſon of ſhells and traſh. The 'benches around are ſo filthy, that no one can 'ſit down, yet the Beadles and Officers have 'the impudence at *Chriſtmas* to aſk for their 'box, though they deſerve the ſtrapado. I do 'not think it impertinent to have mentioned 'this, becauſe it ſpeaks a neglect in the do-'meſtic care of the city, and the domeſtic is the 'trueſt picture of a man every where elſe.

'But I deſigned to ſpeak on the buſineſs 'of Money and advancement of Gain. The 'man proper for this, ſpeaking in the general, 'is of a ſedate, plain, good underſtanding, not 'apt to go out of his way, but ſo behaving 'himſelf at home, that buſineſs may come to 'him. Sir *William Turner*, that valuable citizen, 'has left behind him a moſt excellent rule, and 'couched it in very few words, ſuited to the 'meaneſt capacity. He would ſay, "Keep "your ſhop, and your ſhop will keep you." 'It muſt be confeſſed, that if a man of a great 'genius could add ſteadineſs to his vivacities, or 'ſubſtitute ſlower men of fidelity to tranſact the 'methodical part of his affairs, ſuch a one 'would outſtrip the reſt of the world: But 'buſineſs and trade is not to be managed by 'the ſame heads which write poetry, and make

'plans for the conduct of life in general. So 'though we are at this day beholden to the 'late witty and inventive Duke of *Buckingham* 'for the whole trade and manufacture of glaſs, 'yet I ſuppoſe there is no one will aver, 'that, were his Grace yet living, they would 'not rather deal with my diligent friend and 'neighbour, Mr. *Gumley*, for any goods to be 'prepared and delivered on ſuch a day, than 'he would with that illuſtrious Mechanic above-'mentioned.

'No, no, Mr. SPECTATOR, you Wits muſt 'not pretend to be rich; and it is poſſible the 'reaſon may be, in ſome meaſure, becauſe 'you deſpiſe, or at leaſt you do not value it 'enough to let it take up your chief attention; 'which the Trader muſt do, or loſe his credit, 'which is to him what honour, reputation, 'fame, or glory is to other ſort of men.

'I ſhall not ſpeak to the point of caſh itſelf, 'until I ſee how you approve of theſe my 'maxims in general: But, I think, a Speculation 'upon "Many a little makes a mickle, a "penny ſaved is a penny got, penny wiſe and "pound fooliſh, it is need that makes the old "wife trot," would be very uſeful to the world, 'and if you treated them with knowledge would 'be uſeful to yourſelf, for it would make de-'mands for your Paper among thoſe who have 'no notion of it at preſent. But of theſe matters 'more hereafter. If you did this, as you excel 'many Writers of the preſent age for politeneſs,

'ſo

'ſo you would outgo the author of the true 'razor-ſtrops for uſe.

'I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with an 'explanation of a proverb, which by vulgar 'error is taken and uſed when a man is reduced 'to an extremity, whereas the propriety of the 'maxim is to uſe it when you would ſay, 'there is plenty, but you muſt make ſuch a 'choice, as not to hurt another who is to come 'after you.

'Mr. *Tobias Hobſon*, from whom we have 'the expreſſion, was a very honourable man, 'for I ſhall ever call the man ſo who gets an 'eſtate honeſtly. Mr. *Tobias Hobſon* was a 'carrier, and being a man of great abilities 'and invention, and one that ſaw where there 'might good profit ariſe, though the duller 'men over-looked it; this ingenious man was 'the firſt in this iſland who let out hackney-'horſes. He lived in *Cambridge*, and obſerving 'that the ſcholars rid hard, his manner was to 'keep a large ſtable of horſes, with boots, bridles, 'and whips to furniſh the Gentlemen at once, 'without going from college to college to borrow, 'as they have done ſince the death of this worthy 'man: I ſay, Mr. *Hobſon* kept a ſtable of forty 'good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; 'but when a man came for a horſe, he was 'led into the ſtable, where there was great 'choice, but he obliged him to take the horſe 'which ſtood next to the ſtable-door; ſo that 'every cuſtomer was alike well-ſerved according 'to his chance, and every horſe ridden with

'the

'the ſame juſtice: From whence it became a 'proverb, when what ought to be your election 'was forced upon you, to ſay, *Hobſon's* Choice. 'This memorable man ſtands drawn in freſco 'at an inn (which he uſed) in *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*, 'with an hundred pound bag under his arm, 'with this inſcription upon the ſaid bag;

'The fruitful mother of a hundred more.

'Whatever Tradeſman will try the experi-'ment, and begin the day after you publiſh 'this my diſcourſe to treat his cuſtomers all alike, 'and all reaſonably and honeſtly, I will inſure 'him the ſame ſucceſs.

I am, Sir,

Your loving friend,

Hezekiah Thrift.

Wedneſday,

N°510 Wedneſday, October 15.

——Si ſapis,
Neque præterquam quas ipſe amor moleſtias
Habet addas; & illas, quas habet, rectè feras.
Ter. Eun. Act 1. Sc. 1.

If you are wiſe, neither add to the troubles, which attend the paſſion of Love, and bear patiently thoſe which are inſeparable from it.

I WAS the other day driving in a hack through *Gerrard-ſtreet*, when my eye was immediately catched with the prettieſt object imaginable, the face of a fair girl, between thirteen and fourteen, fixed at the chin to a painted ſaſh and made part of the landſkip. It ſeemed admirably done, and upon throwing myſelf eagerly out of the coach to look at it, it laughed and flung from the window. This amiable figure dwelt upon me; and I was conſidering the vanity of the girl, and her pleaſant coquetry in acting a picture until ſhe was taken notice of, and raiſing the admiration of the beholders. This little circumſtance made me run into reflexion upon the force of Beauty, and the wondeful influence the female Sex has upon the other part of the ſpecies. Our hearts are ſeized with their inchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal men, who by that hardneſs loſe the chief pleaſure in them, can reſiſt their inſinuations, though

though never ſo much againſt our own intereſt and opinion. It is common with women to deſtroy the good effects a man's following his own way and inclination might have upon his honour and fortune, by interpoſing their power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his loſs and diſparagement. I do not know therefore a taſk ſo difficult in human life, as to be proof againſt the importunities of a woman a man loves. There is certainly no armour againſt tears, ſullen looks, or at beſt conſtrained familiarities, in her whom you uſually meet with tranſport and alacrity. Sir *Walter Raleigh* was quoted in a letter (of a very ingenious correſpondent of mine) on this ſubject. That Author who had lived in courts, camps, travelled through many countries, and ſeen many men under ſeveral climates, and of as various complexions, ſpeaks of our impotence to reſiſt the Wiles of women, in very ſevere terms. His words are as follows:

'What means did the Devil find out, or 'what inſtruments did his own ſubtlety preſent 'him, as fitteſt and apteſt to work his miſchief 'by? Even the unquiet Vanity of the woman; 'ſo as by *Adam*'s hearkening to the voice of 'his wife, contrary to the expreſs command-'ment of the living God, mankind by that her 'incantation became the ſubject of labour, ſor-'row, and death; the woman being given to 'man for a comforter and companion, but not 'for a counſellor. It is alſo to be noted by

'whom

'whom the woman was tempted; even by 'the moſt ugly and unworthy of all beaſts, 'into whom the Devil entered and perſuaded. 'Secondly, what was the motive of her diſ-'obedience? Even a deſire to know what was 'moſt unfitting her knowledge; an affection 'which has ever ſince remained in all the 'poſterity of her Sex. Thirdly, What was it 'that moved the man to yield to her perſuaſions; 'even the ſame cauſe which hath moved all 'men ſince to the like conſent, namely, an un-'willingneſs to grieve her or make her ſad, 'leſt ſhe ſhould pine, and be overcome with 'ſorrow. But if *Adam* in the ſtate of perfec-'tion, and *Solomon* the ſon of *David*, God's 'choſen ſervant, and himſelf a man endued 'with the greateſt wiſdom, did both of them 'diſobey their Creator by the perſuaſion and 'for the love they bare to a woman, it is not 'ſo wonderful as lamentable, that other men 'in ſucceeding ages have been allured to ſo 'many inconvenient and wicked practices by 'the perſuaſion of their wives, or other be-'loved darlings, who cover over and ſhadow 'many malicious purpoſes with a counterfeit 'paſſion of diſſimulate ſorrow and unquietneſs.'

The motions of the minds of Lovers are no where ſo well deſcribed, as in the works of ſkilful Writers for the Stage. The ſcene between *Fulvia* and *Curius*, in the ſecond act of *Johnſon*'s *Catiline*, is an excellent picture of the power of a Lady over her Gallant. The wench plays with his affections; and as a man of all places

places in the world wiſhes to make a good figure with his miſtreſs, upon her upbraiding him with want of ſpirit, he alludes to enterprizes which he cannot reveal but with the hazard of his life. When he is worked thus far, with a little flattery of her opinion of his gallantry, and deſire to know more of it out of her over-flowing fondneſs to him, he brags to her until his life is in her diſpoſal.

When a man is thus liable to be vanquiſhed by the charms of her he loves, the ſafeſt way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all expoſtulation with her before he executes what he has reſolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty, and one muſt conſider how ſenſeleſs a thing it is to argue with one whoſe looks and geſtures are more prevalent with you, than your reaſon and arguments can be with her. It is a moſt miſerable ſlavery to ſubmit to what you diſapprove, and give up a truth for no other reaſon, but that you had not fortitude to ſupport you in aſſerting it. A man has enough to do to conquer his own unreaſonable wiſhes and deſires; but he does that in vain, if he has thoſe of another to gratify. Let his pride be in his wife and family, let him give them all the conveniences of life in ſuch a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent pride, and not their exorbitant deſires, which are indulged by him. In this caſe all the little arts imaginable are uſed to ſoften a man's heart, and raiſe his paſſion above his underſtanding. But in all con-

ceſſions of this kind, a man ſhould conſider whether the preſent he makes flows from his own love, or the importunity of his beloved: If from the latter, he is her ſlave; if from the former, her friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this Subjection to women with that ſeriouſneſs which ſo important a circumſtance deſerves. Why was courage given to man, if his wife's fears are to fruſtrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her guardian and protector, as you were deſigned by Nature, but, in compliance to her weakneſſes, you have diſabled yourſelf from avoiding the misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to ſee the hour in which you are to be reproached by herſelf for that very complaiſance to her. It is indeed the moſt difficult maſtery over ourſelves we can poſſibly attain, to reſiſt the grief of her who charms us; but let the heart ake, be the anguiſh never ſo quick and painful, it is what muſt be ſuffered and paſſed through, if you think to live like a Gentleman, or be conſcious to yourſelf that you are a man of honeſty. The old argument, that 'You do not love me if you 'deny me this,' which firſt was uſed to obtain a trifle, by habitual ſucceſs will oblige the unhappy man who gives way to it, to reſign the cauſe even of his country and his honour. T

Thurſday,

N°511 Thurſday, October 16.

Quis non invenit turbâ quod amaret in illâ.
Ovid. Ars Am. l. 1. v. 175.

——————Who could fail to find,
In ſuch a crowd, a Miſtreſs to his mind?

Dear SPEC,

'FINDING that my laſt Letter took, I 'do intend to continue my epiſtolary cor-'reſpondence with thee, on thoſe dear con-'founded creatures, Women. Thou knoweſt, 'all the little learning I am maſter of is upon 'that ſubject, I never looked in a book, but for 'their ſakes. I have lately met with two pure 'ſtories for a SPECTATOR, which I am ſure 'will pleaſe mightily, if they paſs through thy 'hands. The firſt of them I found by chance 'in an *Engliſh* book called *Herodotus*, that lay 'in my friend *Dapperwit*'s window, as I viſited 'him one morning. It luckily opened in the 'place where I met with the following account. 'He tells us that it was the manner among the '*Perſians* to have ſeveral fairs in the kingdom, 'at which all the young unmarried women 'were annually expoſed to ſale. The men 'who wanted wives came hither to provide 'themſelves: Every woman was given to the 'higheſt bidder, and the money which ſhe fetched

'laid

'laid aſide for the public uſe, to be employed 'as thou ſhalt hear by and by. By this means 'the richeſt people had the choice of the market, 'and culled out all the moſt extraordinary Beau-'ties. As ſoon as the fair was thus picked, 'the refuſe was to be diſtributed among the 'poor and among thoſe who could not go to 'the price of a Beauty. Several of theſe married 'the Agreeables, without paying a farthing for 'them, unleſs ſomebody chanced to think it 'worth his while to bid for them, in which 'caſe the beſt bidder was always the purchaſer. 'But now you muſt know, SPEC, it happened 'in *Perſia* as it does in our own country, that 'there were as many Ugly Women, as Beauties, 'or Agreeables; ſo that by conſequence, after 'the magiſtrates had put off a great many, there 'were ſtill a great many that ſtuck upon their 'hands. In order therefore to clear the market, 'the money which the Beauties had ſold for, 'was diſpoſed of among the Ugly; ſo that a 'poor man, who could not afford to have a 'Beauty for his wife, was forced to take up 'with a Fortune; the greateſt portion being 'always given to the moſt deformed. To this 'the Author adds, that every poor man was 'forced to live kindly with his wife, or in caſe 'he repented of his bargain, to return her por-'tion with her to the next public ſale.

'What I would recommend to thee on this 'occaſion is, to eſtabliſh ſuch an imaginary fair 'in *Great Britain:* Thou couldeſt make it very 'pleaſant, by matching women of Quality with

'Coblers and Car-men, or deſcribing Titles and 'Garters leading off in great ceremony Shop-'keepers and Farmers daughters. Though to tell 'thee the truth I am confoundedly afraid that 'as the love of money prevails in our iſland 'more than it did in *Perſia*, we ſhould find 'that ſome of our greateſt men would chooſe 'out the portions, and rival one another for the 'richeſt piece of Deformity; and that on the 'contrary, the Toaſts and Belles would be 'bought up by extravagant Heirs, Gameſters, 'and Spendthrifts. Thou couldeſt make very 'pretty reflexions upon this occaſion in honour 'of the *Perſian* politics, who took care, by ſuch 'marriages, to beautify the upper part of the 'ſpecies, and to make the greateſt perſons in 'the government the moſt graceful. But this 'I ſhall leave to thy judicious pen.

'I have another ſtory to tell thee, which 'I likewiſe met with in a book. It ſeems the 'General of the *Tartars*, after having laid ſiege 'to a ſtrong town in *China*, and taken it by 'ſtorm, would ſet to ſale all the Women that 'were found in it. Accordingly, he put each 'of them into a ſack, and after having thoroughly 'conſidered the value of the Woman who was 'incloſed, marked the price that was demanded 'for her upon the ſack. There were a great 'confluence of chapmen, that reſorted from 'every part, with a deſign to purchaſe, which 'they were to do unſight unſeen. The book 'mentions a Merchant in particular, who ob-'ſerving one of the ſacks to be marked pretty

'high,

'high, bargained for it, and carried it off with 'him to his houſe. As he was reſting with it 'upon a half-way bridge, he was reſolved to 'take a ſurvey of his purchaſe: Upon opening 'the ſack, a little old Woman popped her head 'out of it; at which the adventurer was in ſo 'great a rage, that he was going to ſhoot her 'out into the river. The old Lady, however, 'begged him firſt of all to hear her ſtory, by 'which he learned that ſhe was ſiſter to a 'great *Mandarin*, who would infallibly make 'the fortune of his brother-in-law as ſoon as 'he ſhould know to whoſe lot ſhe fell. Upon 'which the Merchant again tied her up in his 'ſack, and carried her to his houſe, where ſhe 'proved an excellent wife, and procured him 'all the riches from her brother that ſhe had 'promiſed him.

'I fancy, if I was diſpoſed to dream a ſecond 'time, I could make a tolerable viſion upon 'this plan. I would ſuppoſe all the unmarried 'Women in *London* and *Weſtminſter* brought to 'market in ſacks with their reſpective price on 'each ſack. The firſt ſack that is ſold is marked 'with five thouſand pounds: Upon the opening 'of it, I find it filled with an admirable houſe-'wife, of an agreeable countenance: The pur-'chaſer, upon hearing her good qualities, pays 'down her price very chearfully. The ſecond 'I would open, ſhould be a five hundred pound 'ſack: The Lady in it, to our ſurpriſe, has 'the face and perſon of a Toaſt: As we are 'wondering how ſhe came to be ſet at ſo low

'a price, we hear that ſhe would have been 'valued at ten thouſand pounds, but that the 'Public had made thoſe abatements for her being 'a Scold. I would afterwards find ſome beau-'tiful, modeſt, and diſcreet woman, that ſhould 'be the top of the market; and perhaps diſcover 'half a dozen Romps tied up together in the 'ſame ſack, at one hundred pounds an head. 'The Prude and the Coquette ſhould be valued 'at the ſame price, though the firſt ſhould go 'off the better of the two. I fancy thou 'wouldeſt like ſuch a viſion, had I time to finiſh 'it: becauſe to talk in thy own way, there is 'a moral in it. Whatever thou mayeſt think 'of it, pr'ythee do not make any of thy queer 'apologies for this Letter, as thou didſt for 'my laſt. The women love a gay lively fellow, 'and are never angry at the ralleries of one who 'is their known admirer. I am always bitter 'upon them, but well with them.

Thine,

O HONEYCOMB.

Friday,

N°512 Friday, October 17.

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 344.

Mixing together profit and delight.

THERE is nothing which we receive with ſo much reluctance as Advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our underſtanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We conſider the inſtruction as an implicit cenſure, and the zeal which any one ſhews for our good on ſuch an occaſion as a piece of preſumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the perſon who pretends to adviſe, does, in that particular, exerciſe a ſuperiority over us, and can have no other reaſon for it, but that in comparing us with himſelf, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our underſtanding. For theſe reaſons, there is nothing ſo difficult as the art of making Advice agreeable; and indeed all the Writers, both ancient and modern, have diſtinguiſhed themſelves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made uſe of, to render this bitter potion palatable? Some convey their Inſtructions to us in the beſt choſen words, others in the moſt

harmonious numbers, ſome in points of wit, and others in ſhort proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving Counſel, I think the fineſt, and that which pleaſes the moſt univerſally, is Fable, in whatſoever ſhape it appears. If we conſider this way of inſtructing or giving Advice, it excels all others, becauſe it is the leaſt ſhocking, and the leaſt ſubject to thoſe exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect in the firſt place, that upon the reading of a Fable we are made to believe we adviſe ourſelves. We peruſe the Author for the ſake of the ſtory, and conſider the precepts rather as our own concluſions than his Inſtructions. The moral inſinuates itſelf imperceptibly, we are taught by ſurpriſe, and become wiſer and better unawares. In ſhort, by this method a man is ſo far overreached as to think he is directing himſelf, while he is following the dictates of another, and conſequently is not ſenſible of that which is the moſt unpleaſing circumſtance in Advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we ſhall find that the mind is never ſo much pleaſed, as when ſhe exerts herſelf in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the Soul is very much gratified in the reading of a Fable: for in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a diſcovery of his own; he is buſied all the while

in

in applying characters and circumſtances, and is in this reſpect both a reader and a compoſer. It is no wonder therefore that on ſuch occaſions, when the mind is thus pleaſed with itſelf, and amuſed with its own diſcoveries, that it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occaſion of it. For this reaſon the *Abſalom* and *Achitophel* was one of the moſt popular Poems that ever appeared in *Engliſh*. The poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer, it would not have ſo much pleaſed, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving Advice is ſo inoffenſive, that if we look into ancient hiſtories, we find the wiſe men of old very often choſe to give Counſel to their Kings in Fables. To omit many which will occur in every one's memory, there is a pretty inſtance of this nature in a *Turkiſh* Tale, which I do not like the worſe for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and deſolation, and half unpeopled the *Perſian* Empire. The Viſier to this great Sultan (whether an Humouriſt or an Enthuſiaſt, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Derviſe to underſtand the language of birds, ſo that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the Viſier knew what it was he ſaid. As he was one evening with the

Emperor, in their return from hunting, they ſaw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbiſh. 'I would fain know, ſays the Sultan, what thoſe 'two owls are ſaying to one another; liſten to 'their diſcourſe, and give me an account of it.' The Viſier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, 'Sir, ſays he, I have heard part 'of their converſation, but dare not tell you 'what it is.' The Sultan would not be ſatisfied with ſuch an anſwer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had ſaid. 'You muſt know then, ſaid the Viſier, 'that one of theſe owls has a ſon, and the 'other a daughter, between whom they are 'now upon a treaty of marriage. The father 'of the ſon ſaid to the father of the daughter, 'in my hearing, brother, I conſent to this 'marriage, provided you will ſettle upon your 'daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. 'To which the father of the daughter replied, 'inſtead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if 'you pleaſe. God grant a long life to Sultan '*Mahmoud*; whilſt he reigns over us, we ſhall 'never want ruined villages.'

The ſtory ſays, the Sultan was ſo touched with the Fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been deſtroyed, and from that time forward conſulted the good of his people.

To fill up my Paper, I ſhall add a moſt ridiculous piece of natural magic, which was taught by no leſs a Philoſopher than *Democritus*, namely,

namely, that if the blood of certain birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a ſerpent of ſuch a wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it ſhould be ſkilled in the language of birds, and underſtand every thing they ſaid to one another. Whether the Derviſe above-mentioned might not have eaten ſuch a ſerpent, I ſhall leave to the determinations of the learned. O

N°513 Saturday, October 18.

——Afflata eſt numine quando
Jam propiore Dei—— Virg. Æn. 6. v. 50.

When all the God came ruſhing on her Soul.
DRYDEN.

THE following Letter comes to me from that excellent man in Holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that ſociety who aſſiſts me in my Speculations. It is a Thought in Sickneſs, and of a very ſerious nature, for which reaſon I give it a place in the Paper of this day.

SIR,

'THE indiſpoſition which has long hung upon me, is at laſt grown to ſuch a head, 'that it muſt quickly make an end of me, or 'of itſelf. You may imagine, that whilſt I am 'in

'in this bad ſtate of health, there are none of 'your works which I read with greater pleaſure 'than your *Saturday*'s Papers. I ſhould be very 'glad if I could furniſh you with any hints for 'that day's entertainment. Were I able to dreſs 'up ſeveral thoughts of a ſerious nature, which 'have made great impreſſions on my mind during 'a long fit of ſickneſs, they might not be an 'improper entertainment for that occaſion.

'Among all the reflexions which uſually riſe 'in the mind of a ſick man, who has time and 'inclination to conſider his approaching end, 'there is none more natural than that of his 'going to appear naked and unbodied before 'Him who made him. When a man conſiders, 'that as ſoon as the vital union is diſſolved, 'he ſhall ſee that Supreme Being, whom he 'now contemplates at a diſtance, and only in 'his works; or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, 'when by ſome faculty in the Soul he ſhall 'apprehend the Divine Being, and be more ſen-'ſible of his preſence, than we are now of the 'preſence of any object which the eye beholds, 'a man muſt be loſt in careleſneſs and ſtupidity, 'who is not alarmed at ſuch a thought. Doctor '*Sherlock*, in his excellent treatiſe upon Death, 'has repreſented, in very ſtrong and lively colours, 'the ſtate of the Soul in its firſt ſeparation from 'the body, with regard to that inviſible world 'which every where ſurrounds us, though we 'are not able to diſcover it through this groſſer 'world of matter, which is accommodated to our 'ſenſes in this life. His words are as follow.

" That death, which is our leaving this world,
" is nothing elſe but our putting off theſe bodies,
" teaches us, that it is only our union to theſe
" bodies, which intercepts the ſight of the other
" world: the other world is not at ſuch a diſ-
" tance from us, as we may imagine; the throne
" of God indeed is at a great remove from this
" earth, above the third Heavens, where he
" diſplays his glory to thoſe bleſſed Spirits, which
" encompaſs his throne; but as ſoon as we ſtep
" out of theſe bodies, we ſtep into the other
" world, which is not ſo properly another world,
" (for there is the ſame heaven and earth ſtill)
" as a new ſtate of life. To live in theſe bodies
" is to live in this world; to live out of them
" is to remove into the next: For while our
" Souls are confined to theſe bodies, and can
" look only through theſe material caſements,
" nothing but what is material can affect us;
" nay, nothing but what is ſo groſs, that it can
" reflect light, and convey the ſhapes and colours
" of things with it to the eye: So that though
" within this viſible world, there be a more
" glorious ſcene of things than what appears to
" us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this
" veil of fleſh parts the viſible and inviſible
" world: But when we put off theſe bodies,
" there are new and ſurpriſing wonders preſent
" themſelves to our views; when theſe material
" ſpectacles are taken off, the Soul with its own
" naked eyes, ſees what was inviſible before:
" And then we are in the other world, when
" we can ſee it, and converſe with it: Thus

" Saint

„ Saint *Paul* tells us, That when we are at home
„ in the body, we are abſent from the Lord;
„ but when we are abſent from the body, we
„ are preſent with the Lord, 2 *Cor.* v. 6, 8.
" And methinks this is enough to cure us of
" our fondneſs for theſe bodies, unleſs we think
" it more deſirable to be confined to a priſon,
" and to look through a grate all our lives,
" which gives us but a very narrow proſpect,
" and that none of the beſt neither, than to
" be ſet at liberty to view all the glories of the
" world. What would we give now for the
" leaſt glimpſe of that inviſible world, which the
" firſt ſtep we take out of theſe bodies will pre-
„ ſent us with? There are ſuch things as eye
„ hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath it
„ entered into the heart of man to conceive:
" Death opens our eyes, enlarges our proſpect,
" preſents us with a new and more glorious
" world, which we can never ſee while we are
" ſhut up in fleſh; which ſhould make us as
" willing to part with this veil, as to take the
" film off of our eyes, which hinders our ſight."

' As a thinking man cannot but be very much
' affected with the idea of his appearing in the
' preſence of that Being " whom none can ſee
" and live;" he muſt be much more affected
' when he conſiders that this Being whom he
' appears before, will examine all the actions of
' his paſt life, and reward or puniſh him accord-
' ingly. I muſt confeſs that I think there is no
' ſcheme of religion, beſides that of Chriſtianity,
' which

'which can poſſibly ſupport the moſt virtuous per-
'ſon under this thought. Let a man's innocence
'be what it will, let his virtues riſe to the higheſt
'pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there
'will be ſtill in him ſo many ſecret ſins, ſo
'many human frailties, ſo many offences of
'ignorance, paſſion and prejudice, ſo many un-
'guarded words and thoughts, and in ſhort, ſo
'many defects in his beſt actions, that without
'the advantages of ſuch an expiation and atone-
'ment as Chriſtianity has revealed to us, it is
'impoſſible that he ſhould be cleared before his
'Sovereign Judge, or that he ſhould be able
" to ſtand in his ſight." Our holy religion ſug-
'geſts to us the only means whereby our guilt
'may be taken away, and our imperfect obe-
'dience accepted.

'It is this ſeries of thought that I have en-
'deavoured to expreſs in the following Hymn,
'which I have compoſed during this my ſick-
'neſs.

I.

WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I ſee my Maker, face to face,
O how ſhall I appear!

II.

If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought,
My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

III.

III.

When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my Soul,
O how ſhall I appear!

IV.

But thou haſt told the troubled mind,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endleſs woe prevent.

V.

Then ſee the ſorrow of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

VI.

For never ſhall my Soul deſpair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
To make her pardon ſure.

'There is a noble Hymn in *French*, which 'Monſieur *Bayle* has celebrated for a "very fine "one," and which the famous Author of the '*Art of Speaking* calls an "admirable one," 'that turns upon a thought of the ſame nature. 'If I could have done it juſtice in *Engliſh*, I 'would have ſent it you tranſlated; it was 'written by Monſieur *Des Barreaux*, who had 'been one of the greateſt Wits and Libertines in '*France*, but in his laſt years was as remarkable 'a Penitent

GRAND

GRAND Dieu, tes jugemens ſont remplis d'equité;
Toûjours tu prens plaiſir à nous être propice.
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, ſans choquer ta Juſtice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impieté
Ne laiſſe à ton pouvoir que le choix du ſuplice:
Ton intereſt s' oppoſe à ma felicité;
Et ta clemence meme attend que je periſſe.
Contente ton deſir, puis qu'il t'eſt glorieux;
Offenſe toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;
Tonne, frappe, il eſt tems, rens moi guerre pour guerre;
J'adore en periſſant la raiſon qui t'aigrit.
Mais deſſus quel endroit tombera ton tonnere,
Qui ne ſoit tout couvert du ſang de JESUS CHRIST?

'If theſe thoughts may be ſerviceable to you, 'I deſire you would place them in a proper 'light, and am ever with great ſincerity,

Sir,

O Yours, &c.

Monday,

N° 514 Monday, October 20.

——*Me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis*
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis quà nulla priorum
Caſtaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

Virg. Georg. 3. v. 291.

But the commanding Muſe my chariot guides,
Which o'er the dubious cliff ſecurely rides:
And pleas'd I am no beaten road to take,
But firſt the way to new diſcov'ries make.

DRYDEN.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I CAME home a little later than uſual the 'other night, and not finding myſelf in-'clined to ſleep, I took up *Virgil* to divert me 'until I ſhould be more diſpoſed to reſt. He 'is the Author whom I always chooſe on ſuch 'occaſions, no one writing in ſo divine, ſo 'harmonious, nor ſo equal a ſtrain, which leaves 'the mind compoſed, and ſoftened into an agree-'able melancholy; the temper in which, of all 'others, I chooſe to cloſe the day. The paſ-'ſages I turned to were thoſe beautiful raptures 'in his *Georgics*, where he profeſſes himſelf in-'tirely given up to the Muſes, and ſmit with 'the love of poetry, paſſionately wiſhing to be 'tranſported to the cool ſhades and retirements 'of the mountain *Hæmus*. I cloſed the book

'and went to bed. What I had juſt before 'been reading made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on 'my mind, that Fancy ſeemed almoſt to fulfil 'to me the wiſh of *Virgil*, in preſenting to me 'the following Viſion.

'Methought I was on a ſudden placed in 'the plains of *Bæotia*, where at the end of the 'horizon I ſaw the mountain *Parnaſſus* riſing 'before me. The proſpect was of ſo large 'an extent, that I had long wandered about to 'find a path which ſhould directly lead me to 'it, had I not ſeen at ſome diſtance a grove of 'trees, which in a plain that had nothing elſe 'remarkable enough in it to fix my ſight, im-'mediately determined me to go thither. When 'I arrived at it I found it parted out into a great 'number of walks and alleys, which often 'widened into beautiful openings, as circles 'or ovals, ſet round with yews and cypreſſes, 'with niches, grottoes, and caves placed on the 'ſides, encompaſſed with ivy. There was no 'ſound to be heard in the whole place but only 'that of a gentle breeze paſſing over the leaves 'of the foreſt, every thing beſide was buried 'in a profound ſilence. I was captivated with 'the beauty and retirement of the place, and 'never ſo much, before that hour, was pleaſed 'with the enjoyment of myſelf. I indulged 'the humour, and ſuffered myſelf to wander 'without choice or deſign. At length, at the 'end of a range of trees, I ſaw three figures 'ſeated on a bank of moſs, with a ſilent brook 'creeping at their feet. I adored them as the

'tutelar Divinities of the place, and ſtood ſtill
'to take a particular view of each of them.
'The middlemoſt, whoſe name was *Solitude*, ſat
'with her arms acroſs each other, and ſeemed
'rather penſive and wholly taken up with her
'own thoughts, than any ways grieved or diſ-
'pleaſed. The only companions which ſhe ad-
'mitted into that retirement, was the Goddeſs
'*Silence*, who ſat on her right hand with her
'finger on her mouth, and on her left *Contem-
'plation*, with her eyes fixed upon the Heavens.
'Before her lay a celeſtial globe, with ſeveral
'ſchemes of mathematical theorems. She pre-
'vented my ſpeech with the greateſt affability
'in the world. Fear not, ſaid ſhe, I know your
'requeſt before you ſpeak it; you would be led
'to the Mountain of the Muſes; the only way
'to it lies through this place, and no one is ſo
'often employed in conducting perſons thither
'as myſelf. When ſhe had thus ſpoken, ſhe
'roſe from her ſeat, and I immediately placed
'myſelf under her direction; but whilſt I paſſed
'through the grove, I could not help inquiring
'of her who were the perſons admitted into that
'ſweet retirement. Surely, ſaid I, there can
'nothing enter here but virtue and virtuous
'thoughts: The whole wood ſeemed deſigned
'for the reception and reward of ſuch perſons
'as have ſpent their lives, according to the
'dictates of their conſcience and the commands
'of the Gods. You imagine right, ſaid ſhe;
'aſſure yourſelf this place was at firſt deſigned
'for no other: Such it continued to be in the

'reign of *Saturn*, when none entered here but 'holy prieſts, deliverers of their country from 'oppreſſion and tyranny, who repoſed themſelves 'here after their labours, and thoſe whom the 'ſtudy and love of wiſdom had fitted for divine 'converſation. But now it is become no leſs 'dangerous than it was before deſirable: Vice 'has learned ſo to mimic Virtue, that it often 'creeps in hither under its diſguiſe. See there! 'juſt before you, *Revenge* ſtalking by, habited in 'the robe of *Honour*. Obſerve not far from him '*Ambition* ſtanding alone; if you aſk him his 'name, he will tell you it is *Emulation* or '*Glory*. But the moſt frequent intruder we 'have is *Luſt*, who ſucceeds now the Deity 'to whom in better days this grove was intirely 'devoted. *Virtuous Love*, with *Hymen*, and the '*Graces* attending him, once reigned in this 'happy place; a whole train of virtues waited 'on him, and no diſhonourable thought durſt 'preſume for admittance: But now! how is the 'whole proſpect changed? and how ſeldom 'renewed by ſome few who dare deſpiſe ſordid 'wealth, and imagine themſelves fit companions 'for ſo charming a Divinity?

'The Goddeſs had no ſooner ſaid thus, but 'we were arrived at the utmoſt boundaries of 'the wood, which lay contiguous to a plain that 'ended at the foot of the Mountain. Here I 'kept cloſe to my guide, being ſollicited by 'ſeveral Phantoms, who aſſured me they would 'ſhew me a nearer way to the Mountain of the 'Muſes. Among the reſt *Vanity* was extremely 'importunate, having deluded infinite numbers,

'whom I ſaw wandering at the foot of the hill. 'I turned away from this deſpicable troop with 'diſdain, and addreſſing myſelf to my guide, 'told her, that as I had ſome hopes I ſhould 'be able to reach up part of the aſcent, ſo I 'deſpaired of having ſtrength enough to attain 'the plain on the top. But being informed by 'her that it was impoſſible to ſtand upon the 'ſides, and that if I did not proceed onwards, 'I ſhould irrecoverably fall down to the loweſt 'verge, I reſolved to hazard any labour and 'hardſhip in the attempt: So great a deſire had 'I of enjoying the ſatisfaction I hoped to meet 'with at the end of my enterpriſe!

'There were two paths, which led up by 'different ways to the ſummit of the Mountain; 'the one was guarded by the Genius which 'preſides over the moment of our births. He 'had it in charge to examine the ſeveral preten-'ſions of thoſe who deſired to paſs that way, but 'to admit none excepting thoſe only on whom '*Melpomene* had looked with a propitious eye 'at the hour of their nativity. The other way 'was guarded by *Diligence*, to whom many of 'thoſe perſons applied, who had met with a 'denial the other way; but he was ſo tedious 'in granting their requeſt, and indeed after ad-'mittance the way was ſo very intricate and 'laborious, that many after they had made ſome 'progreſs, choſe rather to return back than 'proceed, and very few perſiſted ſo long as to 'arrive at the end they propoſed. Beſides theſe 'two paths, which at length ſeverally led to the

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'top of the Mountain, there was a third made 'up of theſe two, which a little after the en-'trance joined in one. This carried thoſe 'happy few, whoſe good fortune it was to find 'it, directly to the throne of *Apollo*. I do not 'know whether I ſhould even now have had 'the reſolution to have demanded entrance at 'either of theſe doors, had I not ſeen a peaſant-'like man (followed by a numerous and lovely 'train of youths of both Sexes) inſiſt upon 'entrance for all whom he led up. He 'put me in mind of the country clown who 'is painted in the map for leading Prince *Eugene* 'over the *Alps*. He had a bundle of papers 'in his hand, and producing ſeveral, which, he 'ſaid, were given to him by hands which he 'knew *Apollo* would allow as paſſes; among 'which, methought, I ſaw ſome of my own 'writing. The whole aſſembly was admitted, 'and gave, by their preſence, a new beauty and 'pleaſure to theſe happy manſions. I found the 'man did not pretend to enter himſelf, but 'ſerved as a kind of foreſter in the lawns to 'direct paſſengers, who by their own merit, 'or inſtructions he procured for them, had vir-'tue enough to travel that way. I looked very 'attentively upon this kind homely benefactor, 'and forgive me, Mr. SPECTATOR, if I own 'to you I took him for yourſelf. We were 'no ſooner entered, but we were ſprinkled three 'times with water of the fountain of *Aganippe*, 'which had power to deliver us from all harms, 'but only envy, which reacheth even to the

'end of our journey. We had not proceeded 'far in the middle path when we arrived at 'the ſummit of the Hill, where there imme- 'diately appeared to us two figures, which ex- 'tremely engaged my attention: the one was a 'young nymph in the prime of her youth and 'beauty; ſhe had wings on her ſhoulders and 'feet, and was able to tranſport herſelf to the 'moſt diſtant regions in the ſmalleſt ſpace of 'time. She was continually varying her 'dreſs, ſometimes into the moſt natural and be- 'coming habits in the world, and at others into 'the moſt wild and freakiſh garb that can be 'imagined. There ſtood by her a man full- 'aged, and of great gravity, who corrected her 'inconſiſtencies, by ſhewing them in his mirror, 'and ſtill flung her affected and unbecoming 'ornaments down the mountain, which fell in 'the plain below, and were gathered up and 'wore with great ſatisfaction by thoſe that in- 'habited it. The name of the nymph was *Fancy*, the daughter of *Liberty*, the moſt beau- 'tiful of all the mountain-nymphs. The other 'was *Judgment*, the offspring of *Time*, and the 'only child he acknowledged to be his. A 'youth, who ſat upon a throne juſt between 'them, was their genuine offſpring; his name 'was *Wit*, and his ſeat was compoſed of the 'works of the moſt celebrated Authors. I could 'not but ſee with a ſecret joy, that though the '*Greeks* and *Romans* made the majority, yet our 'own countrymen were the next both in num- 'ber and dignity. I was now at liberty to

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'take a full proſpect of that delightful region, 'I was inſpired with new vigour and life, and 'ſaw every thing in nobler and more pleaſing 'views than before; I breathed a purer æther 'in a ſky which was a continued azure, gilded 'with perpetual ſunſhine. The two ſummits 'of the Mountain roſe on each ſide, and formed 'in the midſt a moſt delicious vale, the habita-'tion of the Muſes, and of ſuch as had com-'poſed works worthy of immortality. *Apollo* 'was ſeated upon a throne of gold, and for a 'canopy an aged laurel ſpread its boughs and its 'ſhade over his head. His bow and quiver 'lay at his feet. He held his harp in his hand, 'whilſt the Muſes round about him celebrated 'with hymns his victory over the ſerpent *Python*, 'and ſometimes ſung in ſofter notes the loves 'of *Leucothoe* and *Daphnis*. *Homer*, *Virgil*, 'and *Milton* were ſeated the next to them. 'Behind a great number of others, among whom 'I was ſurpriſed to ſee ſome in the habit of '*Laplanders*, who, notwithſtanding the uncouth-'neſs of their dreſs, had lately obtained a place 'upon the Mountain. I ſaw *Pindar* walking 'alone, no one daring to accoſt him, until '*Cowley* joined himſelf to him; but growing 'weary of one who almoſt walked him out of 'breath, he left him for *Horace* and *Anacreon*, 'with whom he ſeemed infinitely delighted.

'A little further I ſaw another group of 'figures: I made up to them, and found it was '*Socrates* dictating to *Xenophon*, and the Spirit 'of *Plato*; but moſt of all, *Muſæus* had the

'greateſt audience about him. I was at too 'great a diſtance to hear what he ſaid, or to 'diſcover the faces of his hearers; only I thought 'I now perceived *Virgil*, who had joined them, 'and ſtood in a poſture full of admiration at 'the harmony of his words.

'Laſtly, at the very brink of the Hill I ſaw '*Boccalini* ſending diſpatches to the world below 'of what happened upon *Parnaſſus:* but I per-'ceived he did it without leave of the Muſes, 'and by ſtealth, and was unwilling to have 'them reviſed by *Apollo*. I could now from 'this height and ſerene ſky behold the infinite 'cares and anxieties with which mortals be-'low ſought out their way through the maze 'of life. I ſaw the path of virtue lie ſtraight 'before them, whilſt Intereſt, or ſome malicious 'Demon, ſtill hurried them out of the way. 'I was at once touched with pleaſure at my 'own happineſs, and compaſſion at the ſight 'of their inextricable errors. Here the two 'contending paſſions roſe ſo high, that they 'were inconſiſtent with the ſweet repoſe I en-'joyed, and awaking with a ſudden ſtart, the 'only conſolation I could admit of for my loſs, 'was the hopes that this relation of my Dream 'will not diſpleaſe you. T

Tueſday,

N°515 Tueſday, October 21.

Pudet me & miſeret, qui harum mores cantabat mihi,
Monuiſſe fruſtra—— Ter. Heaut. Act 2. Sc. 2.

I am aſhamed and grieved, that I neglected his advice, who gave me the character of theſe creatures.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM obliged to you for printing the account 'I lately ſent you of a Coquette who diſ-'turbed a ſober congregation in the city of 'London. That intelligence ended at her taking 'coach, and bidding the driver go where he 'knew. I could not leave her ſo, but dogged 'her, as hard as ſhe drove, to *Paul*'s church-'yard, were there was a ſtop of coaches at-'tending company coming out of the cathedral. 'This gave me opportunity to hold up a 'crown to her coachman, who gave me the 'ſignal, that he would hurry on, and make no 'haſte, as you know the way is when they 'favour a chace. By his many kind blunders, 'driving againſt other coaches, and ſlipping of 'ſome of his tackle, I could keep up with 'him, and lodged my fine Lady in the pariſh 'of Saint *James*'s. As I gueſſed when I firſt 'ſaw her at church, her buſineſs is to win 'hearts and throw them away, regarding no-

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'thing but the triumph. I have had the happineſs, by tracing her through all with whom 'I heard ſhe was acquainted, to find one who 'was intimate with a friend of mine, and to be 'introduced to her notice. I have made ſo good 'uſe of my time, as to procure from that 'intimate of hers one of her Letters, which 'ſhe writ to her when in the country. This 'epiſtle of her own may ſerve to alarm the 'world againſt all her ordinary life, as mine, 'I hope, did thoſe, who ſhall behold her at 'church. The Letter was written laſt winter 'to the Lady who gave it me; and I doubt 'not but you will find it the ſoul of an happy 'ſelf-loving dame, that takes all the admirations 'ſhe can meet with, and returns none of it in 'love to her admirers.

Dear *Jenny*,

"I Am glad to find you are likely to be diſ-"poſed of in marriage ſo much to your "approbation as you tell me. You ſay you "are afraid only of me, for I ſhall laugh at "your ſpouſe's airs. I beg of you not to "fear it, for I am too nice a diſcerner to laugh "at any, but whom moſt other people think "fine fellows; ſo that your Dear may bring "you hither as ſoon as his horſes are in caſe "enough to appear in town, and you will be "very ſafe againſt any rallery you may appre-"hend from me; for I am ſurrounded with "Coxcombs of my own making, who are all "ridiculous in a manner your good-man, I

"preſume,

" preſume, cannot exert himſelf. As men who
" cannot raiſe their fortunes, and are uneaſy
" under the incapacity of ſhining at court, rail
" at ambition; ſo do aukward and inſipid
" women, who cannot warm the hearts and
" charm the eyes of men, rail at Affectation:
" But ſhe that has the joy of ſeeing a man's heart
" leap into his eyes at beholding her, is in no
" pain for want of eſteem among a crew of
" that part of her own Sex, who have no ſpirit
" but that of envy, and no language but that
" of malice. I do not in this, I hope, expreſs
" myſelf inſenſible of the merit of *Leodacia*,
" who lowers her beauty to all but her huſband,
" and never ſpreads her charms but to gladden
" him who has a right in them: I ſay, I do
" honour to thoſe who can be Coquettes, and
" are not ſuch; but I deſpiſe all who would
" be ſo, and in deſpair of arriving at it them-
" ſelves, hate and vilify all thoſe who can.
" But, be that as it will, in anſwer to your
" deſire of knowing my hiſtory: One of my
" chief preſent pleaſures is in country-dances:
" and, in obedience to me, as well as the
" pleaſure of coming up to me with a good
" grace, ſhewing themſelves in their addreſs
" to others in my preſence, and the like op-
" portunities, they are all proficients that way:
" And I had the happineſs of being the other
" night where we made ſix couple, and every
" woman's partner a profeſſed Lover of mine.
" The wildeſt imagination cannot form to itſelf
" on any occaſion, higher delight than I ac-
" knowledge

" knowledge myſelf to have been in all that " evening. I choſe out of my admirers a ſet " of men who moſt love me, and gave them " partners of ſuch of my own Sex who moſt " envied me.

" My way is, when any man who is my " admirer pretends to give himſelf airs of merit, " as at this time a certain Gentleman you know " did, to mortify him by favouring in his " preſence the moſt inſignificant creature I " can find. At this Ball I was led into the " company by pretty Mr. *Fanfly*, who, you " know, is the moſt obſequious, well-ſhaped, " well-bred woman's man in town. I at firſt " entrance declared him my partner if I danced " at all; which put the whole aſſembly into " a grin, as forming no terrors from ſuch a " rival. But we had not been long in the room, " before I over-heard the meritorious Gentle- " man above-mentioned ſay with an oath, there " is no rallery in the thing, ſhe certainly loves " the puppy. My Gentleman, when we were " dancing, took an occaſion to be very ſoft in " his oglings upon a Lady he danced with, " and whom he knew of all women I love " moſt to outſhine. The conteſt began who " ſhould plague the other moſt. I, who do " not care a farthing for him, had no hard taſk " to out-vex him. I made *Fanfly*, with a very " little encouragement, cut capers *coupée*, and " then ſink with all the air and tenderneſs ima- " ginable. When he performed this, I ob- " ſerved the Gentleman you know of fall into the

" ſame

" ſame way, and imitate as well as he could " the deſpiſed *Fanſly*. I cannot well give you, " who are ſo grave a country Lady, the idea " of the joy we have when we ſee a ſtubborn " heart breaking, or a man of ſenſe turning " fool for our ſakes; but this happened to our " friend, and I expect his attendance when- " ever I go to Church, to Court, to the Play, " or the Park. This is a ſacrifice due to us " women of genius, who have the eloquence " of beauty, an eaſy mien. I mean by an " eaſy mien, one which can be on occaſion " eaſily affected: For I muſt tell you, dear " *Jenny*, I hold one maxim, which is an un- " common one, to wit, that our greateſt charms " are owing to Affectation. It is to that our " arms can lodge ſo quietly juſt over our hips, " and the fan can play without any force or " motion but juſt of the wriſt. It is to Affec- " tation we owe the penſive attention of *Dei-* " *damia* at a Tragedy, the ſcornful approbation " of *Dulcimara* at a Comedy, and the lowly " aſpect of *Lanquicelſa* at a Sermon.

" To tell you the plain truth, I know no " pleaſure but in being admired, and have yet " never failed of attaining the approbation of " the man whoſe regard I had a mind to. " You ſee all the men who make a figure in " the world (as wiſe a look as they are pleaſed " to put upon the matter) are moved by the " ſame vanity as I am. What is there in am- " bition, but to make other people's wills depend " upon yours? This indeed is not to be aimed

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" at by one who has a genius no higher than
" to think of being a very good houſewife in
" a country Gentleman's family. The care of
" poultry and pigs are great enemies to the
" countenance: the vacant look of a fine Lady
" is not to be preſerved, if ſhe admits any
" thing to take up her thoughts but her own
" dear perſon. But I interrupt you too long from
" your cares, and myſelf from my conqueſts.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

" Give me leave, Mr. SPECTATOR, to add
" her friend's anſwer to this Epiſtle, who is a
" very diſcreet ingenious woman.

Dear *Gatty*,

" I TAKE your rallery in very good part,
" and am obliged to you for the free air
" with which you ſpeak of your own gaieties.
" But this is but a barren ſuperficial pleaſure.
" Indeed, *Gatty*, we are made for man, and in
" ſerious ſadneſs I muſt tell you, whether you
" yourſelf know it or no, all theſe gallantries
" tend to no other end but to be a wife and
" mother as faſt as you can.

I am, Madam,

T Your moſt humble ſervant,

Wedneſday,

N°516 Wedneſday, October 22.

Immortale odium & nunquam ſanabile vulnus.
Inde furor vulgo, quòd numina vicinorum
Odit uterque locus, quum ſolos credit habendos
Eſſe Deos quos ipſe colit—— Juv. Sat. 15. v. 34.

——A grudge, time out of mind, begun,
And mutually bequeath'd from ſire to ſon:
Religious ſpite, and pious ſpleen bred firſt
The quarrel, which ſo long the bigots nurſt:
Each calls the other's God a ſenſeleſs ſtock;
His own, divine. TATE.

OF all the monſtrous paſſions and opinions which have crept into the world, there is none ſo wonderful as that thoſe who profeſs the common name of Chriſtians, ſhould purſue each other with rancour and hatred for differences in their way of following the example of their Saviour. It ſeems ſo natural that all who purſue the ſteps of any leader ſhould form themſelves after his manners, that it is impoſſible to account for effects ſo different from what we might expect from thoſe who profeſs themſelves followers of the higheſt Pattern of meekneſs and charity, but by aſcribing ſuch effects to the ambition and corruption of thoſe who are ſo audacious, with Souls full of fury, to ſerve at the altars of the God of peace.

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The maſſacres to which the church of *Rome* has animated the ordinary people, are dreadful inſtances of the truth of this obſervation; and whoever reads the hiſtory of the *Iriſh* rebellion, and the cruelties which enſued thereupon, will be ſufficiently convinced to what rage poor ignorants may be worked up by thoſe who profeſs holineſs, and become incendiaries, and, under the diſpenſation of Grace, promote evils abhorrent to Nature.

This ſubject and cataſtrophe, which deſerve ſo well to be remarked by the Proteſtant world, will, I doubt not, be conſidered by the reverend and learned Prelate that preaches to-morrow before many of the deſcendants of thoſe who periſhed on that lamentable day, in a manner ſuitable to the occaſion, and worthy his own great virtue and eloquence.

I ſhall not dwell upon it any further, but only tranſcribe out of a little tract, called *The Chriſtian Hero*, publiſhed in 1701, what I find there in honour of the renowned Hero *William* the Third, who reſcued that nation from the repetition of the ſame diſaſters. His late Majeſty, of glorious memory, and the moſt Chriſtian King, are conſidered at the concluſion of that treatiſe as heads of the Proteſtant and Roman Catholic world in the following manner.

'There were not ever, before the entrance 'of the Chriſtrian name into the world, men 'who have maintained a more renowned car- 'riage, than the two great rivals who poſſeſs

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'the full fame of the preſent age, and will be 'the theme and examination of the future. 'They are exactly formed by Nature for thoſe 'ends to which Heaven ſeems to have ſent 'them amongſt us: Both animated with a 'reſtleſs deſire of glory, but purſue it by dif-'ferent means, and with different motives. To 'one it conſiſts in an extenſive undiſputed Em-'pire over his ſubjects, to the other in their 'rational and voluntary obedience: One's hap-'pineſs is founded in their want of power, the 'other's in their want of deſire to oppoſe him. 'The one enjoys the ſummit of fortune with 'the luxury of a *Perſian*, the other with the 'moderation of a *Spartan*. One is made to 'oppreſs, the other to relieve the oppreſſed: 'The one is ſatisfied with the pomp and oſten-'tation of power to prefer and debaſe his in-'feriors, the other delighted only with the cauſe 'and foundation of it to cheriſh and protect 'them. To one therefore Religion is but a 'convenient diſguiſe, to the other a vigorous 'motive of action.

'For without ſuch ties of real and ſolid 'honour, there is no way of forming a Mo-'narch, but after the Machiavillian ſcheme, by 'which a Prince muſt ever ſeem to have all 'virtues, but really to be maſter of none; but 'is to be liberal, merciful and juſt, only as they 'ſerve his intereſts; while, with the noble art of 'hypocriſy, Empire would be to be extended, and 'new conqueſts be made by new devices, by 'which prompt addreſs his creatures might in-

'ſenſibly give law in the buſineſs of life, by 'leading men in the entertainment of it.

'Thus when words and ſhow are apt to 'paſs for the ſubſtantial things they are only to 'expreſs, there would need no more to enſlave 'a country but to adorn a court; for while 'every man's vanity makes him believe him-'ſelf capable of becoming luxury, enjoyments 'are a ready bait for ſufferings, and the hopes 'of preferment invitations to ſervitude; which 'ſlavery would be coloured with all the Agree-'ments, as they call it, imaginable. The nobleſt 'arts and artiſts, the fineſt pens and moſt elegant 'minds, jointly employed to ſet it off, with the 'various embelliſhments of ſumptuous entertain-'ments, charming aſſemblies, and poliſhed diſ-'courſes; and thoſe apoſtate abilities of men, 'the adored Monarch might profuſely and ſkil-'fully encourage, while they flatter his virtue, 'and gild his vice at ſo high a rate, that he, 'without ſcorn of the one, or love of the 'other, would alternately and occaſionally uſe 'both: So that his bounty ſhould ſupport him 'in his rapines, his mercy in his cruelties.

'Nor is it to give things a more ſevere look 'than is natural, to ſuppoſe ſuch muſt be the 'conſequences of a Prince's having no other 'purſuit than that of his own glory; for if 'we conſider an infant born into the world, 'and beholding itſelf the mightieſt thing in it, 'itſelf the preſent admiration and future pro-'ſpect of a fawning people, who profeſs them-'ſelves great or mean, according to the figure

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'he is to make amongſt them, what fancy would 'not be debauched to believe they were but 'what they profeſſed themſelves, his mere crea-'tures, and uſe them as ſuch by purchaſing 'with their lives a boundleſs renown, which 'he, for want of a more juſt proſpect, would 'place in the number of his ſlaves, and the 'extent of his territories? Such undoubtedly 'would be the tragical effects of a Prince's 'living with no Religion, which are not to be 'ſurpaſſed but by his having a falſe one.

'If ambition were ſpirited with zeal, what 'would follow, but that his people ſhould be 'converted into an army, whoſe ſwords can 'make right in power, and ſolve controverſy in 'belief? And if men ſhould be ſtiff-necked to 'the doctrine of that viſible Church, let them 'be contented with an oar and a chain, in the 'midſt of ſtripes and anguiſh, to contemplate 'on him, "whoſe yoke is eaſy, and whoſe "burden is light."

'With a tyranny begun on his own ſubjects, 'and indignation that others draw their breath 'independent of his frown or ſmile, why ſhould 'he not proceed to the ſeizure of the world? 'And if nothing but the thirſt of ſway were 'the motive of his actions, why ſhould treaties 'be other than mere words, or ſolemn national 'compacts be any thing but an halt in the 'march of that army, who are never to lay 'down their arms, until all men are reduced 'to the neceſſity of hanging their lives on his 'wayward will; who might ſupinely, and at

'leiſure, expiate his own ſins by other mens ſuf-
'ferings, while he daily meditates new ſlaughter,
'and new conqueſts.

'For mere man, when giddy with unbridled
'power, is an inſatiate idol, not to be appeaſed
'with myriads offered to his pride, which may
'be puffed up by the adulation of a baſe and
'proſtrate world, into an opinion that he is
'ſomething more than human, by being ſome-
'thing leſs: And, alas, what is there that mor-
'tal man will not believe of himſelf, when
'complimented with the attributes of God? He
'can then conceive thoughts of a power as
'Omnipreſent as his. But ſhould there be ſuch
'a foe of mankind now upon earth, have our
'ſins ſo far provoked Heaven, that we are
'left utterly naked to his fury? Is there no
'Power, no Leader, no Genius, that can con-
'duct and animate us to our death or our
'defence? Yes; our great God never gave
'one to reign by his permiſſion, but he gave
'to another alſo to reign by his grace.

'All the circumſtances of the illuſtrious life
'of our Prince, ſeem to have conſpired to make
'him the check and bridle of tyranny; for
'his mind has been ſtrengthened and confirmed
'by one continual ſtruggle, and Heaven has
'educated him by adverſity to a quick ſenſe
'of the diſtreſſes and miſeries of mankind,
'which he was born to redreſs: In juſt ſcorn
'of the trivial glories and light oſtentations of
'power, that glorious inſtrument of Providence
'moves, like that, in a ſteddy, calm, and ſilent

'courſe,

'courſe, independent either of applauſe or 'calumny; which renders him, if not in a 'political, yet in a moral, a philoſophic, an 'heroic, and a Chriſtian ſenſe, an abſolute Mo-'narch; who ſatisfied with this unchangeable, 'juſt, and ample glory, muſt needs turn all 'his regards from himſelf to the ſervice of 'others; for he begins his enterpriſes with his 'own ſhare in the ſucceſs of them; for in-'tegrity bears in itſelf its reward, nor can that 'which depends not on event ever know diſ-'appointments.

'With the undoubted character of a glorious 'Captain, and (what he much more values 'than the moſt ſplendid titles) that of a ſincere 'and honeſt man, he is the hope and ſtay of '*Europe*, an univerſal good not to be engroſſed 'by us only, for diſtant Potentates implore his 'friendſhip, and injured Empires court his aſ-'ſiſtance. He rules the world, not by an in-'vaſion of the people of the earth, but the 'addreſs of its Princes; and if that world ſhould 'be again rouſed from the repoſe which his 'prevailing arms had given it, why ſhould we 'not hope that there is an Almighty, by 'whoſe influence the terrible enemy that thinks 'himſelf prepared for battle, may find he is but 'ripe for deſtruction? and that there may be 'in the womb of time great incidents, which 'may make the cataſtrophe of a proſperous 'life as unfortunate as the particular ſcenes of 'it were ſucceſsful? For there does not want

'a ſkilful eye and reſolute arm to obſerve and 'graſp the occaſion: A Prince, who from——

'——*Fuit Ilium & ingens*
'*Gloria*—— Vir. Æn. 2. v. 325.

'*Troy* is no more, and *Ilium* was a town.
DRYDEN.

N°517 Thurſday, October 23.

Heu pietas! heu priſca fides!——
Virg. Æn. 6. v. 878.

Mirror of ancient faith!
Undaunted worth! inviolable truth! DRYDEN.

WE laſt night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very ſenſibly afflicted every one of us. I queſtion not but my readers themſelves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in ſuſpenſe, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY is dead. He departed this life at his houſe in the country, after a few weeks ſickneſs. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a letter from one of his correſpondents in thoſe parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-ſeſſions, as he was very warmly promoting an addreſs of his own penning, in which he ſucceeded according to his wiſhes. But this particular comes from a Whig Juſtice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER's enemy and antagoniſt. I have Letters both from the Chaplain

Chaplain and Captain SENTRY which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewiſe a Letter from the Butler who took ſo much care of me laſt ſummer when I was at the Knight's houſe. As my friend the Butler mentions, in the ſimplicity of his heart, ſeveral circumſtances the others have paſſed over in ſilence, I ſhall give my reader a copy of his Letter, without any alteration or diminution.

Honoured Sir,

'KNowing that you was my old maſter's 'good friend I could not forbear ſending 'you the melancholy news of his death, which 'has afflicted the whole country, as well as his 'poor ſervants, who loved him, I may ſay, 'better than we did our lives. I am afraid he 'caught his death the laſt county-ſeſſions, where 'he would go to ſee juſtice done to a poor 'widow woman, and her fatherleſs children, 'that had been wronged by a neighbouring 'Gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good 'maſter was always the poor man's friend. 'Upon his coming home, the firſt complaint 'he made was, that he had loſt his Roſt-beef 'ſtomach, not being able to touch a ſirloin, 'which was ſerved up according to cuſtom; 'and you know he uſed to take great delight 'in it. From that time forward he grew worſe 'and worſe, but ſtill kept a good heart to the 'laſt. Indeed we were once in great hope 'of his recovery, upon a kind meſſage that

'was ſent him from the widow Lady whom
'he had made love to the forty laſt years of
'his life; but this only proved a lightning before
'death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as
'a token of his love, a great pearl necklace,
'and a couple of ſilver bracelets ſet with jewels,
'which belonged to my good old Lady his
'mother: He has bequeathed the fine white
'gelding, that he uſed to ride a hunting upon,
'to his Chaplain, becauſe he thought he would
'be kind to him, and has left you all his books.
'He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain
'a very pretty tenement with good lands about
'it. It being a very cold day when he made
'his will, he left for mourning, to every man
'in the pariſh, a great frize-coat, and to every
'woman a black riding-hood. It was a moſt
'moving ſight to ſee him take leave of his
'poor ſervants, commending us all for our
'fidelity, whilſt we were not able to ſpeak a
'word for weeping. As we moſt of us are
'grown gray-headed in our dear maſters ſervice,
'he has left us penſions and legacies, which we
'may live very comfortably upon the remaining
'part of our days. He has bequeathed a great
'deal more in charity, which is not yet come
'to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily ſaid
'in the pariſh, that he has left money to build
'a ſteeple to the church; for he was heard to
'ſay ſome time ago, that if he lived two years
'longer, *Coverly* church ſhould have a ſteeple
'to it. The Chaplain tells every body that he
'made a very good end, and never ſpeaks of

'him without tears. He was buried according 'to his own directions, among the family of 'of the COVERLIES, on the left hand of his 'father Sir *Arthur*. The coffin was carried by 'ſix of his Tenants, and the pall held up by 'ſix of the *Quorum*: The whole pariſh followed 'the corps with heavy hearts, and in their 'mourning ſuits, the men in frize, and the 'women in riding-hoods. Captain SENTRY, 'my maſter's nephew, has taken poſſeſſion of 'the hall-houſe, and the whole eſtate. When 'my old maſter ſaw him a little before his death, 'he ſhook him by the hand, and wiſhed him 'joy of the eſtate which was falling to him, 'deſiring him only to make a good uſe of it, 'and to pay the ſeveral legacies, and the gifts of 'charity which he told him he had left as quit-'rents upon the eſtate. The Captain truly ſeems 'a courteous man, though he ſays but little. 'He makes much of thoſe whom my maſter 'loved, and ſhews great kindneſs to the old 'houſe-dog, that you know my poor maſter was 'ſo fond of. It would have gone to your heart 'to have heard the moans the dumb creature 'made on the day of my maſter's death. He 'has never joyed himſelf ſince; no more has 'any of us. It was the melancholieſt day for 'the poor people that ever happened in *Wor-'ceſterſhire*. This is all from,

Honoured Sir,

Your moſt ſorrowful ſervant,

Edward Biſcuit.

P. S.

P. S. 'My maſter deſired, ſome weeks before 'he died, that a book which comes up to you 'by the carrier ſhould be given to Sir ANDREW 'FREEPORT in his name.'

This Letter, notwithſtanding the poor Butler's manner of writing it, gave us ſuch an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir ANDREW opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with ſome paſſages in it marked by Sir ROGER's own hand. Sir ANDREW found that they related to two or three points, which he had diſputed with Sir ROGER the laſt time he appeared at the Club. Sir ANDREW, who would have been merry at ſuch an incident on another occaſion, at the ſight of the old man's hand-writing burſt into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain SENTRY informs me, that the Knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the Club. O

Friday,

N°518 Friday, October 24.

——Miſerum eſt alienæ incumbere famæ,
Ne collapſa ruant ſubductis tecta columnis.
Juv. Sat. 8. v. 76.

'Tis poor relying on another's fame:
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The ſuperſtructure muſt in ruins fall.
STEPNEY.

THIS being a day of buſineſs with me, I muſt make the preſent entertainment like a treat at an houſe-warming, out of ſuch preſents as have been ſent me by my gueſts. The firſt diſh which I ſerve up is a Letter come freſh to my hand.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is with inexpreſſible ſorrow that I hear 'of the death of good Sir ROGER, and do 'heartily condole with you upon ſo melancholy 'an occaſion. I think you ought to have 'blackened the edges of a Paper which brought 'us ſo ill news, and to have had it ſtamped 'likewiſe in black. It is expected of you that 'you ſhould write his Epitaph, and, if poſſible, 'fill his place in the Club with as worthy and 'diverting a member. I queſtion not but you 'will receive many recommendations from the

'Public

'Public of ſuch as will appear candidates for 'that poſt.

'Since I am talking of death, and have men-'tioned an Epitaph, I muſt tell you, Sir, that 'I have made diſcovery of a Church-yard in 'which I believe you might ſpend an afternoon, 'with great pleaſure to yourſelf and to the 'Public: It belongs to the church of *Stebon-'Heath*, commonly called *Stepney*. Whether 'or no it be that the people of that pariſh 'have a particular genius for an Epitaph, or 'that there be ſome Poet among them who 'undertakes that work by the great, I cannot 'tell; but there are more remarkable inſcrip-'tions in that place than in any other I have 'met with; and I may ſay without vanity, that 'there is not a Gentleman in *England* better read 'in tomb-ſtones than myſelf, my ſtudies having 'laid very much in church-yards. I ſhall beg 'leave to ſend you a couple of Epitaphs, for a 'ſample of thoſe I have juſt now mentioned. 'They are written in a different manner; the 'firſt being in the diffuſed and luxuriant, the 'ſecond in the cloſe contracted ſtile. The firſt 'has much of the ſimple and pathetic; the 'ſecond is ſomething light, but nervous. The 'firſt is thus:

Here *Thomas Sapper* lies interr'd. Ah why!
Born in *New England*, did in *London* die;
Was the third ſon of eight, begot upon
His mother *Martha* by his father *John*.
Much favour'd by his Prince he 'gan to be,
But nipt by death at th' age of twenty-three.

Fatal

Fatal to him was that we ſmall-pox name,
By which his mother and two brethren came
Alſo to breathe their laſt nine years before,
And now have left their father to deplore
The loſs of all his children, with his wife,
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

The ſecond is as follows:

Here lies the body of *Daniel Saul*,
Spittle-fields Weaver, and that's all.

'I will not diſmiſs you, whilſt I am upon this 'ſubject, without ſending a ſhort Epitaph which 'I once met with, though I cannot poſſibly re-'collect the place. The thought of it is ſerious, 'and in my opinion, the fineſt that I ever met 'with upon this occaſion. You know, Sir, it 'is uſual, after having told us the name of the 'perſon who lies interred, to lanch out into his 'praiſes. This Epitaph takes a quite contrary 'turn, having been made by the perſon himſelf 'ſome time before his death.

Hic jacet R. C. *in expectatione diei ſupremi. Qualis erat dies iſte indicabit.*

"Here lieth *R. C.* in expectation of the laſt "day. What ſort of a man he was, that day "will diſcover."

I am, Sir, &c.

The

The following Letter is dated from *Cambridge*.

SIR,

'HAVING lately read among your Speculations, an Eſſay upon Phyſiognomy, I 'cannot but think that if you made a viſit to 'this ancient Univerſity, you might receive very 'conſiderable lights upon that ſubject, there being 'ſcarce a young fellow in it who does not give 'certain indications of his particular humour and 'diſpoſition conformable to the rules of that 'art. In courts and cities every body lays a 'conſtraint upon his countenance, and en-'deavours to look like the reſt of the world; 'but the youth of this place, having not yet 'formed themſelves by converſation, and the 'knowledge of the world, give their limbs and 'features their full play.

'As you have conſidered human nature in all 'its lights, you muſt be extremely well appriſed, 'that there is a very cloſe correſpondence be-'tween the outward and inward man; that 'ſcarce the leaſt dawning, the leaſt parturiency 'towards a thought can be ſtirring in the mind 'of man, without producing a ſuitable revolu-'tion in his exteriors, which will eaſily diſcover 'itſelf to an adept in the theory of the phiz. 'Hence it is, that the intrinſic worth and merit 'of a ſon of *Alma Mater* is ordinarily calculated 'from the caſt of his viſage, the contour of 'his perſon, the mechaniſm of his dreſs, the 'diſpoſition of his limbs, the manner of his

'gait

'gait and air, with a number of circumſtances 'of equal conſequence and information: The 'practitioners in this art often make uſe of a 'Gentleman's eyes to give them light into the 'poſture of his brains; take a handle from his 'noſe, to judge of the ſize of his intellects; 'and interpret the over-much viſibility and pert-'neſs of one ear, as an infallible mark of repro-'bation, and a ſign the owner of ſo ſaucy a 'member fears neither God nor man. In con-'formity to this ſcheme, a contracted brow, a 'lumpiſh down-caſt look, a ſober ſedate pace, 'with both hands dangling quiet and ſteddy in 'lines exactly parallel to each lateral pocket of 'the galligaſkins, is Logic, Metaphyſics and 'Mathematics in perfection. So likewiſe the '*Belles Lettres* are typified by a ſanter in the 'gait, a fall of one wing of the peruke back-'ward, an inſertion of one hand in the fob, 'and a negligent ſwing of the other, with a 'pinch of right and fine *Barcelona* between 'finger and thumb, a due quantity of the ſame 'upon the upper lip, and a noddle-caſe loaden 'with pulvil. Again, a grave ſolemn ſtalking 'pace is Heroic Poetry, and Politics; an unequal 'one, a Genius for the Ode, and the modern 'Ballad; and an open breaſt, with an audacious 'diſplay of the holland ſhirt, is conſtrued a 'fatal tendency to the art Military.

'I might be much larger upon theſe hints, 'but I know whom I write to. If you can 'graft any Speculation upon them, or turn them 'to the advantage of the perſons concerned in 'them,

'them, you will do a work very becoming the 'British SPECTATOR, and oblige

Your very humble ſervant,

Tom Treveer.

N° 519 Saturday, October 25.

Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monſtra ſub æquore pontus.
Virg. Æn. 6. v. 728.

Hence men and beaſts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monſters of the main.
DRYDEN.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleaſure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that ſyſtem of Bodies into which Nature has ſo curiouſly wrought the maſs of dead matter, with the ſeveral relations which thoſe Bodies bare to one another; there is ſtill, methinks, ſomething more wonderful and ſurpriſing in contemplations on the World of Life, by which I mean all thoſe Animals with which every part of the Univerſe is furniſhed. The material world is only the ſhell of the Univerſe: The World of Life are its inhabitants.

If we conſider thoſe parts of the material world which lie the neareſt to us, and are therefore ſubject to our obſervations and inquiries, it is amazing to conſider the infinity of Animals with

with which it is ſtocked. Every part of matter is peopled: Every green leaf ſwarms with inhabitants. There is ſcarce a ſingle humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glaſſes do not diſcover myriads of living Creatures. The ſurface of Animals is alſo covered with other Animals, which are in the ſame manner the baſis of other Animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the moſt ſolid bodies, as in marble itſelf, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with ſuch imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to diſcover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of Nature, we ſee the ſeas, lakes and rivers, teeming with numberleſs kinds of living Creatures. We find every mountain and marſh, wilderneſs and wood, plentifully ſtocked with birds and beaſts, and every part of matter affording proper neceſſaries and conveniences for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The Author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good argument from this conſideration, for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it ſeems very probable from the analogy of reaſon, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waſte and uſeleſs, thoſe great bodies, which are at ſuch a diſtance from us, ſhould not be deſart and unpeopled, but rather that they ſhould be furniſhed with Beings adapted to their reſpective ſituation.

Exiſtence is a bleſſing to thoſe Beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in

a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is ſubſervient to Beings which are conſcious of their exiſtence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our obſervation, that matter is only made as the baſis and ſupport of Animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is neceſſary for the exiſtence of the other.

Infinite Goodneſs is of ſo communicative a nature, that it ſeems to delight in the conferring of exiſtence upon every degree of perceptive Being. As this is a ſpeculation, which I have often purſued with great pleaſure to myſelf, I ſhall enlarge farther upon it, by conſidering that part of the ſcale of Beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are ſome living Creatures which are raiſed but juſt above dead matter. To mention only that Species of ſhell-fiſh, which are formed in the faſhion of a cone, that grow to the ſurface of ſeveral rocks, and immediately die upon their being ſevered from the place where they grow. There are many other Creatures but one remove from theſe, which have no other ſenſe beſides that of feeling and taſte. Others have ſtill an additional one of hearing; others of ſmell, and others of ſight. It is wonderful to obſerve, by what a gradual progreſs the World of Life advances through a prodigious variety of Species, before a Creature is formed that is complete in all its ſenſes; and even among theſe there is ſuch a different degree of perfection in the ſenſe which one Animal enjoys beyond what

appears in another, that though the ſenſe in different Animals be diſtinguiſhed by the ſame common denomination, it ſeems almoſt of a different nature. If after this we look into the ſeveral inward perfections of cunning and ſagacity, or what we generally call inſtinct, we find them riſing after the ſame manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the Species in which they are implanted. This progreſs in Nature is ſo very gradual, that the moſt perfect of an inferior Species comes very near to the moſt imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodneſs of the Supreme Being, whoſe mercy extends to all his works, is plainly ſeen, as I have before hinted, from his having made ſo very little matter, at leaſt what falls within our knowledge, that does not ſwarm with Life: Nor is his goodneſs leſs ſeen in the diverſity, than in the multitude of living Creatures. Had he only made one Species of Animals, none of the reſt would have enjoyed the happineſs of exiſtence; he has, therefore, ſpecified in his creation every degree of Life, every capacity of Being. The whole chaſm of Nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with divers kinds of Creatures, riſing one over another, by ſuch a gentle and eaſy aſcent, that the little tranſitions and deviations from one Species to another, are almoſt inſenſible. This intermediate ſpace is ſo well huſbanded and managed, that there is ſcarce a degree of perception which does not appear in ſome one part of the World

of Life. Is the goodneſs or wiſdom of the Divine Being, more manifeſted in this his proceeding?

There is a conſequence, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, which ſeems very naturally deducible from the foregoing conſiderations. If the ſcale of Being riſes by ſuch a regular progreſs, ſo high as man, we may by a parity of reaſon ſuppoſe, that it ſtill proceeds gradually through thoſe Beings which are of a ſuperior nature to him; ſince there is an infinitely greater ſpace and room for different degrees of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the moſt deſpicable inſect. The conſequence of ſo great a variety of Beings which are ſuperior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. *Locke*, in a paſſage which I ſhall here ſet down, after having premiſed, that notwithſtanding there is ſuch infinite room between Man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itſelf in, it is impoſſible that it ſhould ever be filled up, ſince there will be ſtill an infinite gap or diſtance between the higheſt created Being, and the Power which produced him.

'That there ſhould be more Species of intelligent Creatures above us, than there are of ſenſible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; that in all the viſible corporeal world, we ſee no chaſms, or no gaps. All quite down from us, the deſcent is by eaſy ſteps, and a continued ſeries of things, that

'that in each remove differ very little one from 'the other. There are fiſhes that have wings, 'and are not ſtrangers to the airy region: and 'there are ſome birds, that are inhabitants of the 'water; whoſe blood is cold as fiſhes, and their 'fleſh ſo like in taſte, that the ſcrupulous are 'allowed them on fiſh-days. There are Ani-'mals ſo near of kin both to birds and beaſts, 'that they are in the middle between both: 'Amphibious Animals link the terreſtrial and 'aquatic together: Seals live at land and at 'ſea, and porpoiſes have the warm blood and 'entrails of a hog; not to mention what is con-'fidently reported of mermaids or ſea-men. 'There are ſome brutes, that ſeem to have 'as much knowledge and reaſon, as ſome that 'are called men; and the animal and vegetable 'kingdoms are ſo nearly joined, that if you 'will take the loweſt of one, and the higheſt 'of the other, there will ſcarce be perceived any 'great difference between them: and ſo on 'until we come to the loweſt and the moſt 'inorganical parts of matter, we ſhall find every 'where that the ſeveral Species are linked 'together, and differ but in almoſt inſenſible 'degrees. And when we conſider the infinite 'power and wiſdom of the Maker, we have reaſon 'to think that it is ſuitable to the magnificent 'harmony of the Univerſe, and the great deſign 'and infinite goodneſs of the Architect, that the 'Species of Creatures ſhould alſo, by gentle 'degrees, aſcend upward from us toward his 'infinite Perfection, as we ſee they gradually

'descend from us downward: Which if it be 'probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, 'that there are far more Species of Creatures 'above us, than there are beneath; we being 'in degrees of Perfection much more remote 'from the infinite Being of God, than we are 'from the lowest state of Being, and that which 'approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of 'all those distinct Species, we have no clear 'distinct Ideas.'

In this system of Being, there is no Creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as Man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual Nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of Beings, which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he who in one respect is associated with Angels and Arch-Angels, may look upon a Being of infinite Perfection as his father, and the highest order of Spirits as his brethren, may in another respect say to 'Corruption, thou 'art my father, and to the Worm, thou art my 'mother and my sister.'

O

Monday.

N° 520 Monday, October 27.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis?— Hor. Od. 24. l. 1. v. 1.

And who can grieve too much? what time ſhall end
Our mourning for ſo dear a friend? CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE juſt value you have expreſſed for 'the matrimonial ſtate, is the reaſon that 'I now venture to write to you, without fear 'of being ridiculous; and confeſs to you, that 'though it is three months ſince I loſt a very 'agreeable woman, who was my wife, my 'ſorrow is ſtill freſh; and I am often, in the 'midſt of company, upon any circumſtance 'that revives her memory, with a reflexion 'what ſhe would ſay or do on ſuch an oc-'caſion: I ſay, upon any occurrence of that 'nature, which I can give you a ſenſe of, 'though I cannot expreſs it wholly, I am all 'over ſoftneſs, and am obliged to retire, and 'give way to a few ſighs and tears, before I can 'be eaſy. I cannot but recommend the ſubject 'of male Widowhood to you, and beg of you 'to touch upon it by the firſt opportunity. To 'thoſe who have not lived like huſbands during 'the lives of their ſpouſes, this would be a 'taſteleſs jumble of words; but to ſuch (of

'whom there are not a few) who have enjoyed 'that ſtate with the ſentiments proper for it, 'you will have every line, which hits the Sor- 'row, attended with a tear of pity and con- 'ſolation. For I know not by what goodneſs 'of Providence it is, that every guſh of paſſion 'is a ſtep towards the relief of it; and there 'is a certain comfort in the very act of Sorrow- 'ing, which, I ſuppoſe, ariſes from a ſecret 'conſciouſneſs in the mind, that the Affliction 'it is under flows from a virtuous cauſe. My 'concern is not indeed ſo outrageous as at the 'firſt tranſport; for I think it has ſubſided 'rather into a ſober ſtate of mind, than any 'actual perturbation of ſpirit. There might be 'rules formed for mens behaviour on this great 'incident, to bring them from that misfortune 'into the condition I am at preſent; which is, 'I think, that my Sorrow has converted all 'roughneſs of temper into meekneſs, good- 'nature, and complacency. But indeed, when 'in a ſerious and lonely hour I preſent my 'departed Conſort to my imagination, with that 'air of perſuaſion in her countenance when I 'have been in paſſion, that ſweet affability 'when I have been in good-humour, that tender 'compaſſion when I have had any thing which 'gave me uneaſineſs; I confeſs to you I am 'inconſolable, and my eyes guſh with grief as 'if I had ſeen her but juſt then expire. In 'this condition I am broken in upon by a 'charming young woman, my daughter, who 'is the picture of what her mother was on

'her wedding-day. The good girl ſtrives to 'comfort me; but how ſhall I let you know 'that all the comfort ſhe gives me is to make 'my tears flow more eaſily? The child knows 'ſhe quickens my Sorrows, and rejoices my 'heart at the ſame time. Oh, ye Learned! 'tell me by what word to ſpeak a motion of 'the Soul, for which there is no name. When 'ſhe kneels and bids me be comforted, ſhe 'is my child; when I take her in my arms, 'and bid her ſay no more, ſhe is my very 'Wife, and is the very Comforter I lament the 'loſs of. I baniſh her the room, and weep 'aloud that I have loſt her mother, and that 'I have her.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, I wiſh it were poſſible 'for you to have a ſenſe of theſe pleaſing per-'plexities; you might communicate to the guilty 'part of mankind, that they are incapable of the 'happineſs which is in the very Sorrows of the 'Virtuous.

'But pray ſpare me a little longer; give me 'leave to tell you the manner of her death. 'She took leave of all her family, and bore 'the vain application of medicines with the 'greateſt patience imaginable. When the Phy-'ſician told her ſhe muſt certainly die, ſhe de-'ſired, as well as ſhe could, that all who were 'preſent, except myſelf, might depart the room. 'She ſaid ſhe had nothing to ſay, for ſhe was 'reſigned, and I knew all ſhe knew that con-'cerned us in this world; but ſhe deſired to 'be alone, that in the preſence of God only

'ſhe

'ſhe might, without interruption, do her laſt 'duty to me, of thanking me for all my kind-'neſs to her; adding, that ſhe hoped in my 'laſt moments I ſhould feel the ſame comfort 'for my goodneſs to her, as ſhe did in that ſhe 'had acquitted herſelf with honour, truth and 'virtue to me.

'I curb myſelf, and will not tell you that 'this kindneſs cut my heart in twain, when 'I expected an accuſation for ſome paſſionate 'ſtarts of mine, in ſome parts of our time to-'gether, to ſay nothing but thank me for 'the good, if there was any good ſuitable to 'her own excellence! All that I had ever ſaid 'to her, all the circumſtances of Sorrow and 'joy between us, crowded upon my mind in 'the ſame inſtant; and when immediately after 'I ſaw the pangs of death come upon that dear 'body which I had often embraced with tran-'ſport, when I ſaw thoſe cheriſhing eyes begin 'to be ghaſtly, and their laſt ſtruggle to be to 'fix themſelves on me, how did I loſe all 'patience? She expired in my arms, and in 'my diſtraction I thought I ſaw her boſom ſtill 'heave. There was certainly life yet ſtill left; 'I cried, ſhe juſt now ſpoke to me: But alas! 'I grew giddy, and all things moved about me 'from the diſtemper of my own head; for 'the beſt of women was breathleſs, and gone 'for ever.

'Now the doctrine I would, methinks, have 'you raiſe from this account I have given you, 'is, that there is a certain equanimity in thoſe

'who

'who are good and juſt, which runs into their 'very Sorrow, and diſappoints the force of it. 'Though they muſt paſs through Afflictions 'in common with all who are in human nature, 'yet their conſcious integrity ſhall undermine 'their Affliction; nay, that very Affliction ſhall 'add force to their integrity, from a reflexion 'of the uſe of virtue in the hour of Affliction. 'I ſat down with a deſign to put you upon 'giving us rules how to overcome ſuch griefs 'as theſe, but I ſhould rather adviſe you to 'teach men to be capable of them.

'You men of letters have what you call 'the fine Taſte in your apprehenſions of what 'is properly done or ſaid: There is ſomething 'like this deeply grafted in the Soul of him 'who is honeſt and faithful in all his thoughts 'and actions. Every thing which is falſe, 'vicious or unworthy, is deſpicable to him, 'though all the world ſhould approve it. At 'the ſame time he has the moſt lively ſen- 'ſibility in all enjoyments and ſufferings which 'it is proper for him to have, where any duty 'of life is concerned. To want Sorrow when 'you in decency and truth ſhould be afflicted, 'is, I ſhould think, a greater inſtance of a 'man's being a blockhead, than not to know 'the beauty of any paſſage in *Virgil*. You have 'not yet obſerved, Mr. SPECTATOR, that the 'fine Gentlemen of this age ſet up for hardneſs 'of heart, and humanity has very little ſhare 'in their pretences. He is a brave fellow who 'is always ready to kill a man he hates, but he

'does

'does not ſtand in the ſame degree of eſteem
'who laments for the woman he loves. I
'ſhould fancy you might work up a thouſand
'pretty thoughts, by reflecting upon the perſons
'moſt ſuſceptible of the ſort of Sorrow I have
'ſpoken of; and I dare ſay you will find upon
'examination, that they are the wiſeſt and the
'braveſt of mankind who are the moſt capable
'of it. I am,

Norwich, Sir,
7° *Octobris*,
1712. Your moſt humble ſervant,

T *F. J.*

N° 521 Tueſday, October 28.

Vera redit facies, diſſimulata perit. P. Arb.

The real face returns, the counterfeit is loſt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE been for many years loud in this
'aſſertion, that there are very few that can
'ſee or hear, I mean that can report what
'they have ſeen or heard; and this through
'incapacity or prejudice, one of which diſables
'almoſt every man who talks to you from
'repreſenting things as he ought. For which
'reaſon I am come to a reſolution of believing
'nothing

'nothing I hear; and I contemn the man 'given to Narration under the appellation of a 'matter-of-fact-man: And according to me, a 'matter-of-fact-man, is one whoſe life and 'converſation is ſpent in the report of what 'is not matter-of-fact.

I remember when Prince *Eugene* was here, 'there was no knowing his height or figure, 'until you, Mr. SPECTATOR, gave the Public 'ſatisfaction in that matter. In Relations, the 'force of the expreſſion lies very often more 'in the look, the tone of voice, or the geſture, 'than the words themſelves; which being 'repeated in any other manner by the undiſ-'cerning, bear a very different interpretation 'from their original meaning. I muſt confeſs, I 'formerly have turned this humour of mine 'to very good account; for whenever I heard 'any Narration uttered with extraordinary 'vehemence, and grounded upon conſiderable 'authority, I was always ready to lay any wager 'that it was not ſo. Indeed I never pretended 'to be ſo raſh, as to fix the matter any particular 'way in oppoſition to theirs; but as there are 'a hundred ways of any thing happening be-'ſides that it has happened, I only controverted 'its falling out in that one manner as they ſettled 'it, and left it to the ninety-nine other ways, 'and conſequently had more probability of 'ſucceſs. I had arrived at a particular ſkill in 'warming a man ſo far in his Narration, as 'to make him throw in a little of the mar-'vellous, and then, if he has much fire, the

'next

'next degree is the impoſſible. Now this is 'always the time for fixing the wager. But 'this requires the niceſt management, other-'wiſe very probably the diſpute may ariſe to 'the old determination by battle. In theſe con-'ceits I have been very fortunate, and have 'won ſome wagers of thoſe who have profeſſedly 'valued themſelves upon intelligence, and have 'put themſelves to great charge and expence 'to be miſinformed conſiderably ſooner than the 'reſt of the world.

'Having got a comfortable ſum by this my 'oppoſition to public report, I have brought 'myſelf now to ſo great a perfection in in-'attention, more eſpecially to party Relations, 'that at the ſame time I ſeem with greedy 'ears to devour up the diſcourſe, I certainly 'do not know one word of it, but purſue my 'own courſe of thought, whether upon buſineſs 'or amuſement, with much tranquillity: I ſay 'inattention, becauſe a late Act of Parliament 'has ſecured all party-liars from the penalty of 'a wager, and conſequently made it unprofitable 'to attend them. However, good-breeding 'obliges a man to maintain the figure of the 'keeneſt attention; the true poſture of which 'in a Coffee-houſe I take to conſiſt in leaning 'over a table, with the edge of it preſſing 'hard upon your ſtomach: for the more pain 'the Narration is received with, the more gra-'cious is your bending over. Beſides that the 'Narrator thinks you forget your pain, by the 'pleaſure of hearing him.

'Foit

'Fort *Knock* has occaſioned ſeveral very per-
'plexed and inelegant heads and animoſities;
'and there was one the other day in a Coffee-
'houſe where I was, that took upon him to
'clear that buſineſs to me, for he ſaid he was
'there. I knew him to be that ſort of man
'that had not ſtrength of capacity to be in-
'formed of any thing that depended merely
'upon his being an eye-witneſs, and therefore
'was fully ſatisfied he could give me no in-
'formation, for the very ſame reaſon he believed
'he could, for he was there. However, I heard
'him with the ſame greedineſs as *Shakeſpear*
'deſcribes in the following lines.

'I ſaw a Smith ſtand on his hammer, thus,
'With open mouth ſwallowing a Tailor's news.

'I confeſs of late I have not been ſo much
'amazed at the declaimers in Coffee-houſes as
'I formerly was, being ſatisfied that they ex-
'pect to be rewarded for their vociferations.
'Of theſe Liars there are two ſorts. The genius
'of the firſt conſiſts in much impudence and
'a ſtrong memory; the others have added to
'theſe qualifications a good underſtanding and
'ſmooth language. Theſe therefore have only
'certain heads, which they are as eloquent upon
'as they can, and may be called Embelliſhers;
'the others repeat only what they hear from
'others as literally as their parts or zeal will
'permit, and are called Reciters. Here was a
'fellow in town ſome years ago, who uſed

'to

'to divert himſelf by telling a lye at *Charing-Croſs* in the morning at eight of the clock, 'and then following it through all parts of 'the town until eight at night; at which time 'he came to a Club of his friends, and diverted 'them with an account what cenſure it had 'at *Will*'s in *Covent-Garden*, how dangerous it 'was believed to be at *Child*'s, and what in-'ference they drew from it with relation to 'ſtocks at *Jonathan*'s. I have had the honour 'to travel with this Gentleman I ſpeak of in 'ſearch of one of his falſhoods; and have been 'preſent when they have deſcribed the very 'man they have ſpoken to, as him who firſt 'reported it, tall or ſhort, black or fair, a 'Gentleman, or a Raggamuffin, according as 'they liked the intelligence. I have heard one 'of our ingenious Writers of News ſay, that 'when he has had a cuſtomer come with an 'advertiſement of an apprentice or a wife run 'away, he has deſired the Advertiſer to com-'poſe himſelf a little, before he dictated the 'deſcription of the offender: For when a perſon 'is put into a public paper by a man who 'is angry with him, the real deſcription of 'ſuch perſon is hid in the deformity with 'which the angry man deſcribed him; there-'fore this fellow always made his cuſtomer 'deſcribe him as he would the day before he 'offended, or elſe he was ſure he would never 'find him out. Theſe and many other hints 'I could ſuggeſt to you for the elucidation of

'all

'all factions; but I leave it to your own ſagacity 'to improve or neglect this Speculation.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

humble ſervant.

Poſtſcript to the SPECTATOR, Number 502.

N. B. 'There are in the Play of the *Self-'Tormentor* of *Terence*, which is allowed a moſt 'excellent Comedy, ſeveral incidents which 'would draw tears from any man of ſenſe, and 'not one which would move his laughter.' T

N°522 Wedneſday, October 29.

——Adjuro nunquam eam me deſerturum;
Non, ſi capiundos mihi ſciam eſſe inimicos omnes homines.
Hanc mihi expetivi, contigit: conveniunt mores: valeant,
Qui inter nos diſcidium volunt: hanc, niſi mors, mi adimet
nemo. Ter. Andr. Act 4. Sc. 2.

I ſwear never to forſake her; no, though I were ſure to make all men my enemies: Her I deſired; her I have obtained; our humours agree: Periſh all thoſe who would ſeparate us! Death alone ſhall deprive me of her.

I SHOULD eſteem myſelf a very happy man, if my Speculations could in the leaſt contribute to the rectifying the conduct of my readers in one of the moſt important affairs of life, to wit, their choice in Marriage. This ſtate is the foundation of community, and the chief band of ſociety; and I do not think I can be too frequent on ſubjects which may give light to my unmarried readers in a particular which is ſo eſſential to their following happineſs or miſery. A virtuous diſpoſition, a good underſtanding, an agreeable perſon, and an eaſy fortune, are the things which ſhould be chiefly regarded on this occaſion. Becauſe my preſent view is to direct a young Lady, who, I think, is now in doubt whom to take of many Lovers, I ſhall

I ſhall talk at this time to my female reader. The advantages, as I was going to ſay, of ſenſe, beauty and riches, are what are certainly the chief motives to a prudent young woman of fortune for changing her condition; but as ſhe is to have her eye upon each of theſe, ſhe is to aſk herſelf whether the man who has moſt of theſe recommendations in the lump is not the moſt deſirable. He that has excellent talents, with a moderate eſtate, and an agreeable perſon, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good faculties may purchaſe riches, but riches cannot purchaſe worthy endowments. I do not mean that wit, and a capacity to entertain, is what ſhould be highly valued, except it is founded upon good-nature and humanity. There are many ingenious men, whoſe abilities do little elſe but make themſelves and thoſe about them uneaſy: Such are thoſe who are far gone in the pleaſures of the town, who cannot ſupport life without quick ſenſations and gay reflexions, and are ſtrangers to tranquillity, to right reaſon, and a calm motion of ſpirits without tranſport or dejection. Theſe ingenious men, of all men living, are moſt to be avoided by her who would be happy in a huſband. They are immediately ſated with poſſeſſion, and muſt neceſſarily fly to new acquiſitions of beauty, to paſs away the whiling moments and intervals of life; for with them every hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a ſort of man of wit and ſenſe, that can reflect upon his own make, and that of his partner, with the eyes

of reaſon and honour, and who believes he offends againſt both theſe, if he does not look upon the woman (who choſe him to be under his protection in ſickneſs and health) with the utmoſt gratitude, whether from that moment ſhe is ſhining or defective in perſon or mind: I ſay there are thoſe who think themſelves bound to ſupply with good-nature the failings of thoſe who love them, and who always think thoſe the objects of love and pity, who came to their arms the objects of joy and admiration.

Of this latter ſort is *Lyſander*, a man of wit, learning, ſobriety, and good-nature, of birth and eſtate below no woman to accept, and of whom it might be ſaid, ſhould he ſucceed in his preſent wiſhes, his miſtreſs raiſed his fortune, but not that ſhe made it. When a woman is deliberating with herſelf whom ſhe ſhall chooſe of many near each other in other pretenſions, certainly he of beſt underſtanding is to be preferred. Life hangs heavily in the repeated converſation of one who has no imagination to be fired at the ſeveral occaſions and objects which come before him, or who cannot ſtrike out of his reflexions new paths of pleaſing diſcourſe. Honeſt *Will Thraſh* and his wife, though not married above four months, have ſcarce had a word to ſay to each other this ſix weeks; and one cannot form to one's ſelf a ſillier picture, than theſe two creatures in ſolemn pomp and plenty unable to enjoy their fortunes, and at a full ſtop among a crowd of ſervants, to whoſe taſte of life they are beholden for the little ſatisfactions

factions by which they can be underſtood to be ſo much as barely in being. The hours of the day, the diſtinctions of noon and night, dinner and ſupper, are the greateſt notices they are capable of. This is perhaps repreſenting the life of a very modeſt woman, joined to a dull fellow, more inſipid than it really deſerves; but I am ſure it is not to exalt the commerce with an ingenious companion too high, to ſay that every new accident or object, which comes into ſuch a Gentleman's way, gives his wife new pleaſures and ſatisfactions. The approbation of his words and actions is a continual new feaſt to her, nor can ſhe enough applaud her good fortune in having her life varied every hour, her mind more improved, and her heart more glad from every circumſtance which they meet with. He will lay out his invention in forming new pleaſures and amuſements, and make the fortune ſhe has brought him ſubſervient to the honour and reputation of her and hers. A man of ſenſe who is thus obliged, is ever contriving the happineſs of her who did him ſo great a diſtinction; while the fool is ungrateful without vice, and never returns a favour becauſe he is not ſenſible of it. I would, methinks, have ſo much to ſay for myſelf, that if I fell into the hands of him who treated me ill, he ſhould be ſenſible when he did ſo: His conſcience ſhould be of my ſide whatever became of his inclination. I do not know but it is the inſipid choice which has been made by thoſe who have the care of young women, that the Marriage

State itſelf has been liable to ſo much ridicule. But a well-choſen Love, moved by paſſion on both ſides, and perfected by the generoſity of one party, muſt be adorned with ſo many handſom incidents on the other ſide, that every particular couple would be an example in many circumſtances to all the reſt of the ſpecies. I ſhall end the chat upon this ſubject with a couple of Letters, one from a Lover who is very well acquainted with the way of bargaining on theſe occaſions; and the other from his rival, who has a leſs eſtate, but great gallantry of temper. As for my man of prudence, he makes love, as he ſays, as if he were already a father, and laying aſide the paſſion, comes to the reaſon of the thing.

MADAM,

'MY Counſel has peruſed the inventory of 'your eſtate, and conſidered what eſtate 'you have, which it ſeems is only yours, and 'to the male heirs of your body; but, in de-'fault of ſuch iſſue, to the right heirs of your 'uncle *Edward* for ever. Thus, Madam, I 'am adviſed you cannot (the remainder not 'being in you) dock the entail; by which 'means my eſtate, which is fee-ſimple, will 'come by the ſettlement propoſed to your 'children begotten by me, whether they are 'males or females; but my children begotten 'upon you will not inherit your lands, except 'I beget a ſon. Now, Madam, ſince things 'are ſo, you are a woman of that prudence,

'and

'and underſtand the world ſo well, as not to 'expect I ſhould give you more than you can 'give me.

I am, Madam,

(with great reſpect)

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

T. W.

The other Lover's eſtate is leſs than this Gentleman's, but he expreſſed himſelf as follows.

MADAM,

'I Have given in my eſtate to your Counſel, 'and deſired my own Lawyer to inſiſt upon 'no terms which your friends can propoſe for 'your certain eaſe and advantage: For indeed 'I have no notion of making difficulties of 'preſenting you with what cannot make me 'happy without you.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt devoted humble ſervant,

B. T.

You muſt know the relations have met upon this, and the girl being mightily taken with the latter Epiſtle, ſhe is laughed at, and uncle *Edward* is to be dealt with to make her a ſuitable match to the worthy Gentleman who has told her he does not care a farthing for her. All I hope for is, that the Lady *Fair* will make uſe of the

firſt light night to ſhow *B. T.* ſhe underſtands a marriage is not to be conſidered as a common bargain. T

N°523 Thurſday, October 30.

——— ——— *Nunc Augur Apollo,*
Nunc Lyciæ ſortes, nunc & Jove miſſus ab ipſo
Interpres Divûm fert horrida juſſa per auras.
Scilicet is ſuperis labor——— Virg. Æn. 4. v. 376.

Now *Lycian* lots, and now the *Delian* God;
Now *Hermes* is employ'd from *Jove*'s abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful ſtate
Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
DRYDEN.

I AM always highly delighted with the diſcovery of any riſing Genius among my countrymen. For this reaſon I have read over, with great pleaſure, the late Miſcellany publiſhed by Mr. *Pope*, in which there are many excellent compoſitions of that ingenious Gentleman. I have had a pleaſure of the ſame kind, in peruſing a Poem that is juſt publiſhed *on the Proſpect of Peace*, and which, I hope, will meet with ſuch a reward from its patrons, as ſo noble a performance deſerves. I was particularly well pleaſed to find that the Author had not amuſed himſelf with fables out of the Pagan theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many

Many of our modern Authors, whoſe learning very often extends no farther than *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of ſchool-boy tales with the recital of his actions. If you read a Poem on a fine woman, among the Authors of this claſs, you ſhall ſee that it turns more upon *Venus* or *Helen*, than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verſes on a great Hero highly commended; but upon aſking to hear ſome of the beautiful paſſages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a ſpeech of *Apollo*, or a deſcription of *Polypheme*. At other times when I have ſearched for the actions of a great man, who gave a ſubject to the Writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a River-God, or have been forced to attend a Fury in her miſchievous progreſs, from one end of the Poem to the other. When we are at ſchool it is neceſſary for us to be acquainted with the ſyſtem of Pagan Theology, and may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an Epigram with an heathen God; but when we would write a manly Panegyric, that ſhould carry in it all the colours of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourſe to our *Jupiters* and *Junos*.

No thought is beautiful which is not juſt, and no thought can be juſt which is not founded in truth, or at leaſt in that which paſſes for ſuch.

In mock-heroic Poems, the uſe of the heathen mythology is not only excuſable but graceful, becauſe it is the deſign of ſuch compoſitions to divert,

divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the ancients to low ſubjects, and at the ſame time by ridiculing ſuch kinds of machinery in modern Writers. If any are of opinion, that there is a neceſſity of admitting theſe claſſical legends into our ſerious compoſitions, in order to give them a more poetical turn; I would recommend to their conſideration the Paſtorals of Mr. *Phillips*. One would have thought it impoſſible for this kind of poetry to have ſubſiſted without Fawns and Satyrs, Wood-Nymphs and Water-Nymphs, with all the tribe of rural Deities. But we ſee he has given a new life, and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by ſubſtituting in the place of theſe antiquated fables, the ſuperſtitious mythology which prevails among the ſhepherds of our own country.

Virgil and *Homer* might compliment their Heroes, by interweaving the actions of Deities with their atchievements; but for a Chriſtian Author to write in the Pagan creed, to make Prince *Eugene* a favourite of *Mars*, or to carry on a correſpondence between *Bellona* and the Marſhal *de Villars*, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a Poet that is paſt ſixteen. It is want of ſufficient elevation in a Genius to deſcribe realities, and place them in a ſhining light, that makes him have recourſe to ſuch trifling antiquated fables; as a man may write a fine deſcription of *Bacchus* or *Apollo*, that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a ſtop to this abſurd practice, I ſhall publiſh the following Edict, by virtue of that Spectatorial authority with which I ſtand inveſted.

'WHereas the time of a general Peace is, 'in all appearance, drawing near, and 'being informed that there are ſeveral inge- 'nious perſons who intend to ſhew their talents 'on ſo happy an occaſion, and being willing, 'as much as in me lies, to prevent that effuſion 'of Nonſenſe, which we have good cauſe to 'apprehend; I do hereby ſtrictly require every 'perſon, who ſhall write on this ſubject, to 'remember that he is a Chriſtian, and not to 'ſacrifice his catechiſm to his poetry. In order 'to it, I do expect of him in the firſt place, 'to make his own Poem, without depending 'upon *Phœbus* for any part of it, or calling out 'for aid upon any one of the Muſes by name. 'I do likewiſe poſitively forbid the ſending of '*Mercury* with any particular meſſage or diſpatch 'relating to the Peace, and ſhall by no means 'ſuffer *Minerva* to take upon her the ſhape of 'any Plenipotentiary concerned in this great 'work. I do further declare, that I ſhall not 'allow the Deſtinies to have had an hand in 'the deaths of the ſeveral thouſands who have 'been ſlain in the late war, being of opinion 'that all ſuch deaths may be very well accounted 'for by the Chriſtian ſyſtem of powder and 'ball. I do therefore ſtrictly forbid the Fates 'to cut the thread of man's life upon any

'pretence

'pretence whatſoever, unleſs it be for the 'ſake of the rhyme. And whereas I have 'good reaſon to fear, that *Neptune* will have 'a great deal of buſineſs on his hands, in ſeveral 'Poems which we may now ſuppoſe are upon 'the anvil, I do alſo prohibit his appearance, 'unleſs it be done in metaphor, ſimile, or any 'very ſhort alluſion, and that even here he be 'not permitted to enter but with great caution 'and circumſpection. I deſire that the ſame 'rule may be extended to his whole fraternity 'of heathen Gods, it being my deſign to con-'demn every Poem to the flames in which '*Jupiter* thunders, or exerciſes any other act of 'authority which does not belong to him: In 'ſhort, I expect that no Pagan agent ſhall be 'introduced, or any fact related which a man 'cannot give credit to with a good conſcience. 'Provided always that nothing herein contained 'ſhall extend, or be conſtrued to extend, to ſeveral 'of the female Poets in this nation, who ſhall 'ſtill be left in full poſſeſſion of their Gods and 'Goddeſſes, in the ſame manner as if this Paper 'had never been written. O

Friday,

N°524 Friday, October 31.

Nos populo damus—— Sen.

As the world leads, we follow.

WHEN I firſt of all took it in my head to write Dreams and Viſions, I determined to print nothing of that nature, which was not of my own invention. But ſeveral laborious Dreamers have of late communicated to me works of this nature, which, for their reputations and my own, I have hitherto ſuppreſſed. Had I printed every one that came to my hands, my book of Speculations would have been little elſe but a book of Viſions. Some of my correſpondents have indeed been ſo very modeſt, as to offer at an excuſe for their not being in a capacity to dream better. I have by me, for example, the Dream of a young Gentleman not paſt fifteen. I have likewiſe by me the Dream of a perſon of Quality, and another called the Lady's Dream. In theſe, and other pieces of the ſame nature, it is ſuppoſed the uſual allowances will be made to the age, condition and ſex of the Dreamer. To prevent this inundation of Dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I ſhall apply to all dreamers of Dreams, the advice which *Epictetus* has couched, after his manner, in a very ſimple and

and conciſe precept, 'Never tell thy Dreams,' ſays that Philoſopher, 'for though thou thyſelf 'mayeſt take a pleaſure in telling thy Dream, another will take no pleaſure in hearing it.' After this ſhort preface, I muſt do juſtice to two or three Viſions which I have lately publiſhed, and which I have owned to have been written by other hands. I ſhall add a Dream to theſe, which comes to me from *Scotland*, by one who declares himſelf of that country, and for all I know may be ſecond-ſighted. There is, indeed, ſomething in it of the ſpirit of *John Bunyan*; but at the ſame time a certain ſublime, which that Author was never maſter of. I ſhall publiſh it, becauſe I queſtion not but it will fall in with the taſte of all my popular readers, and amuſe the imaginations of thoſe who are more profound; declaring at the ſame time, that this is the laſt Dream which I intend to publiſh this ſeaſon.

SIR,

'I Was laſt *Sunday* in the evening led into 'a ſerious reflexion on the reaſonableneſs of 'virtue, and great folly of vice, from an excel-'lent ſermon I had heard that afternoon in my 'pariſh church. Among other obſervations, the 'Preacher ſhewed us that the temptations which 'the Tempter propoſed, were all on a ſuppo-'ſition, that we are either madmen or fools, or 'with an intention to render us ſuch; that in 'no other affair we would ſuffer ourſelves to 'be thus impoſed upon, in a caſe ſo plainly and 'clearly againſt our viſible intereſt. His illuſ-

'trations

'trations and arguments carried ſo much per-
'ſuaſion and conviction with them, that they
'remained a conſiderable while freſh, and
'working in my memory; until at laſt the
'mind, fatigued with thought, gave way to the
'forcible oppreſſions of ſlumber and ſleep, whilſt
'Fancy, unwilling yet to drop the ſubject, pre-
'ſented me with the following Viſion.

'Methought I was juſt awoke out of a ſleep,
'that I could never remember the beginning of;
'the place where I found myſelf to be, was
'a wide and ſpacious plain, full of people that
'wandered up and down through ſeveral beaten
'paths, whereof ſome few were ſtraight, and
'in direct lines, but moſt of them winding and
'turning like a labyrinth; but yet it appeared
'to me afterwards, that theſe laſt all met in
'one iſſue, ſo that many that ſeemed to ſteer
'quite contrary courſes, did at length meet and
'face one another, to the no little amazement
'of many of them.

'In the midſt of the plain there was a great
'fountain: They called it the ſpring of *Self-*
'*Love*; out of it iſſued two rivulets to the eaſt-
'ward and weſtward; the name of the firſt was
'*Heavenly-Wiſdom*, its water was wonderfully
'clear, but of a yet more wonderful effect;
'the other's name was *Worldly-Wiſdom*, its water
'was thick, and yet far from being dormant
'or ſtagnating, for it was in a continual violent
'agitation; which kept the travellers whom I
'ſhall mention by and by, from being ſenſible
'of the foulneſs and thickneſs of the water;

'which

'which had this effect, that it intoxicated thoſe 'who drunk it, and made them miſtake every 'object that lay before them: both rivulets were 'parted near their ſprings into ſo many others, 'as there were ſtraight and crooked paths, which 'they attended all along to their reſpective iſſues.

'I obſerved from the ſeveral paths many now 'and then diverting, to refreſh and otherwiſe 'qualify themſelves for their journey, to the 'reſpective rivulets that ran near them; they 'contracted a very obſervable courage and ſteadi-'neſs in what they were about, by drinking 'theſe waters. At the end of the perſpective 'of every ſtraight path, all which did end in 'one iſſue and point, appeared a high pillar, 'all of diamond, caſting rays as bright as thoſe 'of the ſun into the paths; which rays had 'alſo certain ſympathizing and alluring virtues 'in them, ſo that whoſoever had made ſome 'conſiderable progreſs in his journey onwards 'towards the pillar, by the repeated impreſſion 'of theſe rays upon him, was wrought into an 'habitual inclination and converſion of his ſight 'towards it, ſo that it grew at laſt in a manner 'natural to him to look and gaze upon it, 'whereby he was kept ſteady in the ſtraight 'paths, which alone led to that radiant body, the 'beholding of which was now grown a gra-'tification to his nature.

'At the iſſue of the crooked paths there was 'a great black tower, out of the centre of which 'ſtreamed a long ſucceſſion of flames, which 'did riſe even above the clouds; it gave a very

'great

'great light to the whole plain, which did 'ſometimes outſhine the light, and oppreſſed 'the beams of the adamantine pillar; though 'by the obſervation I made afterwards, it appeared 'that it was not for any diminution of light, but 'that this lay in the travellers, who would ſome-'times ſtep out of the ſtraight paths, where they 'loſt the full proſpect of the radiant pillar, and 'ſaw it but ſide-ways: but the great light from 'the black tower, which was ſomewhat par-'ticularly ſcorching to them, would generally 'light and haſten them to their proper climate 'again.

'Round about the black tower there were, 'methought, many thouſands of huge miſhapen 'ugly monſters; theſe had great nets, which 'they were perpetually plying and caſting to-'wards the crooked paths, and they would now 'and then catch up thoſe that were neareſt to 'them: theſe they took up ſtraight, and whirled 'over the walls into the flaming tower, and 'they were no more ſeen nor heard of.

'They would ſometimes caſt their nets to-'wards the right paths to catch the ſtragglers, 'whoſe eyes, for want of frequent drinking at 'the brook that ran by them, grew dim, 'whereby they loſt their way; theſe would 'ſometimes very narrowly miſs being catched 'away, but I could not hear whether any of 'thoſe had ever been ſo unfortunate, that had 'been before very hearty in the ſtraight paths.

'I conſidered all theſe ſtrange ſights with 'great attention, until at laſt I was interrupted

'by a cluſter of the travellers in the crooked 'paths, who came up to me, bid me go along 'with them, and preſently fell to ſinging and 'dancing; they took me by the hand, and 'ſo carried me away along with them. After 'I had followed them a conſiderable while, I 'perceived I had loſt the black tower of light, 'at which I greatly wondered; but as I looked 'and gazed round about me, and ſaw nothing, 'I begun to fancy my firſt Viſion had been 'but a dream, and there was no ſuch thing in 'reality: but then I conſidered, that if I could 'fancy to ſee what was not, I might as well 'have an illuſion wrought on me at preſent, 'and not ſee what was really before me. I 'was very much confirmed in this thought, 'by the effect I then juſt obſerved the water 'of *Worldly-Wiſdom* had upon me; for as I 'had drunk a little of it again, I felt a very 'ſenſible effect in my head; methought it diſ-'tracted and diſordered all there: this made 'me ſtop of a ſudden, ſuſpecting ſome charm 'or inchantment. As I was caſting about within 'myſelf what I ſhould do, and whom to apply 'to in this caſe, I ſpied at ſome diſtance off me 'a man beckoning, and making ſigns to me to 'come over to him. I cried to him, "I did "not know the way." He then called to me 'audibly, to ſtep at leaſt out of the path I was 'in; for if I ſtaid there any longer I was in 'danger to be catched in a great net that was 'juſt hanging over me, and ready to catch me 'up; that he wondered I was ſo blind, or ſo

'diſtracted,

'distracted, as not to see so imminent and visible
'a danger, assuring me, that as soon as I was
'out of that way, he would come to me to
'lead me into a more secure path. This he
'did, and he brought me his palm full of the
'water of *Heavenly-Wisdom*, which was of very
'great use to me, for my eyes were straight
'cleared, and I saw the great black tower just
'before me; but the great net which I spied
'so near me, cast me in such a terror, that
'I ran back as far as I could in one breath,
'without looking behind me: then my bene-
'factor thus bespoke me; You have made the
'wonderfullest escape in the world, the water
'you used to drink is of a bewitching nature,
'you would else have been mightily shocked at
'the deformities and meanness of the place; for
'beside the set of blind fools in whose company
'you was, you may now behold many others
'who are only bewitched after another no less
'dangerous manner. Look a little that way,
'there goes a crowd of passengers, they have
'indeed so good a head as not to suffer them-
'selves to be blinded by this bewitching water;
'the black tower is not vanished out of their
'sight, they see it whenever they look up to it;
'but see how they go side-ways, and with their
'eyes downwards, as if they were mad, that they
'may thus rush into the net, without being
'beforehand troubled at the thought of so
'miserable a destruction. Their wills are so
'perverse, and their hearts so fond of the plea-
'sures of the place, that rather than forego them

'they will run all hazards, and venture upon 'all the miſeries and woes before them.

'See there that other company, though they 'ſhould drink none of the bewitching water, 'yet they take a courſe bewitching and de-'luding; ſee how they chooſe the crookedeſt 'paths, whereby they have often the black 'tower behind them, and ſometimes ſee the 'radiant column ſide-ways, which gives them 'ſome weak glimpſe of it. Theſe fools content 'themſelves with that, not knowing whether 'any other have any more of its influence and 'light than themſelves: this road is called that 'of *Superſtition* or *Human Invention*; they groſly 'overlook that which the rules and laws of the 'place preſcribe to them, and contrive ſome 'other ſcheme and ſet of directions and pre-'ſcriptions for themſelves, which they hope will 'ſerve their turn. He ſhewed me many other 'kind of fools, which put me quite out of humour 'with the place. At laſt he carried me to the 'right paths, where I found true and ſolid 'pleaſure, which entertained me all the way, 'until we came in cloſer ſight of the pillar, where 'the ſatisfaction increaſed to that meaſure that 'my faculties were not able to contain it; in 'the ſtraining of them I was violently waked, 'not a little grieved at the vaniſhing of ſo pleaſant 'a dream.

Glaſcow, Sept. 29.

Saturday,

N° 525 Saturday, November 1.

Ὁ δ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον ἐπ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἄγων ἔρως,
Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποισιν——— Eurip.

That love alone, which Virtue's laws controul,
Deſerves reception in the human ſoul.

IT is my cuſtom to take frequent opportunities of inquiring from time to time, what ſucceſs my Speculations meet with in the town. I am glad to find in particular, that my diſcourſes on Marriage have been well received. A friend of mine gives me to underſtand, from *Doctors-Commons*, that more licences have been taken out there of late than uſual. I am likewiſe informed of ſeveral pretty fellows, who have reſolved to commence heads of families by the firſt favourable opportunity: One of them writes me word, that he is ready to enter into the Bonds of Matrimony, provided I will give it him under my hand (as I now do) that a man may ſhew his face in good company after he is married, and that he need not be aſhamed to treat a woman with kindneſs, who puts herſelf into his power for life.

I have other Letters on this ſubject, which ſay that I am attempting to make a revolution in the world of gallantry, and that the conſequence of it will be, that a great deal of the

ſprightlieſt wit and ſatire of the laſt age will be loſt: That a baſhful fellow upon changing his condition, will be no longer puzzled how to ſtand the rallery of his facetious companions; that he need not own he married only to plunder an heireſs of her fortune, nor pretend that he uſes her ill, to avoid the ridiculous name of a fond huſband.

Indeed if I may ſpeak my opinion of great part of the writings which once prevailed among us under the notion of humour, they are ſuch as would tempt one to think there had been an aſſociation among the Wits of thoſe times to rally legitimacy out of our iſland. A ſtate of Wedlock was the common mark of all the adventurers in Farce and Comedy, as well as the eſſayers in Lampoon and Satire, to ſhoot at, and nothing was a more ſtanding jeſt in all clubs of faſhionable mirth, and gay converſation. It was determined among thoſe airy Critics, that the appellation of a Sober Man ſhould ſignify a Spiritleſs Fellow. And I am apt to think it was about the ſame time, that Good-nature, a word ſo peculiarly elegant in our language, that ſome have affirmed it cannot well be expreſſed in any other, came firſt to be rendered ſuſpicious, and in danger of being transferred from its original ſenſe to ſo diſtant an idea as that of Folly.

I muſt confeſs it has been my ambition in the courſe of my Writings, to reſtore, as well as I was able, the proper ideas of things. And as I have attempted this already on the ſubject of Marriage, in ſeveral Papers, I ſhall here add

ſome farther obſervations which occur to me on the ſame head.

Nothing ſeems to be thought, by our fine Gentlemen, ſo indiſpenſible an ornament in faſhionable life, as Love. 'A Knight-Errant,' ſays *Don Quixote*, 'without a miſtreſs, is like a 'tree without leaves;' and a man of mode among us, who has not ſome fair one to ſigh for, might as well pretend to appear dreſſed, without his periwig. We have Lovers in proſe innumerable. All our pretenders to rhyme are profeſſed Inamorato's; and there is ſcarce a Poet, good or bad, to be heard of, who has not ſome real or ſuppoſed *Sachariſſa* to improve his vein.

If Love be any refinement, Conjugal Love muſt be certainly ſo in a much higher degree. There is no compariſon between the frivolous affectation of attracting the eyes of women with whom you are only captivated by way of amuſement, and of whom perhaps you know nothing more than their features, and a regular and uniform endeavour to make yourſelf valuable, both as a Friend and Lover, to one whom you have choſen to be the companion of your life. The firſt is the ſpring of a thouſand fopperies, ſilly artifices, falſhoods, and perhaps barbarities; or at beſt riſes no higher than to a kind of dancing-ſchool breeding, to give the perſon a more ſparkling air. The latter is the parent of ſubſtantial virtues and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the mind while it improves the behaviour. The paſſion of Love to a miſtreſs, even where it is moſt ſincere, reſembles too much the

flame of a fever; that to a wife is like the vital heat.

I have often thought, if the letters written by men of good-nature to their wives, were to be compared with thoſe written by men of gallantry to their miſtreſſes, the former, notwithſtanding any inequality of ſtile, would appear to have the advantage. Friendſhip, tenderneſs and conſtancy, dreſſed in a ſimplicity of expreſſion, recommend themſelves by a more native elegance, than paſſionate raptures, extravagant encomiums, and ſlaviſh adoration. If we were admitted to ſearch the cabinet of the beautiful *Narciſſa*, among heaps of epiſtles from ſeveral admirers, which are there preſerved with equal care, how few ſhould we find but would make any one ſick in the reading, except her who is flattered by them? But in how different a ſtile muſt the wiſe *Benevolus*, who converſes with that good ſenſe and good humour among all his friends, write to a wife who is the worthy object of his utmoſt affection? *Benevolus*, both in public and private, and all occaſions of life, appears to have every good quality and deſirable ornament. Abroad he is reverenced and eſteemed; at home beloved and happy. The ſatisfaction he enjoys there, ſettles into an habitual complacency, which ſhines in his countenance, enlivens his wit, and ſeaſons his converſation: Even thoſe of his acquaintance, who have never ſeen him in his retirement, are ſharers in the happineſs of it; and it is very much owing to his being the beſt and beſt-beloved of huſbands, that he is

the

the moſt ſtedfaſt of friends, and the moſt agreeable of companions.

There is a ſenſible pleaſure in contemplating ſuch beautiful inſtances of domeſtic life. The happineſs of the Conjugal State appears heightened to the higheſt degree it is capable of, when we ſee two perſons of accompliſhed minds, not only united in the ſame intereſts and affections, but in their taſte of the ſame improvements, pleaſures and diverſions. *Pliny*, one of the fineſt Gentlemen, and politeſt Writers of the age in which he lived, has left us in his Letter to *Hiſpulla*, his wife's aunt, one of the moſt agreeable family-pieces of this kind I ever met with. I ſhall end this diſcourſe with a tranſlation of it; and I believe the reader will be of my opinion, that Conjugal Love is drawn in it with a delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have repreſented it, an ornament as well as a virtue.

PLINY to HISPULLA.

'AS I remember the great affection which 'was between you and your excellent 'brother, and know you love his daughter as 'your own, ſo as not only to expreſs the tender-'neſs of the beſt of aunts, but even to ſup-'ply that of the beſt of fathers; I am ſure 'it will be a pleaſure to you to hear that ſhe 'proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, 'and of your and her anceſtors. Her ingenuity 'is admirable; her frugality extraordinary. She 'loves me, the ſureſt pledge of her virtue; and

'adds

'adds to this a wonderful diſpoſition to learning, 'which ſhe has acquired from her affection to 'me. She reads my writings, ſtudies them, 'and even gets them by heart. You would 'ſmile to ſee the concern ſhe is in when I 'have a cauſe to plead, and the joy ſhe ſhews 'when it is over. She finds means to have the 'firſt news brought her of the ſucceſs I meet with 'in court, how I am heard and what decree is 'made. If I recite any thing in public, ſhe can-'not refrain from placing herſelf privately in 'ſome corner to hear, where with the utmoſt 'delight ſhe feaſts upon my applauſes. Some-'times ſhe ſings my verſes, and accompanies 'them with the lute, without any maſter, ex-'cept Love, the beſt of inſtructors. From theſe 'inſtances I take the moſt certain omens of our 'perpetual and increaſing happineſs; ſince her 'affection is not founded on my youth and 'perſon, which muſt gradually decay, but ſhe 'is in love with the immortal part of me, my 'glory and reputation. Nor indeed could leſs 'be expected from one who had the happineſs 'to receive her education from you, who in 'your houſe was accuſtomed to every thing that 'was virtuous and decent, and even began to 'love me by your recommendation. For, as 'you had always the greateſt reſpect for my 'mother, you were pleaſed from my infancy 'to form me, to commend me, and kindly to 'preſage I ſhould be one day what my wife 'fancies I am. Accept therefore our united 'thanks; mine, that you have beſtowed her on

'me,

'me, and hers, that you have given me to her,
'as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.

N° 526 Monday, November 3.

Fortiùs utere loris. Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 127.

Keep a ſtiff rein ADDISON.

I AM very loth to come to extremities with the young Gentlemen mentioned in the following Letter, and do not care to chaſtiſe them with my own hand, until I am forced by provocations too great to be ſuffered without the abſolute deſtruction of my Spectatorial dignity. The crimes of theſe offenders are placed under the obſervation of one of my chief Officers, who is poſted juſt at the entrance of the paſs between *London* and *Weſtminſter*. As I have great confidence in the capacity, reſolution and integrity of the perſon deputed by me to give an account of enormities, I doubt not but I ſhall ſoon have before me all proper notices which are requiſite for the amendment of manners in public, and the inſtruction of each individual of the human ſpecies in what is due from him, in reſpect to the whole body of mankind. The preſent Paper ſhall conſiſt only of the above-mentioned Letter, and the copy of a deputation which I have given to my truſty friend Mr. *John Sly*; wherein he is charged to notify to me all that

that is neceſſary for my animadverſion upon the delinquents mentioned by my correſpondent, as well as all others deſcribed in the ſaid deputation.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL of *Great-Britain*.

'I grant it does look a little familiar, but I 'muſt call you

Dear Dumb,

'BEING got again to the farther end of 'the *Widow*'s Coffee-houſe, I ſhall from 'hence give you ſome account of the behaviour 'of our Hackney-Coachmen ſince my laſt. 'Theſe indefatigable Gentlemen, without the 'leaſt deſign, I dare ſay, of ſelf-intereſt or ad-'vantage to themſelves, do ſtill ply as voluntiers 'day and night for the good of their country. 'I will not trouble you with enumerating many 'particulars, but I muſt by no means omit to 'inform you of an infant about ſix foot high, 'and between twenty and thirty years of age, 'who was ſeen in the arms of a Hackney-'Coachman driving by *Will*'s Coffee-houſe in '*Covent-Garden*, between the hours of four and 'five in the afternoon of that very day, wherein 'you publiſhed a memorial againſt them. This 'impudent young cur, though he could not ſit 'in a coach-box without holding, yet would 'he venture his neck to bid defiance to your 'Spectatorial authority, or to any thing that you

'coun-

'countenanced. Who he was I know not, but 'I heard this relation this morning from a Gen-'tleman who was an eye-witneſs of this his 'impudence; and I was willing to take the 'firſt opportunity to inform you of him, as 'holding it extremely requiſite that you ſhould 'nip him in the bud. But I am myſelf moſt 'concerned for my fellow-templars, fellow-'ſtudents, and fellow-labourers in the Law, I 'mean ſuch of them as are dignified and diſ-'tinguiſhed under the denomination of Hackney-'Coachmen. Such aſpiring minds have theſe 'ambitious young men, that they cannot enjoy 'themſelves out of a coach-box. It is however 'an unſpeakable comfort to me, that I can now 'tell you, that ſome of them are grown ſo 'baſhful as to ſtudy only in the night-time, 'or in the country. The other night I ſpied 'one of our young Gentlemen very diligent at 'his lucubrations in *Fleet-ſtreet*; and by the 'way, I ſhould be under ſome concern, leſt 'this hard ſtudent ſhould one time or other 'crack his brain with ſtudying, but that I am 'in hopes Nature has taken care to fortify him 'in proportion to the great undertakings he was 'deſigned for. Another of my fellow-templars, 'on *Thurſday* laſt, was getting up into his ſtudy 'at the bottom of *Grays-Inn-Lane*, in order, 'I ſuppoſe, to contemplate in the freſh air. 'Now, Sir, my requeſt is, that the great mo-'deſty of theſe two Gentlemen may be re-'corded as a pattern to the reſt; and if you 'would but give them two or three touches

'with

'with your own pen, though you might not 'perhaps prevail with them to deſiſt intirely 'from their meditations, yet I doubt not but 'you would at leaſt preſerve them from being 'public ſpectacles of folly in our ſtreets. I ſay, 'two or three touches with your own pen; 'for I have really obſerved, Mr. SPEC, that 'thoſe SPECTATORS which are ſo prettily 'laced down the ſides with little *c's*, how in-'ſtructive ſoever they may be, do not carry 'with them that authority as the others. I 'do again therefore deſire, that, for the ſake 'of their dear necks, you will beſtow one pen-'ful of your own ink upon them. I know you 'are loth to expoſe them; and it is, I muſt 'confeſs, a thouſand pities that any young Gen-'tleman, who is come of honeſt parents, ſhould 'be brought to public ſhame: And indeed I 'ſhould be glad to have them handled a little 'tenderly at the firſt; but if fair means will 'not prevail, there is then no other way to 'reclaim them, but by making uſe of ſome 'wholſom ſeverities; and I think it is better 'that a dozen or two of ſuch good-for-nothing 'fellows ſhould be made examples of, than 'that the reputation of ſome hundreds of as 'hopeful young Gentlemen as myſelf ſhould 'ſuffer through their folly. It is not, however, 'for me to direct you what to do; but, in ſhort, 'if our Coachmen will drive on this trade, the 'very firſt of them that I do find meditating in 'the ſtreet, I ſhall make bold to take the number 'of his chambers, together with a note of his

'name,

'name, and diſpatch them to you, that you 'may chaſtiſe him at your own diſcretion.

I am, dear SPEC,

for ever yours,

Moſes Greenbag,

Eſquire, if you pleaſe.

P. S. '*Tom Hammercloth*, one of our Coach-'men, is now pleading at the Bar at the other 'end of the room, but has a little too much 'vehemence, and throws out his arms too much 'to take his audience with a good grace.'

To my loving and well-beloved *John Sly*, haberdaſher of hats, and tobacconiſt, between the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

WHereas frequent diſorders, affronts, indignities, omiſſions, and treſpaſſes, for which there are no remedies by any form of law, but which apparently diſturb and diſquiet the minds of men, happen near the place of your reſidence; and that you are, as well by your commodious ſituation, as the good parts with which you are endowed, properly qualified for the obſervation of the ſaid offences; I do hereby authoriſe and depute you, from the hours of nine in the morning, until four in the afternoon, to keep a ſtrict eye upon all perſons and things that are conveyed in coaches, carried in carts, or walk on foot from the city of *London* to the city

city of *Weſtminſter*, or from the city of *Weſtminſter* to the city of *London*, within the ſaid hours. You are therefore not to depart from your obſervatory at the end of *Devereux-Court*, during the ſaid ſpace of each day; but to obſerve the behaviour of all perſons who are ſuddenly tranſported from ſtamping on pebbles to ſit at eaſe in chariots, what notice they take of their foot-acquaintance, and ſend me the ſpeedieſt advice, when they are guilty of overlooking, turning from, or appearing grave and diſtant to their old friends. When man and wife are in the ſame coach, you are to ſee whether they appear pleaſed or tired with each other, and whether they carry the due mean in the eye of the world between fondneſs and coldneſs. You are carefully to behold all ſuch as ſhall have addition of honour or riches, and report whether they preſerve the countenance they had before ſuch addition. As to perſons on foot, you are to be attentive whether they are pleaſed with their condition, and are dreſſed ſuitable to it; but eſpecially to diſtinguiſh ſuch as appear diſcreet, by a low-heel ſhoe, with the decent ornament of a leather-garter: To write down the names of ſuch country Gentlemen as, upon the approach of peace, have left the hunting for the military cock of the hat: Of all who ſtrut, make a noiſe, and ſwear at the drivers of coaches to make haſte, when they ſee it impoſſible they ſhould paſs: Of all young Gentlemen in coach-boxes, who labour at a perfection in what they are ſure to be excelled by

by the meaneſt of the people. You are to do all that in you lies that coaches and paſſengers give way according to the courſe of buſineſs, all the morning in term time towards *Weſtminſter*, the reſt of the year towards the Exchange. Upon theſe directions, together with other ſecret articles herein incloſed, you are to govern yourſelf, and give advertiſement thereof to me at all convenient and Spectatorial hours, when men of buſineſs are to be ſeen. Hereof you are not to fail. Given under my ſeal of office.

T The SPECTATOR.

N°527 Tueſday, November 4.

Facilè invenies & pejorem, & pejùs moratam;
Meliorem neque tu reperies, neque ſol videt.
Plautus in Sticho.

You will eaſily find a worſe woman; a better the ſun never ſhone upon.

I AM ſo tender of my women-readers, that I cannot defer the publication of any thing which concerns their happineſs or quiet. The repoſe of a married woman is conſulted in the firſt of the following Letters, and the felicity of a maiden Lady in the ſecond. I call it a felicity to have the addreſſes of an agreeable man: and I think I have not any where ſeen a prettier application of a poetical ſtory than that of his,

in making the tale of *Cephalus* and *Procris* the hiſtory-picture of a fan in ſo gallant a manner as he addreſſes it. But ſee the Letters.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is now almoſt three months ſince I was 'in town about ſome buſineſs; and the 'hurry of it being over, took coach one after-'noon, and drove to ſee a relation, who mar-'ried about ſix years ago a wealthy citizen. I 'found her at home, but her huſband gone to 'the Exchange, and expected back within an 'hour at the fartheſt. After the uſual ſalutations 'of kindneſs, and a hundred queſtions about 'friends in the country, we ſat down to Piquet, 'played two or three games, and drank tea. 'I ſhould have told you that this was my ſecond 'time of ſeeing her ſince marriage; but before, 'ſhe lived at the ſame town where I went to 'ſchool; ſo that the plea of a relation, added 'to the innocence of my youth, prevailed upon 'her good humour to indulge me in a freedom 'of converſation as often, and oftener, than the 'ſtrict diſcipline of the ſchool would allow of. 'You may eaſily imagine after ſuch an ac-'quaintance we might be exceeding merry with-'out any offence, as in calling to mind how 'many inventions I had been put to in deluding 'the maſter, how many hands forged for ex-'cuſes, how many times been ſick in perfect 'health; for I was then never ſick but at 'ſchool, and only then becauſe out of her com-'pany. We had whiled away three hours after

'this

'this manner, when I found it paſt five; and 'not expecting her huſband would return until 'late, roſe up, told her I ſhould go early next 'morning for the country: She kindly anſwered 'ſhe was afraid it would be long before ſhe ſaw 'me again; ſo I took my leave and parted. 'Now, Sir, I had not been got home a fort-'night, when I received a letter from a neigh-'bour of theirs, that ever ſince that fatal after-'noon the Lady had been moſt inhumanly 'treated, and the huſband publickly ſtormed 'that he was made a member of too numerous 'a ſociety. He had, it ſeems, liſtened moſt of 'the time my couſin and I were together. As 'jealous ears always hear double, ſo he heard 'enough to make him mad; and as jealous eyes 'always ſee through magnifying-glaſſes, ſo he 'was certain it could not be I whom he had 'ſeen, a beardleſs ſtripling, but fancied he ſaw 'a gay Gentleman of the Temple, ten years 'older than myſelf; and for that reaſon, I pre-'ſume, durſt not come in, nor take any notice 'when I went out. He is perpetually aſking 'his wife if ſhe does not think the time long '(as ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould) until ſhe ſee her couſin 'again. Pray, Sir, what can be done in this 'caſe? I have writ to him to aſſure him I was 'at his houſe all that afternoon expecting to ſee 'him: His anſwer is, it is only a trick of hers, 'and that he neither can nor will believe me. 'The parting kiſs I find mightily nettles him, 'and confirms him in all his errors. *Ben John-'ſon*, as I remember, makes a foreigner in one

'of his Comedies, "admire the deſperate valour "of the bold *Engliſh*, who let out their wives "to all encounters." The general cuſtom of 'ſalutation ſhould excuſe the favour done me, 'or you ſhould lay down rules when ſuch diſ-'tinctions are to be given or omitted. You can-'not imagine, Sir, how troubled I am for this 'unhappy Lady's misfortune, and beg you would 'inſert this Letter, that the huſband may reflect 'upon this accident coolly. It is no ſmall 'matter, the eaſe of a virtuous woman for her 'whole life: I know ſhe will conform to any 'regularities (though more ſtrict than the com-'mon rules of our country require) to which 'his particular temper ſhall incline him to oblige 'her. This accident puts me in mind how 'generouſly *Piſiſtratus* the *Athenian* Tyrant be-'haved himſelf on a like occaſion, when he was 'inſtigated by his wife to put to death a young 'Gentleman, becauſe being paſſionately fond 'of his daughter, he kiſſed her in public as he 'met her in the ſtreet; "What (ſays he) ſhall "we do to thoſe who are our enemies, if we "do thus to thoſe who are our friends?" I will 'not trouble you much longer, but am ex-'ceedingly concerned leſt this accident may 'cauſe a virtuous Lady to lead a miſerable life 'with a huſband, who has no grounds for his 'jealouſy but what I have faithfully related, 'and ought to be reckoned none. It is to be 'feared too, if at laſt he ſees his miſtake, yet 'people will be as ſlow and unwilling in diſ-'believing ſcandal, as they are quick and forward

'in

'in believing it. I ſhall endeavour to enliven 'this plain honeſt Letter with *Ovid*'s relation 'about *Cybele*'s image. The ſhip wherein it 'was aboard was ſtranded at the mouth of the '*Tiber*, and the men were unable to move it, 'until *Claudia*, a virgin, but ſuſpected of un-'chaſtity, by a ſlight pull hawled it in. The 'ſtory is told in the fourth book of the *Faſti*.

Parent of Gods, began the weeping fair,
Reward or puniſh, but oh! hear my pray'r.
If lewdneſs e'er defil'd my virgin bloom,
From Heav'n with juſtice I receive my doom;
But if my honour yet has known no ſtain,
Thou, Goddeſs, thou my innocence maintain;
Thou, whom the niceſt rules of goodneſs ſway'd,
Vouchſafe to follow an unblemiſh'd maid.
She ſpoke, and touch'd the cord with glad ſurprize,
(The truth was witneſs'd by ten thouſand eyes)
The pitying Goddeſs eaſily comply'd,
Follow'd in triumph, and adorn'd her guide;
While *Claudia*, bluſhing ſtill for paſt diſgrace,
March'd ſilent on with a ſlow ſolemn pace:
Nor yet from ſome was all diſtruſt remov'd,
Tho' Heav'n ſuch virtue by ſuch wonders prov'd.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

Philagnotes.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU will oblige a languiſhing Lover, if 'you will pleaſe to print the incloſed verſes 'in your next Paper. If you remember the '*Metamorphoſis*, you know *Procris*, the fond

'wife of *Cephalus*, is ſaid to have made her 'huſband, who delighted in the ſports of the 'wood, a preſent of an unerring javelin. In 'proceſs of time he was ſo much in the foreſt, 'that his Lady ſuſpected he was purſuing ſome 'Nymph, under the pretence of following a 'chace more innocent. Under this ſuſpicion 'ſhe hid herſelf among the trees, to obſerve 'his motions. While ſhe lay concealed, her 'huſband, tired with the labour of hunting, 'came within her hearing. As he was fainting 'with heat, he cried out, *Aura veni*, "Oh "charming Air approach."

'The unfortunate wife, taking the word Air 'to be the name of a woman, began to move 'among the buſhes; and the huſband believing 'it a deer, threw his javelin and killed her. 'The hiſtory painted on a fan, which I pre-'ſented to a Lady, gave occaſion to my growing 'poetical.

Come gentle Air! th' *Æolian* ſhepherd ſaid,
While *Procris* panted in the ſecret ſhade:
Come gentle Air! the fairer *Delia* cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play.
In *Delia*'s hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor did that fabled dart more ſurely wound.
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove
Alike both Lovers fall by thoſe they love:
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gives.
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities *Procris*, while her Lover dies.

Wedneſday,

N°528 Wedneſday, November 5.

Dum potuit, ſolitâ gemitum virtute repreſſit.
Ovid. Met. l. 9. v. 163.

With wonted fortitude ſhe bore the ſmart,
And not a groan confeſs'd her burning heart.
GAY.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WHO now write to you, am a woman 'loaded with injuries, and the aggravation 'of my misfortune is, that they are ſuch which 'are overlooked by the generality of mankind, 'and though the moſt afflicting imaginable, not 'regarded as ſuch in the general ſenſe of the 'world. I have hid my vexation from all man-'kind; but have now taken pen, ink, and 'paper, and am reſolved to unboſom myſelf 'to you, and lay before you what grieves me 'and all the Sex. You have very often men-'tioned particular hardſhips done to this or that 'Lady; but, methinks, you have not in any 'one Speculation directly pointed at the partial 'freedom men take, the unreaſonable confine-'ment women are obliged to, in the only cir-'cumſtance in which we are neceſſarily to have 'a commerce with them, that of Love. The 'caſe of celibacy is the great evil of our nation; 'and the indulgence of the vicious conduct of 'men in that ſtate, with the ridicule to which

'women are expoſed, though ever ſo virtuous, 'if long unmarried, is the root of the greateſt 'irregularities of this nation. To ſhew you, 'Sir, that though you never have given us the 'catalogue of a Lady's Library as you promiſed, 'we read good books of our own chooſing, I 'ſhall inſert on this occaſion a paragraph or two 'out of *Echard*'s *Roman Hiſtory*. In the forty-'fourth page of the ſecond volume the Author 'obſerves, that *Auguſtus*, upon his return to '*Rome* at the end of a war, received complaints 'that too great a number of the young men 'of Quality were unmarried. The Emperor 'thereupon aſſembled the whole *Equeſtrian* 'order; and having ſeparated the married from 'the ſingle, did particular honours to the for-'mer, but he told the latter, that is to ſay, 'Mr. SPECTATOR, he told the Bachelors, "That their lives and actions had been ſo pe-"culiar, that he knew not by what name to "call them; not by that of men, for they "performed nothing that was manly; not by "that of citizens, for the city might periſh "notwithſtanding their care; nor by that of "*Romans*, for they deſigned to extirpate the "*Roman* name." Then proceeding to ſhew his 'tender care and hearty affection for his people, 'he further told them, "That their courſe of "life was of ſuch pernicious conſequence to "the glory and gandeur of the *Roman* nation, "that he could not chooſe but tell them, "that all other crimes put together could not "equalize theirs: For they were guilty of

"murder

" murder, in not ſuffering thoſe to be born " which ſhould proceed from them; of im- " piety, in cauſing the names and honours of " their anceſtors to ceaſe; and of ſacrilege, in " deſtroying their kind, which proceeded from " the immortal Gods, and human nature, the " principal thing conſecrated to them: There- " fore in this reſpect they diſſolved the govern- " ment, in diſobeying its laws; betrayed their " country, by making it barren and waſte; " nay and demoliſhed their city, in depriving " it of inhabitants. And he was ſenſible that " all this proceeded not from any kind of virtue " or abſtinence, but from a looſeneſs and wan- " tonneſs, which ought never to be encouraged " in any civil government." There are no ' particulars dwelt upon that let us into the ' conduct of theſe young Worthies, whom this ' great Emperor treated with ſo much juſtice ' and indignation; but any one who obſerves ' what paſſes in this town, may very well frame ' to himſelf a notion of their riots and de- ' baucheries all night, and their apparent pre- ' parations for them all day. It is not to be ' doubted but theſe *Romans* never paſſed any ' of their time innocently but when they were ' aſleep, and never ſlept but when they were ' weary and heavy with exceſſes, and ſlept only ' to prepare themſelves for the repetition of ' them. If you did your duty as a SPEC- ' TATOR, you would carefully examine into ' the number of births, marriages, and burials; ' and when you had deducted out of your deaths

'all ſuch as went out of the world without 'marrying, then caſt up the number of both 'Sexes born within ſuch a term of years laſt 'paſt, you might from the ſingle people de-'parted make ſome uſeful inferences or gueſſes 'how many there are left unmarried, and raiſe 'ſome uſeful ſcheme for the amendment of the 'age in that particular. I have not patience 'to proceed gravely on this abominable liber-'tiniſm; for I cannot but reflect, as I am 'writing to you, upon a certain laſcivious 'manner which all our young Gentlemen uſe 'in public, and examine our eyes with a pe-'tulancy in their own, which is a downright 'affront to modeſty. A diſdainful look on ſuch 'an occaſion is returned with a countenance 'rebuked, but by averting their eyes from the 'woman of honour and decency to ſome flippant 'creature, who will, as the phraſe is, be kinder. 'I muſt ſet down things as they come into my 'head, without ſtanding upon order. Ten 'thouſand to one but the gay Gentleman who 'ſtared, at the ſame time is an houſekeeper; 'for you muſt know they have got into a 'humour of late of being very regular in their 'ſins, and a young fellow ſhall keep his four 'maids and three footmen with the greateſt gra-'vity imaginable. There are no leſs than ſix 'of theſe venerable houſekeepers of my acquaint-'ance. This humour among young men of 'condition is imitated by all the world below 'them, and a general diſſolution of manners 'ariſes from this one ſource of libertiniſm,

'with-

'without ſhame or reprehenſion in the male 'youth. It is from this one fountain that ſo 'many beautiful helpleſs young women are 'ſacrificed and given up to lewdneſs, ſhame, 'poverty and diſeaſe. It is to this alſo that 'ſo many excellent young women, who might 'be patterns of conjugal affection and parents 'of a worthy race, pine under unhappy paſ-'ſions for ſuch as have not attention enough 'to obſerve, or virtue enough to prefer them 'to their common wenches. Now, Mr. SPEC-'TATOR, I muſt be free to own to you, that I 'myſelf ſuffer a taſteleſs inſipid Being, from a 'conſideration I have for a man who would not, 'as he has ſaid in my hearing, reſign his liberty 'as he calls it, for all the beauty and wealth 'the whole Sex is poſſeſſed of. Such calamities 'as theſe would not happen, if it could poſſibly 'be brought about, that by fining Bachelors 'as Papiſts convict, or the like, they were diſ-'tinguiſhed to their diſadvantage from the reſt 'of the world, who fall in with the meaſures 'of civil ſocieties. Leſt you ſhould think I 'ſpeak this as being, according to the ſenſeleſs 'rude phraſe, a malicious old maid, I ſhall 'acquaint you I am a woman of condition not 'now three and twenty, and have had pro-'poſals from at leaſt ten different men, and 'the greater number of them have upon the 'upſhot refuſed me. Something or other is 'always amiſs when the Lover takes to ſome 'new wench: A ſettlement is eaſily excepted 'againſt; and there is very little recourſe to

'avoid

'avoid the vicious part of our youth, but throwing one's ſelf away upon ſome lifeleſs blockhead, who, though he is without vice, is alſo without virtue. Now-a-days we muſt be contented if we can get creatures which are not bad, good are not to be expected. Mr. SPECTATOR, I ſat near you the other day, and think I did not diſpleaſe your Spectatorial eye-ſight; which I ſhall be a better judge of when I ſee whether you take notice of theſe evils your own way, or print this memorial dictated from the diſdainful heavy heart of,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

T *Rachael Welladay.*

N°529 Thurſday, November 6.

Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 92.

Let ev'ry thing have its due place.
ROSCOMMON.

UPON the hearing of ſeveral late diſputes concerning Rank and Precedence, I could not forbear amuſing myſelf with ſome obſervations, which I have made upon the Learned world, as to this great particular. By the Learned world

world I here mean at large, all thoſe who are any way concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing or repeating part. To begin with the Writers; I have obſerved that the Author of a *Folio*, in all companies and converſations, ſets himſelf above the Author of a *Quarto*; the Author of a *Quarto* above the Author of an *Octavo*; and ſo on, by a gradual deſcent and ſubordination, to an Author in *Twenty Fours*. This diſtinction is ſo well obſerved, that in an Aſſembly of the Learned, I have ſeen a *Folio* Writer place himſelf in an elbow-chair, when the Author of a *Duodecimo* has, out of a juſt deference to his ſuperior Quality, ſeated himſelf upon a ſquab. In a word, Authors are uſually ranged in company after the ſame manner as their works are upon a ſhelf.

The moſt minute Pocket-Author hath beneath him the Writers of all Pamphlets, or Works that are only ſtitched. As for the Pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the Authors of ſingle ſheets, and of that fraternity who publiſh their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the Precedency among the individuals, in this latter claſs of Writers, is yet ſettled.

For my own part, I have had ſo ſtrict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the Learned world, that I never preſumed to take place of a Pamphleteer until my daily Papers were gathered into thoſe two firſt Volumes, which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the heads not only of

of all Pamphleteers, but of every *Octavo* Writer in *Great Britain*, that had written but one book. I am alſo informed by my Bookſeller, that ſix *Octavo's* have at all times been looked upon as equivalent to a *Folio*, which I take notice of the rather, becauſe I would not have the learned world ſurpriſed, if after the publication of half a dozen Volumes I take my place accordingly. When my ſcattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myſelf that I ſhall make no deſpicable figure at the head of them.

Whether theſe rules, which have been received time out of mind in the commonwealth of Letters, were not originally eſtabliſhed with an eye to our paper manufacture, I ſhall leave to the diſcuſſion of others, and ſhall only remark further in this place, that all Printers and Bookſellers take the wall of one another, according to the above-mentioned merits of the Authors to whom they reſpectively belong.

I come now to that point of Precedency which is ſettled among the three learned Profeſſions, by the wiſdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every Doctor in each of theſe profeſſions, who are all of them, though not ſo high as Knights, yet a degree above Eſquires, this laſt order of men being the illiterate body of the nation, are conſequently thrown together into a claſs below the three learned Profeſſions. I mention this for the ſake of ſeveral rural Eſquires, whoſe reading does not riſe ſo high as to *The Preſent State*

of England, and who are often apt to uſurp that Precedency which by the laws of their country is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this ſtation, may in ſome meaſure extenuate their miſdemeanour; and our Profeſſors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, conſidering that they are in a ſtate of ignorance, or, as we uſually ſay, do not know their right hand from their left.

There is another tribe of perſons who are retainers to the Learned world, and who regulate themſelves upon all occaſions by ſeveral laws peculiar to their body. I mean the Players or Actors of both Sexes. Among theſe it is a ſtanding and uncontroverted principle, that a Tragedian always takes place of a Comedian; and it is very well known the merry Drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buſkin. It is a ſtage maxim, 'Once a King, and always 'a King.' For this reaſon it would be thought very abſurd in Mr. *Bullock*, notwithſtanding the height and gracefulneſs of his perſon, to ſit at the right hand of an Hero, though he were but five foot high. The ſame diſtinction is obſerved among the Ladies of the Theatre. Queens and Heroines preſerve their rank in private converſation, while thoſe who are Waiting-Women and Maids of Honour upon the ſtage, keep their diſtance alſo behind the ſcenes.

I ſhall only add, that by a parity of reaſon, all Writers of Tragedy look upon it as their due to be ſeated, ſerved, or ſaluted before Comic Writers: Thoſe who deal in Tragi-comedy uſually taking their ſeats between the Authors of either ſide. There has been a long diſpute for Precedency between the tragic and heroic Poets. *Ariſtotle* would have the latter yield the *Paſs* to the former; but Mr. *Dryden* and many others would never ſubmit to this deciſion. Burleſque Writers pay the ſame deference to the heroic, as comic Writers to their ſerious brothers in the drama.

By this ſhort table of laws, order is kept up, and diſtinction preſerved in the whole Republic of Letters. O

Friday,

N°530 Friday, November 7.

Sic viſum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos ſub juga aheneа
Sævo mittere cum joco.

Hor. Od. 33. l. 1. v. 10.

Thus *Venus* ſports: The rich, the baſe,
Unlike in fortune, and in face,
To diſagreeing love provokes;
When cruelly jocoſe,
She ties the fatal nooſe,
And binds unequals to the brazen yokes.

CREECH.

IT is very uſual for thoſe who have been ſevere upon Marriage, in ſome part or other of their lives to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to ſee their rallery return upon their own heads. I ſcarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not, ſooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a bleſſing to another man, falls upon ſuch an one as a judgment. Mr. *Congreve*'s *Old-Bachelor* is ſet forth to us with much wit and humour, as an example of this kind. In ſhort, thoſe who have moſt diſtinguiſhed themſelves by railing at the Sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by chooſing one of the moſt worthleſs perſons of it, for a companion and yoke-fellow.

Hymen takes his revenge in kind, on thoſe who turn his myſteries into ridicule.

My friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who was ſo unmercifully witty upon the women, in a couple of Letters, which I lately communicated to the Public, has given the Ladies ample ſatisfaction by marrying a Farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our Club by the laſt poſt. The *Templar* is very poſitive that he has married a dairy-maid; but WILL, in his Letter to me on this occaſion, ſets the beſt face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his ſpouſe. I muſt confeſs I ſuſpected ſomething more than ordinary, when upon opening the Letter I found that WILL was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed 'Dear SPEC,' which was his uſual ſalute at the beginning of the Letter, into 'My worthy Friend,' and ſubſcribed himſelf in the latter end of it at full length WILLIAM HONEYCOMB. In ſhort, the gay, the loud, the vain WILL HONEYCOMB, who had made love to every great Fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boaſted of favours from Ladies whom he had never ſeen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His Letter gives us the picture of a converted Rake. The ſober character of the huſband is daſhed with the man of the town, and enlivened with thoſe little cant-phraſes which have made my friend WILL often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he ſays for himſelf.

My

My worthy Friend,

'I Queſtion not but you, and the reſt of my 'acquaintance, wonder that I who have lived 'in the ſmoke and gallantries of the town for 'thirty years together, ſhould all on a ſudden 'grow fond of a country life. Had not my 'dog of a ſteward run away as he did, without 'making up his accounts, I had ſtill been 'immerſed in ſin and ſea-coal. But ſince my 'late forced viſit to my eſtate, I am ſo pleaſed 'with it, that I am reſolved to live and die upon 'it. I am every day abroad among my acres, 'and can ſcarce forbear filling my Letter with 'breezes, ſhades, flowers, meadows, and purl-'ing ſtreams. The ſimplicity of manners, 'which I have heard you ſo often ſpeak of, 'and which appears here in perfection, charms 'me wonderfully. As an inſtance of it, I muſt 'acquaint you, and by your means the whole 'Club, that I have lately married one of my 'tenant's daughters. She is born of honeſt 'parents, and though ſhe has no portion, ſhe 'has a great deal of virtue. The natural ſweet-'neſs and innocence of her behaviour, the freſh-'neſs of her complexion, the unaffected turn 'of her ſhape and perſon, ſhot me through 'and through every time I ſaw her, and did 'more execution upon me in grogram, than the 'greateſt Beauty in town or court had ever done 'in brocade. In ſhort, ſhe is ſuch an one as 'promiſes me a good heir to my eſtate, and if 'by her means I cannot leave to my children

'what are falſly called the gifts of birth, high 'titles and alliances, I hope to convey to them 'the more real and valuable gifts of birth, 'ſtrong bodies, and healthy conſtitutions. As 'for your fine women, I need not tell thee 'that I know them. I have had my ſhare in 'their graces, but no more of that. It ſhall be 'my buſineſs hereafter to live the life of an 'honeſt man, and to act as becomes the maſter 'of a family. I queſtion not but I ſhall draw 'upon me the rallery of the town, and be 'treated to the tune of *The Marriage-hater 'matched*; but I am prepared for it. I have 'been as witty upon others in my time. To tell 'thee truly, I ſaw ſuch a tribe of faſhionable 'young fluttering Coxcombs ſhot up, that I 'did not think my poſt of an *Homme de ruelle* 'any longer tenable. I felt a certain ſtiffneſs in 'my limbs, which intirely deſtroyed that janti-'neſs of air I was once maſter of. Beſides, 'for I may now confeſs my age to thee, I have 'been eight and forty above theſe twelve years. 'Since my retirement into the country will 'make a vacancy in the Club, I could wiſh you 'would fill up my place with my friend *Tom 'Dapperwit*. He has an infinite deal of fire, 'and knows the town. For my own part, as I 'have ſaid before, I ſhall endeavour to live here-'after ſuitable to a man in my ſtation, as a prudent 'head of a family, a good huſband, a careful 'father (when it ſhall ſo happen) and as

Your moſt ſincere friend,
and humble ſervant,
WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.

O

N°531 Saturday, November 8.

Qui mare & terras variiſque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
Nec viget quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum.
Hor. Od. 12. l. 1. v. 15.

Who guides below, and rules above,
The great Diſpoſer, and the mighty King:
Than he none greater, next him none,
That can be, is, or was;
Supreme he ſingly fills the throne.
CREECH.

SIMONIDES being aſked by *Dionyſius* the Tyrant what God was, deſired a day's time to conſider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he deſired two days; and afterwards, inſtead of returning his anſwer, demanded ſtill double time to conſider of it. This great Poet and Philoſopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he loſt himſelf in the thought, inſtead of finding an end of it.

If we conſider the Idea which wiſe men, by the light of reaſon, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: That he has in him all the Perfection of a ſpiritual nature; and ſince we have no notion of any kind of ſpiritual

Perfection but what we diſcover in our own Souls, we join infinitude to each kind of theſe Perfections, and what is a faculty in an human Soul becomes an attribute in God. We exiſt in place and time, the Divine Being fills the immenſity of ſpace with his preſence, and inhabits eternity. We are poſſeſſed of a little power and a little knowledge, the Divine Being is Almighty and Omniſcient. In ſhort, by adding infinity to any kind of Perfection we enjoy, and by joining all theſe different kinds of Perfections in one Being, we form our Idea of the great Sovereign of Nature.

Though every one who thinks muſt have made this obſervation, I ſhall produce Mr. *Locke*'s authority to the ſame purpoſe, out of his *Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*. 'If we examine the 'Idea we have of the incomprehenſible Su-'preme Being, we ſhall find, that we come 'by it the ſame way; and that the complex 'Ideas we have both of God and ſeparate 'Spirits, are made up of the ſimple Ideas we 'receive from Reflexion: *v. g.* having, from 'what we experiment in ourſelves, got the 'Ideas of exiſtence and duration, of knowledge 'and power, of pleaſure and happineſs, and of 'ſeveral other qualities and powers, which it is 'better to have than to be without; when we 'would frame an Idea the moſt ſuitable we can 'to the Supreme Being, we enlarge every one 'of theſe with our Idea of infinity; and ſo 'putting them together, make our complex Idea 'of God.'

It

It is not impoſſible that there may be many kinds of ſpiritual Perfection, beſides thoſe which are lodged in an human Soul; but it is impoſſible that we ſhould have Ideas of any kinds of Perfection, except thoſe of which we have ſome ſmall rays and ſhort imperfect ſtrokes in ourſelves. It would be therefore a very high preſumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more attributes than thoſe which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of ſpiritual Perfection which is not marked out in an human Soul, it belongs in its fulneſs to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent Philoſophers have imagined that the Soul, in her ſeparate ſtate, may have new faculties ſpringing up in her, which ſhe is not capable of exerting during her preſent union with the body; and whether theſe faculties may not correſpond with other attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have ſaid before, we ought to acquieſce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of Nature, has in him all poſſible Perfection, as well in Kind as in Degree; to ſpeak according to our methods of conceiving. I ſhall only add under this head, that when we have raiſed our notion of this infinite Being as high as it is poſſible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely ſhort of what he really is. 'There is no end of his 'greatneſs:' The moſt exalted creature he has

made, is only capable of adoring it, none but himſelf can comprehend it.

The advice of the Son of *Siraeh* is very juſt and ſublime in this light. 'By his word all 'things conſiſt. We may ſpeak much, and 'yet come ſhort: wherefore in ſum, he is all. 'How ſhall we be able to magnify him? 'For he is great above all his works. The 'Lord is terrible and very great; and mar-'vellous in his power. When you glorify the 'Lord, exalt him as much as you can: for 'even yet will he far exceed. And when 'you exalt him, put forth all your ſtrength, 'and be not weary; for you can never go far 'enough. Who hath ſeen him, that he might 'tell us? And who can magnify him as he is? 'There are yet hid greater things than theſe 'be, for we have ſeen but a few of his works.'

I have here only conſidered the Supreme Being by the light of reaſon and philoſophy. If we would ſee him in all the wonders of his mercy we muſt have recourſe to revelation, which repreſents him to us, not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and juſt in his diſpenſations towards man. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's conſideration, though indeed it can never be ſufficiently conſidered, I ſhall here only take notice of that habitual worſhip and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We ſhould often refreſh our minds with the thought of him, and annihilate ourſelves before him, in the contemplation of our own

own worthleſsneſs, and of his tranſcendent Excellency and Perfection. This would imprint in our minds ſuch a conſtant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of inceſſant prayer, and reaſonable humiliation of the Soul before Him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little ſeeds of pride, vanity and ſelf-conceit, which are apt to ſhoot up in the minds of ſuch whoſe thoughts turn more on thoſe comparative advantages which they enjoy over ſome of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite diſtance which is placed between them and the Supreme Model of all Perfection. It would likewiſe quicken our deſires and endeavours of uniting ourſelves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, baniſh from among us that prevailing impiety of uſing his Name on the moſt trivial occaſions.

I find the following paſſage in an excellent Sermon, preached at the funeral of a Gentleman who was an honour to his country, and a more diligent as well as ſucceſsful inquirer into the works of Nature, than any other our nation has ever produced: 'He had the pro-
'foundeſt veneration for the great God of
'Heaven and Earth that I have ever obſerved
'in any perſon. The very Name of God was
'never mentioned by him without a pauſe and
'a viſible ſtop in his diſcourſe; in which, one
'that

'that knew him moſt particularly above twenty 'years, has told me, that he was ſo exact, 'that he does not remember to have obſerved 'him once to fail in it.'

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the *Jews* to a Name ſo great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious diſcourſes. What can we then think of thoſe who make uſe of ſo tremendous a Name in the ordinary expreſſions of their anger, mirth, and moſt impertinent paſſions? Of thoſe who admit it into the moſt familiar queſtions and aſſertions, ludicrous phraſes and works of humour? not to mention thoſe who violate it by ſolemn perjuries? It would be an affront to reaſon to endeavour to ſet forth the horror and profaneneſs of ſuch a practice. The very mention of it expoſes it ſufficiently to thoſe in whom the light of Nature, not to ſay Religion, is not utterly extinguiſhed. O

Monday,

N° 532 Monday, November 10.

——Fungor vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi,
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 304.

I play the whetſtone: uſeleſs and unfit
To cut myſelf, I ſharpen others wit. CREECH.

IT is a very honeſt action to be ſtudious to produce other mens merit; and I make no ſcruple of ſaying I have as much of this temper as any man in the world. It would not be a thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any man may be maſter of who will take pains enough for it. Much obſervation of the unworthineſs in being pained at the excellence of another, will bring you to a ſcorn of yourſelf for that unwillingneſs: And when you have got ſo far, you will find it a greater pleaſure than you ever before knew, to be zealous in promoting the fame and welfare of the praiſeworthy. I do not ſpeak this as pretending to be a mortified ſelf-denying man, but as one who has turned his ambition into a right channel. I claim to myſelf the merit of having extorted excellent productions from a perſon of the greateſt abilities, who would not have let them appeared by any other means: to have animated a few young Gentlemen into worthy purſuits, who will

will be a glory to our age; and at all times, and by all poſſible means in my power, undermined the intereſts of ignorance, vice, and folly, and attempted to ſubſtitute in their ſtead, learning, piety, and good ſenſe. It is from this honeſt heart that I find myſelf honoured as a Gentleman-Uſher to the Arts and Sciences. Mr. *Tickell* and Mr. *Pope* have, it ſeems, this idea of me. The former has writ me an excellent paper of verſes in praiſe, forſooth, of myſelf; and the other incloſed for my peruſal an admirable Poem, which, I hope, will ſhortly ſee the light. In the mean time I cannot ſuppreſs any thought of his, but inſert his ſentiment about the dying words of *Adrian*. I will not determine in the caſe he mentions; but have thus much to ſay in favour of his argument, that many of his own works which I have ſeen, convince me that very pretty and very ſublime ſentiments may be lodged in the ſame boſom without diminution to its greatneſs.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Was the other day in company with five or ſix 'men of ſome learning; where chancing to 'mention the famous verſes which the Emperor '*Adrian* ſpoke on his death-bed, they were all 'agreed that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy 'that Prince in thoſe circumſtances. I could 'not but diſſent from this opinion: Methinks 'it was by no means a gay, but a very ſerious 'ſoliloquy to his Soul at the point of his de-'parture: in which ſenſe I naturally took the

'verſes

'verſes at my firſt reading them when I was 'very young, and before I knew what inter-'pretation the world generally put upon them:'

'*Animula vagula, blandula,*
'*Hoſpes comeſque corporis,*
'*Quæ nunc abibis in loca?*
'*Pallidula, rigida, nudula,*
'*Nec (ut ſoles) dabis jocos!*

"Alas, my Soul! thou pleaſing companion of "this body, thou fleeting thing that art now "deſerting it! whither art thou flying? To "what unknown region? Thou art all trem-"bling, fearful, and penſive. Now what is "become of thy former wit and humour? "Thou ſhalt jeſt and be gay no more." I 'confeſs I cannot apprehend where lies the 'trifling in all this; it is the moſt natural and 'obvious reflexion imaginable to a dying man: 'and if we conſider the Emperor was a hea-'then, that doubt concerning the future fate 'of his Soul will ſeem ſo far from being the 'effect of want of thought, that it was ſcarce 'reaſonable he ſhould think otherwiſe; not to 'mention that here is a plain confeſſion in-'cluded of his belief in its immortality. The 'diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and 'the reſt, appear not to me as expreſſions of 'levity, but rather of endearment and concern: 'ſuch as we find in *Catullus*, and the Authors 'of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* after him, where they are 'uſed to expreſs the utmoſt love and tender-'neſs for their miſtreſſes——If you think me

'right

'right in my notion of the laſt words of *Adrian*,
'be pleaſed to inſert this in the SPECTATOR;
'if not to ſuppreſs it.

I am, &c.

To the ſuppoſed Author of the SPECTATOR.

IN courts licentious, and a ſhameleſs ſtage,
How long the war ſhall wit with virtue wage?
Inchanted by this proſtituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal ſnare;
In height of rapture claſp unheeded pains,
And ſuck pollution through their tingling veins.

Thy ſpotleſs thoughts unſhock'd the Prieſt may hear,
And the pure Veſtal in her boſom wear.
To conſcious bluſhes and diminiſh'd pride,
Thy glaſs betrays what treach'rous Love would hide;
Nor harſh thy precepts, but infus'd by ſtealth,
Pleaſe while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in *Chloe*'s toilet gain a part,
And with his Tailor ſhare the Fopling's heart:
Laſh'd in thy ſatire, the penurious Cit
Laughs at himſelf, and finds no harm in wit:
From felon Gameſters the raw 'Squire is free,
And *Britain* owes her reſcu'd oaks to thee.
His Miſs the frolic Viſcount dreads to toaſt,
Or his third cure the ſhallow Templar boaſt:
And the raſh fool who ſcorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quake at thunder, and confeſs his God.

The brainleſs ſtripling, who, expell'd the town,
Damn'd the ſtiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week
Spells uncouth *Latin*, and pretends to *Greek*.

A

A ſant'ring tribe! ſuch born to wide eſtates,
With yea and no in ſenates hold debates:
At length deſpis'd, each to his fields retires,
Firſt with the dogs, and King amidſt the 'Squires;
From pert to ſtupid ſinks ſupinely down,
In youth a Coxcomb, and in age a Clown.

Such readers ſcorn'd, thou wing'ſt thy daring flight
Above the ſtars, and tread'ſt the fields of light;
Fame, Heav'n and Hell, are thy exalted theme,
And viſions ſuch as *Jove* himſelf might dream;
Man ſunk to ſlav'ry, though to glory born,
Heav'n's pride when upright, and deprav'd his ſcorn.

Such hints alone could *Britiſh Virgil* lend,
And thou alone deſerve from ſuch a friend:
A debt ſo borrow'd, is illuſtrious ſhame,
And fame when ſhar'd with him is double fame.
So fluſh'd with ſweets, by Beauty's Queen beſtow'd,
With more than mortal charms *Æneas* glow'd.
Such gen'rous ſtrifes *Eugene* and *Marlbro'* try,
And as in glory, ſo in friendſhip vie.

Permit theſe lines by thee to live—nor blame
A Muſe that pants and languiſhes for fame;
That fears to ſink when humbler themes ſhe ſings,
Loſt in the maſs of mean forgotten things.
Receiv'd by thee, I propheſy, my rhymes
The praiſe of virgins in ſucceeding times:
Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds ſhall ſee,
But ſtand protected, as inſpir'd, by thee.

So ſome weak ſhoot, which elſe would poorly riſe,
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the ſkies;
Through the new pupil foſt'ring juices flow,
Thruſt forth the gems, and give the flow'rs to blow
Aloft; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

To

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

Mr. *John Sly* humbly ſheweth,

'THAT upon reading the deputation given 'to the ſaid Mr. *John Sly*, all perſons 'paſſing by his Obſervatory behaved themſelves 'with the ſame decorum, as if your Honour 'yourſelf had been preſent.

'That your ſaid Officer is preparing, ac- 'cording to your Honour's ſecret inſtructions, 'hats for the ſeveral kind of heads that make 'figures in the realms of *Great-Britain*, with 'cocks ſignificant of their powers and facul- 'ties.

'That your ſaid Officer has taken due no- 'tice of your inſtructions and admonitions con- 'cerning the internals of the head from the 'outward form of the ſame. His hats for men 'of the faculties of law and phyſic do but juſt 'turn up, to give a little life to their ſagacity; 'his military hats glare full in the face; and 'he has prepared a familiar eaſy cock for all 'good companions between the above-mentioned 'extremes. For this end he has conſulted the 'moſt learned of his acquaintance for the true 'form and dimenſions of the *Lepidum Caput*, 'and made a hat fit for it.

'Your ſaid Officer does further repreſent, 'that the young Divines about town are many 'of them got into the cock military, and deſires 'your inſtructions therein.

'That

'That the town has been for ſeveral days 'very well behaved, and farther your ſaid 'Officer ſaith not. T

N°533 Tueſday, November 11.

Immò duas dabo, inquit ille, una ſi parum eſt:
Et ſi duarum pœnitebit, addentur duæ. PLAUT.

Nay, ſays he, if one is too little, I will give you two; and if two will not ſatisfy you, I will add two more.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'YOU have often given us very excellent 'diſcourſes againſt that unnatural cuſtom 'of parents, in forcing their children to marry 'contrary to their inclinations. My own caſe, 'without farther preface, I will lay before you, 'and leave you to judge of it. My father 'and mother both being in declining years, 'would fain ſee me, their eldeſt ſon, as they 'call it, ſettled. I am as much for that as they 'can be; but I muſt be ſettled, it ſeems, not 'according to my own, but their liking. Upon 'this account I am teized every day, becauſe 'I have not yet fallen in love, in ſpight of 'Nature, with one of a neighbouring Gentle-

'man's daughters; for out of their abundant 'generoſity, they give me the choice of four. 'Jack, begins my father, Mrs. *Catharine* is a 'fine woman——Yes, Sir, but ſhe is rather 'too old——She will make the more diſcreet 'manager boy. Then my mother plays her part. 'Is not Mrs. *Betty* exceeding fair? Yes, Ma-'dam, but ſhe is of no converſation; ſhe has 'no fire, no agreeable vivacicty; ſhe neither 'ſpeaks nor looks with ſpirit. True, ſon; but 'for thoſe very reaſons, ſhe will be an eaſy, 'ſoft, obliging, tractable creature. After all, 'cries an old aunt, (who belongs to the claſs 'of thoſe who read Plays with ſpectacles on) 'what think you, nephew, of proper Mrs. '*Dorothy?* What do I think? why, I think 'ſhe cannot be above ſix foot two inches high. 'Well, well, you may banter as long as you 'pleaſe, but height of ſtature is commanding 'and majeſtic. Come, come, ſays a couſin of 'mine in the family, I will fit him; *Fidelia* 'is yet behind——Pretty Miſs *Fiddy* muſt pleaſe 'you——Oh! your very humble ſervant, dear 'coz, ſhe is as much too young as her eldeſt 'ſiſter is too old. Is it ſo indeed, quoth ſhe, 'good Mr. *Pert?* You, who are but barely 'turned of twenty-two, and Miſs *Fiddy* in half 'a year's time will be in her teens, and ſhe 'is capable of learning any thing. Then ſhe 'will be ſo obſervant; ſhe will cry perhaps 'now and then, but never be angry. Thus 'they will think for me in this matter, wherein 'I am more particularly concerned than any

'body

'body elſe. If I name any woman in the 'world, one of theſe daughters has certainly 'the ſame qualities. You ſee by theſe few 'hints, Mr. SPECTATOR, what a comfortable 'life I lead. To be ſtill more open and free 'with you, I have been paſſionately fond of 'a young Lady (whom give me leave to call '*Miranda*) now for theſe three years. I have 'often urged the matter home to my parents 'with all the ſubmiſſion of a Son, but the 'impatience of a Lover. Pray, Sir, think of 'three years; what inexpreſſible ſcenes of in-'quietude, what variety of miſery muſt I have 'gone through in three long whole years? '*Miranda*'s fortune is equal to thoſe I have 'mentioned; but her relations are not intimates 'with mine. Ah! there is the rub. *Miran-'da*'s perſon, wit, and humour, are what the 'niceſt fancy could imagine; and though we 'know you to be ſo elegant a judge of beauty, 'yet there is none among all your various 'characters of fine women preferable to *Mi-'randa*. In a word, ſhe is never guilty of 'doing any thing but one amiſs, (if ſhe can 'be thought to do amiſs by me) in being as 'blind to my faults, as ſhe is to her own 'perfections.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble

obedient ſervant,

Duſtereraſtus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you ſpent ſo much time as you did lately in cenſuring the ambitious young Gentlemen who ride in triumph through town and country in Coach-boxes, I wiſhed you had employed thoſe moments in conſideration of what paſſes ſometimes within-ſide of thoſe vehicles. I am ſure I ſuffered ſufficiently by the inſolence and ill-breeding of ſome perſons who travelled lately with me in a ſtage-coach out of *Eſſex* to *London*. I am ſure, when you have heard what I have to ſay, you will think there are perſons under the character of Gentlemen that are fit to be no where elſe but in the coach-box. Sir, I am a young woman of a ſober and religious education, and have preſerved that character; but on *Monday* was fortnight it was my misfortune to come to *London*. I was no ſooner clapt in the coach, but to my great ſurprize, two perſons in the habit of Gentlemen attacked me with ſuch indecent diſcourſe as I cannot repeat to you, ſo you may conclude not fit for me to hear. I had no relief but the hopes of a ſpeedy end of my ſhort journey. Sir, form to yourſelf what a perſecution this muſt needs be to a virtuous and a chaſte mind: and in order to your proper handling ſuch a ſubject, fancy your wife or daughter, if you had any, in ſuch circumſtances, and what treatment you would think then due to ſuch dragoons. One of them was called a Captain, and entertained

'us with nothing but ſilly ſtupid queſtions, or 'lewd ſongs, all the way. Ready to burſt with 'ſhame and indignation, I repined that Nature 'had not allowed us as eaſily to ſhut our ears 'as our eyes. But was not this a kind of rape? 'Why ſhould there be acceſſaries in raviſhment 'any more than murder? Why ſhould not every 'contributor to the abuſe of chaſtity ſuffer death? 'I am ſure theſe ſhameleſs hell-hounds deſerved 'it highly. Can you exert yourſelf better than 'on ſuch an occaſion? If you do not do it effec-'tually, I will read no more of your Papers. 'Has every impertinent fellow a privilege to 'torment me, who pay my coach-hire as well 'as he? Sir, pray conſider us in this reſpect 'as the weakeſt Sex, and have nothing to de-'fend ourſelves; and I think it is as Gentle-'man-like to challenge a woman to fight, as 'to talk obſcenely in her company, eſpecially 'when ſhe has not power to ſtir. Pray let me 'tell you a ſtory which you can make fit for 'public view. I knew a Gentleman, who 'having a very good opinion of the Gentlemen 'of the army, invited ten or twelve of them to 'ſup with him; and at the ſame time invited 'two or three friends, who were very ſevere 'againſt the manners and morals of Gentlemen 'of that profeſſion. It happened one of them 'brought two Captains of his regiment newly 'come into the army, who at firſt onſet engaged 'the company with very lewd healths and ſuit-'table diſcourſe. You may eaſily imagine the 'confuſion of the entertainer, who finding ſome

'of his friends very uneaſy, deſired to tell them 'a ſtory of a great man, one Mr. *Locke* (whom 'I find you frequently mention) that being in-'vited to dine with the then Lords *Halifax*, '*Angleſey*, and *Shaftſbury*; immediately after 'dinner, inſtead of converſation, the cards were 'called for, where the bad or good ſucceſs pro-'duced the uſual paſſions of gaming. Mr. *Locke* 'retiring to a window, and writing, my Lord '*Angleſey* deſired to know what he was writing: "Why, my Lords," anſwered he, "I could "not ſleep laſt night for the pleaſure and im-"provement I expected from the converſation of "the greateſt men of the age." This ſo ſen-'ſibly ſtung them that they gladly compounded 'to throw their cards in the fire if he would 'his paper, and ſo a converſation enſued fit for 'ſuch perſons. This ſtory preſſed ſo hard upon 'the young Captains, together with the con-'currence of their ſuperior Officers, that the 'young fellows left the company in confuſion. 'Sir, I know you hate long things; but if you 'like it, you may contract it, or how you will; 'but I think it has a moral in it.

'But, Sir, I am told you are a famous 'Mechanic as well as a looker-on, and there-'fore humbly propoſe you would invent ſome 'padlock, with full power under your hand 'and ſeal, for all modeſt perſons, either men 'or women, to clap upon the mouths of all 'ſuch impertinent impudent fellows: And 'I wiſh you would publiſh a proclamation, 'that no modeſt perſon that has a value for

'her

'her countenance, and conſequently would not 'be put out of it, preſume to travel after ſuch 'a day without one of them in their pockets. 'I fancy a ſmart SPECTATOR upon this ſub-'ject would ſerve for ſuch a padlock; and that 'public notice may be given in your Paper 'where they may be had with directions, price 'Two-pence, and that part of the directions 'may be, when any perſon preſumes to be guilty 'of the above-mentioned crime, the party 'aggrieved may produce it to his face, with 'a requeſt to read it to the company. He 'muſt be very much hardened that could out-'face that rebuke; and his further puniſhment 'I leave you to preſcribe.

Your humble ſervant,

T *Penance Cruel.*

N°534 Wedneſday, November 12.

Rarus enim fermè ſenſus communis in illâ
Fortunâ—— Juv. Sat. 8. v. 73.

—— ——— We ſeldom find
Much ſenſe with an exalted fortune join'd.
STEPNEY.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman of nineteen, the 'only daughter of very wealthy parents; 'and have my whole life been uſed with a 'tenderneſs which did me no great ſervice in 'my education. I have perhaps an uncommon 'deſire for knowledge of what is ſuitable to 'my Sex and Quality; but as far as I can re-'member, the whole diſpute about me has been, 'whether ſuch a thing was proper for the child 'to do, or not? Or whether ſuch or ſuch a 'food was the more wholſom for the young 'Lady to eat? This was ill for my ſhape, that 'for my complexion, and the other for my eyes. 'I am not extravagant when I tell you, I do 'not know that I have trod upon the very 'earth ever ſince I was ten years old: A coach 'or chair I am obliged to for all my motions 'from one place to another ever ſince I can re-'member. All who had to do to inſtruct me, 'have ever been bringing ſtories of the notable

'things

'things I have ſaid, and the womanly manner 'of my behaving myſelf upon ſuch and ſuch 'an occaſion. This has been my ſtate, until 'I came towards years of womanhood; and 'ever ſince I grew towards the age of fifteen, 'I have been abuſed after another manner. 'Now, forſooth, I am ſo killing, no one can ſafely 'ſpeak to me. Our houſe is frequented by men 'of ſenſe, and I love to aſk queſtions when I 'fall into ſuch converſation; but I am cut ſhort 'with ſomething or other about my bright eyes. 'There is, Sir, a language particular for talking 'to women in; and none but thoſe of the 'very firſt good-breeding (who are very few, 'and who ſeldom come into my way) can 'ſpeak to us without regard to our Sex. Among 'the generality of thoſe they call Gentlemen, 'it is impoſſible for me to ſpeak upon any 'ſubject whatſoever, without provoking ſome-'body to ſay, "Oh! to be ſure fine Mrs. "Such-a-one muſt be very particularly ac-"quainted with all that; all the world will "contribute to her entertainment and infor-"mation." Thus, Sir, I am ſo handſom, that 'I murder all who approach me; ſo wiſe, that 'I want no new notice; and ſo well bred, 'that I am treated by all that know me like 'a fool, for no one will anſwer as if I were 'their friend or companion. Pray, Sir, be 'pleaſed to take the part of us Beauties and 'Fortunes into your conſideration, and do not let 'us be thus flattered out of our ſenſes. I have 'got an huſſy of a maid, who is moſt craftily

'given

'given to this ill quality. I was at firſt diverted
'with a certain abſurdity the creature was guilty
'of in every thing ſhe ſaid: She is a country
'girl, and in the dialect of the ſhire ſhe was
'born in, would tell me that every body reckoned
'her Lady had the pureſt red and white in
'the world: Then ſhe would tell me, I was
'the moſt like one *Siſly Dobſon* in their town,
'who made the Miller make away with himſelf,
'and walk afterwards in the corn-field where
'they uſed to meet. With all this, the cunning
'huſſy can lay Letters in my way, and put a
'Billet in my glove, and then ſtand in it ſhe
'knows nothing of it. I do not know, from
'my birth to this day, that I have been ever
'treated by any one as I ought; and if it
'were not for a few books which I delight
'in, I ſhould be at this hour a novice to all
'common ſenſe. Would it not be worth your
'while to lay down rules for behaviour in this
'caſe, and tell people, that we fair-ones expect
'honeſt plain anſwers as well as other people?
'Why muſt I, good Sir, becauſe I have a good
'air, a fine complexion, and am in the bloom
'of my years, be miſled in all my actions;
'and have the notions of good and ill con-
'founded in my mind, for no other offence,
'but becauſe I have the advantages of beauty
'and fortune? Indeed, Sir, what with the ſilly
'homage which is paid to us by the ſort of
'people I have above ſpoken of, and the utter
'negligence which others have for us, the con-
'verſation of us young women of condition is

'no

'no other than what muſt expoſe us to ignorance 'and vanity, if not vice. All this is humbly 'ſubmitted to your Spectatorial wiſdom, by,

Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

Sharlot Wealthy.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Will's* Coffee-houſe:

'PRAY, Sir, it will ſerve to fill up a Paper, 'if you put in this; which is only to aſk, 'whether that copy of verſes, which is a para-'phraſe of *Iſaiah*, in one of your Speculations, 'is not written by Mr. *Pope?* Then you get 'on another line, by putting in, with proper diſ-'tances, as at the end of a Letter,

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

Abraham Dapperwit.

Mr. *Dapperwit*,

'I Am glad to get another line forward, by 'ſaying that excellent piece is Mr. *Pope's*; 'and ſo with proper diſtances,

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

The SPECTATOR.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Was a wealthy Grocer in the city, and as fortunate as diligent; but I was a ſingle man, and you know there are women. One in particular came to my ſhop, who I wiſhed might, but was afraid never would, make a Grocer's wife. I thought, however, to take an effectual way of courting, and ſold her at leſs price than I bought, that I might buy at leſs price than I ſold. She, you may be ſure, often came, and helped me to many cuſtomers at the ſame rate, fancying I was obliged to her. You muſt needs think this was a good living trade, and my riches muſt be vaſtly improved. In fine, I was nigh being declared Bankrupt, when I declared myſelf her Lover, and ſhe herſelf married. I was juſt in a condition to ſupport myſelf, and am now in hopes of growing rich by loſing my cuſtomers.

Yours,

Jeremy Comfit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am in the condition of the Idol you was once pleaſed to mention, and bar-keeper of a Coffee-houſe. I believe it is needleſs to tell you the opportunities I muſt give, and the importunities I ſuffer. But there is one Gentleman who beſieges me as cloſe as the *French* did *Bouchain*. His gravity makes him work cautious, and his regular approaches denote a

'good

good Engineer. You need not doubt of his oratory, as he is a Lawyer; and eſpecially ſince he has had ſo little uſe of it at *Weſtminſter*, he may ſpare the more for me.

'What then can weak woman do? I am willing to ſurrender, but he would have it at diſcretion, and I with diſcretion. In the mean time, whilſt we parly, our ſeveral intereſts are neglected. As his ſiege grows ſtronger, my tea grows weaker; and while he pleads at my bar, none come to him for counſel but *in forma pauperis*. Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, adviſe him not to inſiſt upon hard articles, nor by his irregular deſires contradict the well-meaning lines of his countenance. If we were agreed, we might ſettle to ſomething, as ſoon as we could determine where we ſhould get moſt by the Law, at the Coffee-houſe, or at *Weſtminſter*.

Your humble ſervant,

Lucinda Parly.

A Minute from Mr. *John Sly*.

'THE world is pretty regular for about forty rods eaſt, and ten weſt of the Obſervatory of the ſaid *Mr. Sly*; but he is credibly informed, that when they are got beyond the paſs into the *Strand*, or thoſe who move city-ward are got within *Temple-Bar*, they are juſt as they were before. It is therefore humbly propoſed, that moving centries may be appointed

'pointed all the buſy hours of the day between 'the Exchange and *Weſtminſter*, and report 'what paſſes to your Honour, or your ſubor-'dinate officers, from time to time.'

Ordered,

That Mr. *Sly* name the ſaid Officers, provided he will anſwer for their principles and morals. T

N°535 Thurſday, November 13.

Spem longam reſeces—— ——

Hor. Od. 11. l. 1. v. 7.

Cut ſhort vain hope.

MY four hundred and ſeventy-firſt Speculation turned upon the ſubject of Hope in general. I deſign this Paper as a Speculation upon that vain and fooliſh Hope, which is miſemployed on temporal objects, and produces many ſorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept ſeveral times inculcated by *Horace*, that we ſhould not entertain an Hope of any thing in life which lies at a great diſtance from us. The ſhortneſs and uncertainty of our time here, makes ſuch a kind of Hope unreaſonable and abſurd. The grave lies unſeen between us and the object which we reach after:

after: Where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thouſand are cut off in the purſuit of it.

It happens likewiſe unluckily, that one Hope no ſooner dies in us, but another riſes up in its ſtead. We are apt to fancy that we ſhall be happy and ſatisfied if we poſſeſs ourſelves of ſuch and ſuch particular enjoyments; but either by reaſon of their emptineſs, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no ſooner gained one point but we extend our Hopes to another. We ſtill find new inviting ſcenes and landſkips lying behind thoſe which at a diſtance terminated our view.

The natural conſequences of ſuch reflections are theſe; that we ſhould take care not to let our Hopes run out into too great a length; that we ſhould ſufficiently weigh the objects of our Hope, whether they be ſuch as we may reaſonably expect from them what they propoſe in their fruition, and whether they are ſuch as we are pretty ſure of attaining, in caſe our life extend itſelf ſo far. If we hope for things which are at too great a diſtance from us, it is poſſible that we may be intercepted by death in our progreſs towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly conſidered the value, our diſappointment will be greater than our pleaſure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to poſſeſs, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and ſhadow than it really is.

Many

Many of the miſeries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of conſideration, in one or all of theſe particulars. They are the rocks on which the ſanguine tribe of Lovers daily ſplit, and on which the Bankrupt, the Politician, the Alchymiſt and Projector are caſt away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of Fortune which are near them, for ſomething that glitters in the ſight at a diſtance; to neglect ſolid and ſubſtantial happineſs, for what is ſhowy and ſuperficial; and to contemn that good that lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its ſchemes for a long and durable life; preſſes forward to imaginary points of bliſs; and graſps at impoſſibilities; and conſequently very often inſnares men into beggary, ruin, and diſhonour.

What I have here ſaid, may ſerve as a moral to an *Arabian* Fable, which I find tranſlated into *French* by Monſieur *Galland*. The Fable has in it ſuch a wild, but natural ſimplicity, that I queſtion not but my reader will be as much pleaſed with it as I have been, and that he will conſider himſelf, if he reflects on the ſeveral amuſements of Hope which have ſometimes paſſed in his mind, as a near relation to the *Perſian* Glaſs-man.

Alnaſchar, ſays the Fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would ſet his hand to any buſineſs during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred

hundred drachmas in *Perſian* money. *Alnaſchar*, in order to make the beſt of it, laid it out in glaſſes, bottles, and the fineſt earthen-ware. Theſe he piled up in a large open baſket, and having made choice of a very little ſhop, placed the baſket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of cuſtomers. As he ſat in this poſture with his eyes upon the baſket, he fell into a moſt amuſing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himſelf in the following manner: 'This baſket,' ſays he, 'coſt me at the wholeſale Merchant's an 'hundred drachmas, which is all I have in 'the world. I ſhall quickly make two hundred 'of it, by ſelling it in retail. Theſe two 'hundred drachmas will in a very little while 'riſe to four hundred, which of courſe will 'amount in time to four thouſand. Four thou-'ſand drachmas cannot fail of making eight 'thouſand. As ſoon as by this means I am 'maſter of ten thouſand, I will lay aſide my 'trade of a Glaſs-man, and turn Jeweller. 'I ſhall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and 'all ſorts of rich ſtones. When I have got 'together as much wealth as I can well deſire, 'I will make a purchaſe of the fineſt houſe 'I can find, with lands, ſlaves, eunuchs and 'horſes. I ſhall then begin to enjoy myſelf, 'and make a noiſe in the world. I will 'not, however, ſtop there, but ſtill continue 'my traffick, until I have got together an hun-'dred thouſand drachmas. When I have thus

'made myſelf maſter of an hundred thouſand 'drachmas, I ſhall naturally ſet myſelf on the 'foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand 'Viſier's daughter in marriage, after having 'repreſented to that Miniſter the information 'which I have received of the beauty, wit, 'diſcretion, and other high qualities which his 'daughter poſſeſſes. I will let him know at the 'ſame time, that it is my intention to make 'him a preſent of a thouſand pieces of gold 'on our marriage-night. As ſoon as I have 'married the Grand Viſier's daughter, I will 'buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngeſt and 'beſt that can be got for money. I muſt 'afterwards make my father-in-law a viſit with 'a great train of equipage. And when I am 'placed at his right-hand, which he will do 'of courſe, if it be only to honour his daughter, 'I will give him the thouſand pieces of gold 'which I promiſed him, and afterwards to his 'great ſurpriſe, will preſent him another purſe 'of the ſame value, with ſome ſhort ſpeech: 'as, "Sir, you ſee I am a man of my word: "I always give more than I promiſe."

'When I have brought the Princeſs to my 'houſe, I ſhall take particular care to breed her 'in a due reſpect to me, before I give the 'reins to love and dalliance. To this end I 'ſhall confine her to her own apartment, make 'her a ſhort viſit, and talk but little to her. 'Her women will repreſent to me, that ſhe is 'inconſolable by reaſon of my unkindneſs, and 'beg me with tears to careſs her, and let her

'ſit

'ſit down by me; but I ſhall ſtill remain 'inexorable, and will turn my back upon her 'all the firſt night. Her mother will then come 'and bring her daughter to me, as I am ſeated 'upon my ſofa. The daughter, with tears in 'her eyes, will fling herſelf at my feet, and 'beg of me to receive her into my favour: 'Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough 'veneration for my perſon, draw up my legs 'and ſpurn her from me with my foot, in ſuch 'a manner that ſhe ſhall fall down ſeveral paces 'from the ſofa.'

Alnaſchar was intirely ſwallowed up in this chimerical viſion, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: So that unluckily ſtriking his baſket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glaſſes to a great diſtance from him into the ſtreet, and broke them into ten thouſand pieces. O

N°536 Friday, November 14.

O! veræ Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges!——
Virg. Æn. 9. v. 617.

O! leſs than women, in the ſhapes of men!
DRYDEN.

AS I was the other day ſtanding in my Bookſeller's ſhop, a pretty young Thing about eighteen years of age, ſtepped out of her coach, and bruſhing by me, beckoned the man of the ſhop to the further end of his counter, where ſhe whiſpered ſomething to him with an attentive look, and at the ſame time preſented him with a Letter: After which, preſſing the end of her fan upon his hand, ſhe delivered the remaining part of her meſſage, and withdrew. I obſerved, in the midſt of her diſcourſe, that ſhe fluſhed, and caſt an eye upon me over her ſhoulder, having been informed by my Bookſeller, that I was the man with the ſhort face whom ſhe had ſo often read of. Upon her paſſing by me, the pretty blooming creature ſmiled in my face, and dropped me a curtſy. She ſcarce gave me time to return her ſalute, before ſhe quitted the ſhop with an eaſy ſcuttle, and ſtepped again into her coach, giving the footman directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her departure, my Bookſeller gave me

me a Letter ſuperſcribed, 'To the ingenious SPECTATOR,' which the young Lady had deſired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me that the ſpeedy publication of it would not only oblige herſelf, but a whole tea-table of my friends. I opened it therefore, with a reſolution to publiſh it, whatever it ſhould contain, and am ſure, if any of my male-readers will be ſo ſeverely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleaſed with it as myſelf, had they ſeen the face of the pretty Scribe.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, Nov.* 1712.

'YOU are always ready to receive any uſeful 'hint or propoſal, and ſuch, I believe, you 'will think one that may put you in a way to 'employ the moſt idle part of the kingdom; 'I mean that part of mankind who are known 'by the name of Womens-Men or Beaus, &c. 'Mr. SPECTATOR, you are ſenſible theſe 'pretty Gentlemen are not made for any manly 'employments, and for want of buſineſs are 'often as much in the vapours as the Ladies. 'Now what I propoſe is this, ſince knotting 'is again in faſhion, which has been found a 'very pretty amuſement, that you would re-'commend it to theſe Gentlemen as ſomething 'that may make them uſeful to the Ladies 'they admire. And ſince it is not inconſiſtent 'with any game, or other diverſion, for it may 'be done in the Play-houſe, in their Coaches, 'at the Tea-table, and in ſhort, in all places

'where they come for the ſake of the Ladies '(except at Church, be pleaſed to forbid it 'there to prevent miſtakes) it will be eaſily 'complied with. It is beſides an employment 'that allows, as we ſee by the fair Sex, of 'many graces, which will make the Beaus more 'readily come into it; it ſhews a white hand 'and a diamond ring to great advantage; it 'leaves the eyes at full liberty to be employed 'as before, as alſo the thoughts, and the tongue. 'In ſhort, it ſeems in every reſpect ſo proper, 'that it is needleſs to urge it farther, by ſpeaking 'of the ſatisfaction theſe male-knotters will find, 'when they ſee their work mixed up in a 'fringe, and worn by the fair Lady for whom 'and with whom it was done. Truly, Mr. 'SPECTATOR, I cannot but be pleaſed I have 'hit upon ſomething that theſe Gentlemen are 'capable of; for it is ſad ſo conſiderable a part 'of the kingdom (I mean for numbers) ſhould 'be of no manner of uſe. I ſhall not trouble 'you farther at this time, but only to ſay, that 'I am always your reader, and generally your 'admirer.'

C. B.

P. S. 'The ſooner theſe fine Gentlemen 'are ſet to work, the better; there being at this 'time ſeveral fine fringes that only ſtay for more 'hands.'

I ſhall, in the next place, preſent my reader with the deſcription of a ſet of men who are common

common enough in the world, though I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE you have lately, to ſo good purpoſe, enlarged upon Conjugal Love, it is 'to be hoped you will diſcourage every practice 'that rather proceeds from a regard to intereſt, than to happineſs. Now you cannot 'but obſerve, that moſt of our fine young Ladies 'readily fall in with the direction of the graver 'ſort, to retain in their ſervice, by ſome ſmall 'encouragement, as great a number as they 'can of ſupernumerary and inſignificant fellows, 'which they uſe like Whifflers, and commonly 'call Shoeing-horns. Theſe are never deſigned 'to know the length of the foot, but only, 'when a good offer comes, to whet and ſpur 'him up to the point. Nay, it is the opinion 'of that grave Lady, Madam *Matchwell*, that 'it is abſolutely convenient for every prudent 'family to have ſeveral of theſe implements 'about the houſe, to clap on as occaſion ſerves, 'and that every Spark ought to produce a 'certificate of his being a Shoeing-horn, be'fore he be admitted as a Shoe. A certain 'Lady, whom I could name, if it was neceſ'ſary, has at preſent more Shoeing-horns of all 'ſizes, countries and colours, in her ſervice, 'than ever ſhe had new ſhoes in her life. I 'have known a woman make uſe of a Shoe'ing-horn for ſeveral years, and finding him

'unſucceſsful in that function, convert him at 'length into a Shoe. I am miſtaken if your friend 'Mr. WILLIAM HONEYCOMB was not a caſt 'off Shoeing-Horn before his late marriage. As 'for myſelf, I muſt frankly declare to you, 'that I have been an arrant Shoeing-Horn for 'above theſe twenty years. I ſerved my firſt 'miſtreſs in that capacity above five of the 'number, before ſhe was ſhod. I confeſs, though 'ſhe had many who made their applica-'tions to her, I always thought myſelf the 'beſt Shoe in her ſhop, and it was not until 'a month before her marriage that I diſcovered 'what I was. This had like to have broke 'my heart, and raiſed ſuch ſuſpicions in me, 'that I told the next I made love to, upon 'receiving ſome unkind uſage from her, that 'I began to look upon myſelf as no more than 'her Shoeing-Horn. Upon which, my dear, 'who was a Coquette in her nature, told me 'I was hypochondriacal, and that I might as 'well look upon myſelf to be an egg or a 'pipkin. But in a very ſhort time after, ſhe 'gave me to know that I was not miſtaken 'in myſelf. It would be tedious to recount 'to you the life of an unfortunate Shoeing-'Horn, or I might entertain you with a very 'long and melancholy relation of my ſufferings. 'Upon the whole, I think, Sir, it would very 'well become a man in your poſt, to deter-'mine in what caſes a woman may be allowed, 'with honour, to make uſe of a Shoeing-Horn, 'as alſo to declare whether a maid on this ſide

'five and twenty, or a widow who has not been 'three years in that ſtate, may be granted ſuch 'a privilege, with other difficulties which will 'naturally occur to you upon that ſubject.

I am, Sir,

With the moſt profound veneration,

O Yours, &c.

N°537 Saturday, November 15.

Τοῦ μὲν γὰρ γένος ἐσμέν—— Arat.

For we are His offspring. Acts xvii. 28.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'IT has been uſual to remind perſons of 'rank, on great occaſions in life, of their 'race and Quality, and to what expectations 'they were born; that by conſidering what is 'worthy of them, they may be withdrawn 'from mean purſuits, and encouraged to laud-'able undertakings. This is turning Nobility 'into a principle of virtue, and making it pro-'ductive of merit, as it is underſtood to have 'been originally a reward of it.

'It is for the like reaſon, I imagine, that 'you have in ſome of your Speculations aſſerted 'to your readers the Dignity of Human Nature.

'But

'But you cannot be inſenſible that this is a controverted doctrine; there are Authors who conſider Human Nature in a very different view, and books of maxims have been written to ſhew the Falſity of all Human Virtues. The reflexions which are made on this ſubject uſually take ſome tincture from the tempers and characters of thoſe that make them. Politicians can reſolve the moſt ſhining actions among men into artifice and deſign; others, who are ſoured by diſcontent, repulſes, or ill uſage, are apt to miſtake their ſpleen for philoſophy; men of profligate lives, and ſuch as find themſelves incapable of riſing to any diſtinction among their fellow-creatures, are for pulling down all appearances of merit, which ſeem to upbraid them; and Satiriſts deſcribe nothing but deformity. From all theſe hands we have ſuch draughts of Mankind as are repreſented in thoſe burleſque pictures, which the *Italians* call *Caricatura's*; where the art conſiſts in preſerving, amidſt diſtorted proportions and aggravated features, ſome diſtinguiſhing likeneſs of the perſon, but in ſuch a manner as to transform the moſt agreeable Beauty into the moſt odious monſter.

'It is very diſingenuous to level the beſt of Mankind with the worſt, and for the faults of particulars to degrade the whole ſpecies. Such methods tend not only to remove a man's good opinion of others, but to deſtroy that reverence for himſelf, which is a great guard of innocence, and a ſpring of virtue.

'It

'It is true indeed that there are ſurpriſing 'mixtures of beauty and deformity, of wiſdom 'and folly, virtue and vice, in the Human Make; 'ſuch a diſparity is found among numbers of 'the ſame kind; and every individual, in ſome 'inſtances, or at ſome times, is ſo unequal to 'himſelf, that Man ſeems to be the moſt wa-'vering and inconſiſtent Being in the whole 'creation. So that the queſtion in morality, 'concerning the Dignity of our Nature, may 'at firſt ſight appear like ſome difficult queſtions 'in Natural Philoſophy, in which the arguments 'on both ſides ſeem to be of equal ſtrength. 'But as I began with conſidering this point as 'it relates to action, I ſhall here borrow an 'admirable reflexion from Monſieur *Paſchal*, 'which I think ſets it in its proper light.

"It is of dangerous conſequence, ſays he, "to repreſent to Man how near he is to the "level of beaſts, without ſhewing him at the "ſame time his Greatneſs. It is likewiſe dan-"gerous to let him ſee his Greatneſs, without "his Meanneſs. It is more dangerous yet to "leave him ignorant of either; but very bene-"ficial that he ſhould be made ſenſible of both."

'Whatever imperfections we may have in our 'Nature, it is the buſineſs of religion and virtue 'to rectify them, as far as is conſiſtent with 'our preſent ſtate. In the mean time, it is no 'ſmall encouragement to generous minds to 'conſider that we ſhall put them all off with 'our mortality. That ſublime manner of ſa-

'lutation

'lutation with which the *Jews* approached 'their Kings,

" O King, live for ever!"

'may be addreſſed to the loweſt and moſt de-'ſpiſed Mortal among us, under all the infir-'mities and diſtreſſes with which we ſee him 'ſurrounded. And whoever believes the Im-'mortality of the Soul, will not need a better 'argument for the Dignity of his Nature, nor 'a ſtronger incitement to actions ſuitable to it.

'I am naturally led by this reflexion to a 'ſubject I have already touched upon in a 'former Letter, and cannot without pleaſure 'call to mind the thoughts of *Cicero* to this 'purpoſe, in the cloſe of his book concerning '*Old Age*. Every one who is acquainted with 'his Writings, will remember that the elder '*Cato* is introduced in that diſcourſe as the 'ſpeaker, and *Scipio* and *Lelius* as his auditors. 'This venerable perſon is repreſented looking 'forward as it were from the verge of extreme 'old age into a future ſtate, and riſing into a 'contemplation on the unperiſhable part of his 'Nature, and its exiſtence after death. I ſhall 'collect part of his diſcourſe. And as you have 'formerly offered ſome arguments for the Soul's 'Immortality, agreeable both to reaſon and the 'Chriſtian doctrine, I believe your readers will 'not be diſpleaſed to ſee how the ſame great 'truth ſhines in the pomp of the *Roman* elo-'quence.

" This

" This, ſays *Cato*, is my firm perſuaſion, " that ſince the human Soul exerts itſelf with " ſo great activity, ſince it has ſuch a re- " membrance of the paſt, ſuch a concern for " the future, ſince it is enriched with ſo many " Arts, Sciences and Diſcoveries, it is impoſ- " ſible but the Being which contains all theſe " muſt be immortal.

" The elder *Cyrus*, juſt before his death, is " repreſented by *Xenophon* ſpeaking after this " manner." " Think not, my deareſt children, " that when I depart from you I ſhall be no " more, but remember, that my Soul, even " while I lived among you, was inviſible to " you; yet by my actions you were ſenſible it " exiſted in this body. Believe it therefore ex- " iſting ſtill, though it be ſtill unſeen. How " quickly would the honours of illuſtrious men " periſh after death, if their Souls performed " nothing to preſerve their fame? For my own " part, I never could think that the Soul while " in a mortal body, lives, but when departed " out of it, dies; or that its conſciouſneſs is " loſt when it is diſcharged out of an uncon- " ſcious habitation. But when it is freed from " all corporeal alliance, then it truly exiſts. Fur- " ther, ſince the human frame is broken by " death, tell us what becomes of its parts? " It is viſible whither the materials of other " Beings are tranſlated, namely, to the ſource " from whence they had their birth. The Soul " alone, neither preſent or departed, is the ob- " ject of our eyes."

" Thus

" Thus *Cyrus*. But to proceed. No one " ſhall perſuade me, *Scipio*, that your worthy " father, or your grandfathers *Paulus* and *Afri-* " *canus*, or *Africanus* his father or uncle, or " many other excellent men whom I need not " name, performed ſo many actions to be re- " membered by poſterity, without being ſenſible " that futurity was their right. And, if I may " be allowed an old man's privilege, to ſpeak " of myſelf, do you think I would have endured " the fatigue of ſo many weariſom days and " nights, both at home and abroad, if I ima- " gined that the ſame boundary which is ſet " to my life muſt terminate my glory? Were " it not more deſirable to have worn out my " days in eaſe and tranquillity, free from la- " bour and without emulation? But I know " not how, my Soul has always raiſed itſelf, " and looked forward on futurity, in this view " and expectation, that when it ſhall depart " out of life, it ſhall then live for ever; and " if this were not true, that the mind is im- " mortal, the Souls of the moſt worthy would " not, above all others, have the ſtrongeſt im- " pulſe to glory.

" What beſides this is the cauſe that the " wiſeſt men die with the greateſt equanimity, " the ignorant with the greateſt concern? Does " it not ſeem that thoſe minds which have the " moſt extenſive views, foreſee they are re- " moving to a happier condition, which thoſe " of a narrower ſight do not perceive? I, for " my part, am tranſported with the hope of

" ſeeing

" ſeeing your anceſtors, whom I have honoured " and loved, and am earneſtly deſirous of meet- " ing not only thoſe excellent perſons whom " I have known, but thoſe too of whom I " have heard and read, and of whom I my- " ſelf have written; nor would I be detained " from ſo pleaſing a journey. O happy day, " when I ſhall eſcape from this crowd, this " heap of pollution, and be admitted to that " divine aſſembly of exalted Spirits! When I " ſhall go not only to thoſe great perſons I " have named, but to my *Cato*, my ſon, than " whom a better man was never born, and " whoſe funeral rites I myſelf performed, " whereas he ought rather to have attended " mine. Yet has not his Soul deſerted me, but " ſeeming to caſt back a look on me, is gone " before to thoſe habitations to which it was " ſenſible I ſhould follow him. And though " I might appear to have borne my loſs with " courage, I was not unaffected with it, but " I comforted myſelf in the aſſurance that it " would not be long before we ſhould meet " again, and be divorced no more."

I am, Sir, &c.

I queſtion not but my reader will be very much pleaſed to hear that the Gentleman who has obliged the world with the foregoing Letter, and who was the Author of the 210th Speculation on the Immortality of the Soul, the 375th on Virtue in diſtreſs, the 525th on Conjugal Love, and two or three other very fine ones

ones among thoſe which are not lettered at the end, will ſoon publiſh a noble Poem, intitled *An Ode to the Creator of the World*, occaſioned by the fragments of *Orpheus*.

N° 538 Monday, November 17.

——*Ultra*
Finem tendere opus. Hor. Sat. 1. l. 2. v. 1.

To lanch beyond all bounds.

SUrprize is ſo much the life of ſtories, that every one aims at it, who endeavours to pleaſe by telling them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words, and a ſweet arrangement, are all beautifying Graces, but not the particulars in this point of converſation which either long command the attention, or ſtrike with the violence of a ſudden paſſion, or occaſion the burſt of laughter which accompanies humour. I have ſometimes fancied that the mind is in this caſe like a traveller who ſees a fine ſeat in haſte; he acknowledges the delightfulneſs of a walk ſet with regularity, but would be uneaſy if he were obliged to paſs it over, when the firſt view had let him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

However, a knowledge of the ſucceſs which ſtories will have when they are attended with a turn of Surpriſe, as it has happily made the characters

characters of ſome, ſo has it alſo been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a ſet of men who outrage truth, inſtead of affecting us with a manner in telling it: who overleap the line of probability, that they may be ſeen to move out of the common road; and endeavour only to make their hearers ſtare, by impoſing upon them with a kind of nonſenſe againſt the philoſophy of Nature, or ſuch a heap of wonders told upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely one man ſhould ever have met with.

I have been led to this obſervation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The ſubject of Antipathies was a proper field wherein ſuch falſe Surpriſers might expatiate, and there were thoſe preſent who appeared very fond to ſhew it in its full extent of traditional hiſtory. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our conſideration the miraculous powers which the effluviums of cheeſe have over bodies whoſe pores are diſpoſed to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of ſuch who could indeed bear the ſight of cheeſe, but not the taſte; for which they brought a reaſon from the milk of their nurſes. Others again diſcourſed without endeavouring at reaſons, concerning an unconquerable averſion which ſome ſtomachs have againſt a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the ſhape which had affected them is altered. From hence they paſſed to eels, then to parſnips, and ſo

from one averſion to another, until we had worked up ourſelves to ſuch a pitch of complaiſance, that when the dinner was to come in, we inquired the name of every diſh, and hoped it would be no offence to any in company, before it was admitted. When we had ſat down, this civility among us turned the diſcourſe from eatables to other ſorts of averſions; and the eternal Cat, which plagues every converſation of this nature, began then to engroſs the ſubject. One had ſweated at the ſight of it, another had ſmelled it out as it lay concealed in a very diſtant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole ſet of theſe ſtories, reckoned up the number of times in which it had occaſioned him to ſwoon away. At laſt, ſays he, that you may all be ſatisfied of my invincible averſion to a cat, I ſhall give an unanſwerable inſtance: As I was going through a ſtreet of *London*, where I never had been until then, I felt a general damp and faintneſs all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, until I chanced to caſt my eyes upwards, and found that I was paſſing under a ſign-poſt on which the picture of a cat was hung.

The extravagance of this turn in the way of Surpriſe, gave a ſtop to the talk we had been carrying on: Some were ſilent becauſe they doubted, and others becauſe they were conquered in their own way; ſo that the Gentleman had opportunity to preſs the belief of it upon us, and let us ſee that he was rather expoſing himſelf than ridiculing others.

I muſt

I muſt freely own that I did not all this while diſbelieve every thing that was ſaid; but yet I thought ſome in the company had been endeavouring who ſhould pitch the bar fartheſt; that it had for ſome time been a meaſuring caſt, and at laſt my friend of the cat and ſign-poſt had thrown beyond them all.

I then conſidered the manner in which this ſtory had been received, and the poſſibility that it might have paſſed for a jeſt upon others, if he had not laboured againſt himſelf. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally takes to correct ſuch a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The firſt of theſe is a general ſilence, which I would not adviſe any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they ſee another drive ſo faſt that there is no ſtopping him without being run againſt; and but very ſeldom the effect of weakneſs in believing ſuddenly. The generality of mankind are not ſo groſly ignorant, as ſome overbearing ſpirits would perſuade themſelves; and if the authority of a character or a caution againſt danger make us ſuppreſs our opinions, yet neither theſe are of force enough to ſuppreſs our thoughts of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuſe his company with improbabilities could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly eſteems of their ſenſe when he thinks to impoſe upon them, and that he is leſs

eſteemed by them for his attempt in doing ſo. His endeavour to glory at their expence becomes a ground of quarrel, and the ſcorn and indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate puniſhment: And indeed (if we ſhould even go no further) ſilence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than oppoſition, becauſe oppoſition proceeds from an anger that has a ſort of generous ſentiment for the adverſary mingling along with it, while it ſhews that there is ſome eſteem in your mind for him; in ſhort, that you think him worth while to conteſt with: But ſilence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a ſcorn that ſhews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of falſe Surpriſe, is to overſhoot ſuch talkers in their own bow, or to raiſe the ſtory with further degrees of impoſſibility, and ſet up for a voucher to them in ſuch a manner as muſt let them ſee they ſtand detected. Thus I have heard a diſcourſe was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an account how it had turned his friend's hair gray in a night, while the terrors of a ſhipwreck encompaſſed him. Another taking the hint from hence, began, upon his own knowledge, to enlarge his inſtances of the like nature to ſuch a number, that it was not propable he could ever have met with them; and as he ſtill grounded

thoſe

thoſe upon different cauſes, for the ſake of variety, it might ſeem at laſt, from his ſhare of the converſation, almoſt impoſſible that any one who can feel the paſſion of fear ſhould all his life eſcape ſo common an effect of it. By this time ſome of the company grew negligent, or deſirous to contradict him; but one rebuked the reſt with an appearance of ſeverity, and with the known old ſtory in his head, aſſured them they need not ſcruple to believe that the fear of any thing can make a man's hair gray, ſince he knew one whoſe periwig had ſuffered ſo by it. Thus he ſtopped the talk, and made them eaſy. Thus is the ſame method taken to bring us to ſhame, which we fondly take to increaſe our character. It is indeed a kind of mimicry, by which another puts on our air of converſation to ſhow us to ourſelves: He ſeems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a reſemblance you bear to him, or that you may know that he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are ſtruck dumb immediately with a conſcientious ſhame for what you have been ſaying. Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the ſentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In ſhort, you are againſt yourſelf; the laugh of the company runs againſt you; the cenſuring world is obliged to you for that triumph which you have allowed them at your own expence; and truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being re-

venged on you, when by the bare repetition of your ſtory you become a frequent diverſion for the Public.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE other day, walking in *Pancras* church-'yard, I thought of your Paper wherein 'you mention Epitaphs, and am of opinion 'this has a thought in it worth being com-'municated to your readers.

Here innocence and beauty lies, whoſe breath
Was ſnatch'd by early, not untimely death.
Hence did ſhe go, juſt as ſhe did begin
Sorrow to know, before ſhe knew to ſin.
Death, that does ſin and ſorrow thus prevent,
Is the next bleſſing to a life well ſpent.

I am, Sir,

Your ſervant.

Tueſday,

N°539 Tueſday, November 18.

Heteroclyta ſunto. Quæ Genus.

Be they *Heteroclytes.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a young widow of a good fortune 'and family, and juſt come to town; where 'I find I have cluſters of pretty fellows come 'already to viſit me, ſome dying with hopes, 'others with fears, though they never ſaw me. 'Now what I would beg of you, would be to 'know whether I may venture to uſe theſe 'pert fellows with the ſame freedom as I did 'my country acquaintance. I deſire your leave 'to uſe them as to me ſhall ſeem meet, without 'imputation of a Jilt; for ſince I make decla-'ration that not one of them ſhall have me, I 'think I ought to be allowed the liberty of 'inſulting thoſe who have the vanity to believe 'it is in their power to make me break that 'reſolution. There are ſchools for learning to 'uſe foils, frequented by thoſe who never de-'ſign to fight; and this uſeleſs way of aiming 'at the heart, without deſign to wound it on 'either ſide, is the play with which I am 'reſolved to divert myſelf: The man who pre-'tends to win, I ſhall uſe like him who comes

'into a fencing-ſchool to pick a quarrel. I 'hope, upon this foundation, you will give me 'the free uſe of the natural and artificial force 'of my eyes, looks, and geſtures. As for ver-'bal promiſes, I will make none, but ſhall have 'no mercy on the conceited interpreters of 'glances and motions. I am particularly ſkilled 'in the downcaſt eye, and the recovery into 'a ſudden full aſpect, and away again, as you 'may have ſeen ſometimes practiſed by us 'country Beauties beyond all that you have 'obſerved in courts and cities. Add to this, 'Sir, that I have a ruddy heedleſs look, which 'covers artifice the beſt of any thing. Though 'I can dance very well, I affect a tottering un-'taught way of walking, by which I appear 'an eaſy prey; and never exert my inſtructed 'charms until I find I have engaged a purſuer. 'Be pleaſed, Sir, to print this Letter; which 'will certainly begin the chace of a rich wi-'dow: The many foldings, eſcapes, returns and 'doublings which I make, I ſhall from time to 'time communicate to you, for the better in-'ſtruction of all females who ſet up, like me, 'for reducing the preſent exorbitant power and 'inſolence of man.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful correſpondent,

Relicta Lovely.

Dear

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Depend upon your profeſſed reſpect for virtuous love, for your immediate anſwering the deſign of this Letter; which is no other than to lay before the world the ſeverity of certain parents who deſire to ſuſpend the marriage of a diſcreet young woman of eighteen, three years longer, for no other reaſon but that of her being too young to enter into that ſtate. As to the conſideration of riches, my circumſtances are ſuch, that I cannot be ſuſpected to make my addreſſes to her on ſuch low motives as avarice or ambition. If ever innocence, wit and beauty, united their utmoſt charms, they have in her. I wiſh you would expatiate a little on this ſubject, and admoniſh her parents that it may be from the very imperfection of human nature itſelf, and not any perſonal frailty of her or me, that our inclinations baffled at preſent may alter; and while we are arguing with ourſelves to put off the enjoyment of our preſent paſſions, our affections may change their objects in the operation. It is a very delicate ſubject to talk upon; but if it were but hinted, I am in hopes it would give the parties concerned ſome reflexion that might expedite our happineſs. There is a poſſibility, and I hope I may ſay it without imputation of immodeſty to her I love with the higheſt honour; I ſay, there is a poſſibility this delay may be as painful to her as it is to me. If

'it

'it be as much, it muſt be more, by reaſon 'of the ſevere rules the Sex are under in being 'denied even the relief of complaint. If you 'oblige me in this, and I ſucceed, I promiſe 'you a place at my wedding, and a treatment 'ſuitable to your Spectatorial dignity.

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Euſtace.

SIR,

'I Yeſterday heard a young Gentleman, that 'looked as if he was juſt come to the town 'and a ſcarf, upon evil-ſpeaking; which ſubject, 'you know, Arch-biſhop *Tillotſon* has ſo nobly 'handled in a Sermon in his *Folio*. As ſoon 'as ever he had named his text, and had 'opened a little the drift of his diſcourſe, I was 'in great hopes he had been one of Sir ROGER's 'Chaplains. I have conceived ſo great an idea 'of the charming diſcourſe above, that I ſhould 'have thought one part of my Sabbath very 'well ſpent in hearing a repetition of it. But 'alas! Mr. SPECTATOR, this reverend Divine 'gave us his Grace's Sermon, and yet I do not 'know how; even I, that I am ſure have read 'it at leaſt twenty times, could not tell what 'to make of it, and was at a loſs ſometimes 'to gueſs what the man aimed at. He was 'ſo juſt indeed, as to give us all the heads and 'the ſub-diviſions of the Sermon; and farther I 'think there was not one beautiful thought in 'it but what we had. But then, Sir, this

'Gen-

'Gentleman made ſo many pretty additions; 'and he could never give us a paragraph of 'the Sermon, but he introduced it with ſome-'thing which, methought, looked more like a 'deſign to ſhew his own ingenuity, than to in-'ſtruct the people. In ſhort, he added and 'curtailed in ſuch a manner that he vexed me; 'inſomuch that I could not forbear thinking '(what, I confeſs, I ought not to have thought 'of in ſo holy a place) that this young ſpark 'was as juſtly blameable as *Bullock* or *Penketh-'man* when they mend a noble Play of *Shake-'ſpear* or *Johnſon*. Pray, Sir, take this into 'your conſideration; and if we muſt be enter-'tained with the Works of any of thoſe great 'men, deſire theſe Gentlemen to give them us 'as they find them, that when we read them 'to our families at home, they may the better 'remember they have heard them at church.

Sir,

Your humble ſervant.

Wedneſday,

N° 540 Wedneſday, November 19.

——Non deficit alter.

Virg. Æn. 6. v. 143.

A ſecond is not wanting.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is no part of your writings 'which I have in more eſteem than your 'Criticiſm upon *Milton*. It is an honourable 'and candid endeavour to ſet the Works of 'our noble Writers in the graceful light which 'they deſerve. You will loſe much of my 'kind inclination towards you, if you do not 'attempt the encomium of *Spenſer* alſo, or at 'leaſt indulge my paſſion for that charming 'Author ſo far as to print the looſe hints I 'now give you on that ſubject.

'*Spenſer*'s general plan is the repreſentation 'of ſix virtues, Holineſs, Temperance, Chaſtity, 'Friendſhip, Juſtice, and Courteſy, in ſix Legends 'by ſix Perſons. The ſix Perſonages are ſup-'poſed, under proper allegories ſuitable to their 'reſpective characters, to do all that is neceſ-'ſary for the full manifeſtation of the reſpective 'virtues which they are to exert.

'Theſe, one might undertake to ſhew under 'the ſeveral heads, are admirably drawn; no 'images improper, and moſt ſurpriſingly beau-'tiful.

'tiful. The Red-croſs Knight runs through the 'whole ſteps of the Chriſtian life; *Guyon* does 'all that temperance can poſſibly require; *Bri-* 'tomartis (a woman) obſerves the true rules 'of unaffected chaſtity; *Arthegal* is in every 'reſpect of life ſtrictly and wiſely juſt; *Calidore* 'is rightly courteous.

'In ſhort, in *Fairy-Land*, where Knights- 'Errant have a full ſcope to range, and to do 'even what *Arioſtos* or *Orlandos* could not do 'in the world without breaking into credibility, '*Spenſer*'s Knights have, under thoſe ſix heads, 'given a full and truly poetical ſyſtem of Chri- 'ſtian, Public, and Low life.

'His Legend of friendſhip is more diffuſe, 'and yet even there the allegory is finely 'drawn, only the heads various, one Knight 'could not there ſupport all the parts.

'To do honour to his country, Prince *Arthur* 'is an univerſal Hero; in holineſs, temperance, 'chaſtity, and juſtice ſuper-excellent. For the 'ſame reaſon, and to compliment Queen *Eli-* 'zabeth, *Gloriana*, Queen of Fairies, whoſe 'court was the aſylum of the oppreſſed, re- 'preſents that glorious Queen. At her com- 'mands all theſe Knights ſet forth, and only at 'hers the Red-croſs Knight deſtroys the Dragon, '*Guyon* overturns the Bower of Bliſs, *Arthegal* '(i. e. Juſtice) beats down *Geryoneo* (i. e. *Philip* 'the Second King of *Spain*) to reſcue *Belge* '(i. e. *Holland*) and he beats the *Grantorto* (the 'ſame *Philip* in another light) to reſtore *Irena* '(i. e. Peace to *Europe*.)

'Chaſtity

'Chaſtity being the firſt female Virtue, *Britomartis* is a *Briton*; her part is fine, though it 'requires explication. His ſtile is very poetical; 'no puns, affectations of wit, forced antitheſes, 'or any of that low tribe.

'His old words are all true *Engliſh*, and 'numbers exquiſite; and ſince of words there 'is the *Multa Renaſcentur*, ſince they are all 'proper, ſuch a Poem ſhould not (any more 'than *Milton*'s) ſubſiſt all of it of common 'ordinary words. See inſtances of deſcriptions.

Cauſleſs Jealouſy in *Britomartis*, V. 6. 14. in its reſtleſneſs.

Like as a wayward child, whoſe ſounder ſleep
Is broken with ſome fearful dream's affright,
With froward will doth ſet himſelf to weep,
Ne can be ſtill'd for all his nurſe's might,
But kicks, and ſqualls, and ſhrieks for fell deſpite;
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe locks miſuſing,
Now ſeeking darkneſs, and now ſeeking light;
Then craving ſuck, and then the ſuck refuſing:
Such was this Lady's fit in her love's fond accuſing.

Curioſity occaſioned by Jealouſy, upon occaſion of her Lover's abſence. Ibid. Stan. 8, 9.

There as ſhe looked long, at laſt ſhe ſpy'd
One coming towards her with haſty ſpeed,
Well ween'd ſhe then, ere him ſhe plain deſcry'd,
That it was one ſent from her Love indeed;
Whereat her heart was fill'd with hope and dread,
Ne would ſhe ſtay till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth to know his tidings ſome;
E'en in the door him meeting ſhe begun,
And where is he, thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; and hath he loſt or won?" *Care*

Care and his Houſe are deſcribed thus, V. 6. 33, 34, 35.

Not far away, not meet for any gueſt,
They ſpy'd a little cottage, like ſome poor man's neſt.

34.

There ent'ring in, they found the good-man ſelf,
Full buſily unto his work ybent,
Who was to weet a wretched weariſh elf,
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks for-ſpent,
As if he had in priſon long been pent;
Full black and grieſly did his face appear,
Beſmear'd with ſmoke that nigh his eye-ſight blent,
With rugged beard and hoary ſhagged hair,
The which he never wont to comb, or comely ſhear.

35.

Rude was his garment and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better car'd;
With bliſtred hands emongſt the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nails unpar'd,
Right fit to rend the food on which he far'd.
His name was *Care*; a blackſmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working ſpar'd,
But to ſmall purpoſe iron wedges made:
Thoſe be unquiet thoughts that careful minds invade.

'*Homer*'s Epithets were much admired by 'Antiquity: See what great juſtneſs and variety 'there is in theſe Epithets of the trees in the 'foreſt where the Red-croſs Knight loſt *Truth*, 'B. 1. Cant. 1. Stan. 8, 9.

The ſailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, ſole king of foreſts all,
The aſpine good for ſtaves, the cypreſs funeral.

9. The

9.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And Poets ſage; the fir that weepeth ſtill,
The willow worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for ſhafts, the ſallow for the mill;
The myrrhe ſweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the aſh for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
The carver holm, the maple ſeldom inward ſound.

'I ſhall trouble you no more, but deſire you 'to let me conclude with theſe verſes, though 'I think they have already been quoted by you: 'They are directions to young Ladies oppreſt 'with calumny. VI. 6. 14.

The beſt (ſaid he) that I can you adviſe,
Is to avoid th' occaſion of the ill;
For when the cauſe, whence evil doth ariſe,
Removed is, th' effect ſurceaſeth ſtill.
Abſtain from pleaſure, and reſtrain your will,
Subdue deſire, and bridle looſe delight,
Uſe ſcanted diet, and forbear your fill,
Shun ſecrecy, and talk in open ſight:
So ſhall you ſoon repair your preſent evil plight. T

Thurſday,

N°541 Thurſday, November 20.

Format enim Natura priùs nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit & angit;
Pòſt effert animi motus interprete linguâ
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 108.

For Nature forms and ſoftens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face:
Pleaſure enchants, impetuous rage tranſports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul;
And theſe are all interpreted by Speech.
ROSCOMMON.

MY friend the TEMPLAR, whom I have ſo often mentioned in theſe Writings, having determined to lay aſide his poetical ſtudies, in order to a cloſer purſuit of the Law, has put together, as a farewel Eſſay, ſome thoughts concerning Pronunciation and Action, which he has given me leave to communicate to the Public. They are chiefly collected from his favourite Author, *Cicero*, who is known to have been an intimate friend of *Roſcius* the Actor, and a good judge of dramatic performances, as well as the moſt eloquent Pleader of the time in which he lived.

Cicero concludes his celebrated books *de Oratore* with ſome precepts for Pronunciation and Action, without which part he affirms that the beſt

Orator in the world can never ſucceed; and an indifferent one, who is maſter of this, ſhall gain much greater applauſe. What could make a ſtronger impreſſion, ſays he, than thoſe exclamations of *Gracchus*—'Whither ſhall I turn? 'Wretch that I am! to what place betake my-'ſelf? Shall I go to the Capitol?—Alas! it is 'overflowed with my brother's blood. Or ſhall 'I retire to my houſe? Yet there I behold my 'mother plunged in miſery, weeping and de-'ſpairing!' Theſe breaks and turns of paſſion, it ſeems, were ſo enforced by the eyes, voice, and geſture of the ſpeaker, that his very enemies could not refrain from tears. I inſiſt, ſays *Tully*, upon this the rather, becauſe our Orators, who are as it were Actors of the truth itſelf, have quitted this manner of ſpeaking; and the Players, who are but imitators of truth, have taken it up.

I ſhall therefore purſue the hint he has here given me, and for the ſervice of the *Britiſh* ſtage I ſhall copy ſome of the rules which this great *Roman* maſter has laid down; yet, without confining myſelf wholly to his thoughts or words: and to adapt this Eſſay the more to the purpoſe for which I intend it, inſtead of the examples he has inſerted in his diſcourſe, out of the ancient Tragedies, I ſhall make uſe of parallel paſſages out of the moſt celebrated of our own.

The deſign of Art is to aſſiſt Action as much as poſſible in the repreſentation of Nature; for the appearance of reality is that which moves us in

in all repreſentations, and theſe have always the greater force, the nearer they approach to Nature, and the leſs they ſhew of imitation.

Nature herſelf has aſſigned, to every emotion of the Soul, its peculiar caſt of the countenance, tone of voice, and manner of geſture; and the whole perſon, all the features of the face and tones of the voice, anſwer, like ſtrings upon muſical inſtruments, to the impreſſions made on them by the mind. Thus the ſounds of the voice, according to the various touches which raiſe them, form themſelves into an acute or grave, quick or ſlow, loud or ſoft tone. Theſe too may be ſubdivided into various kinds of tones, as the gentle, the rough, the contracted, the diffuſe, the continued, the intermitted, the broken, abrupt, winding, ſoftened, or elevated. Every one of theſe may be employed with art and judgment; and all ſupply the Actor, as colours do the Painter, with an expreſſive variety.

Anger exerts its peculiar voice in an acute, raiſed, and hurrying ſound. The paſſionate character of King *Lear*, as it is admirably drawn by *Shakeſpear*, abounds with the ſtrongeſt inſtances of this kind.

——Death! confuſion!
Fiery!—what quality!—why *Gloſter! Gloſter!*
I'd ſpeak with the Duke of *Cornwal* and his wife.
Are they inform'd of this? my breath and blood!
Fiery? the fiery Duke?——&c.

Sorrow and Complaint demand a voice quite different, flexible, ſlow, interrupted, and modulated in a mournful tone; as in that pathetical ſoliloquy of Cardinal *Wolſey* on his fall.

Farewel!—a long farewel to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man!—to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him,
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do.

We have likewiſe a fine example of this in the whole part of *Andromache* in the *Diſtreſſed-Mother*, particularly in theſe lines.

I'll go, and in the anguiſh of my heart
Weep o'er my child—If he muſt die, my life
Is wrapt in his, I ſhall not long ſurvive.
'Tis for his ſake that I have ſuffer'd life,
Groan'd in captivity, and out-liv'd *Hector*.
Yes, my *Aſtyanax*, we'll go together!
Together to the realms of night we'll go;
There to thy raviſh'd eyes thy ſire I'll ſhow,
And point him out among the ſhades below.

Fear expreſſes itſelf in a low, heſitating and abject ſound. If the reader conſiders the following ſpeech of Lady *Macbeth*, while her huſband is about the murder of *Duncan* and his grooms, he will imagine her even affrighted with the ſound of her own voice while ſhe is ſpeaking it.

Alas!

Alas! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us—Hark!—I laid the daggers ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it.

Courage assumes a louder tone, as in that speech of Don *Sebastian*.

Here satiate all your fury;
Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a Soul that like an ample shield
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.

Pleasure dissolves into a luxurious, mild, tender, and joyous modulation; as in the following lines in *Caius Marius*.

Lavinia! O there's music in the name,
That soft'ning me to infant tenderness,
Makes my heart spring, like the first leaps of life.

And Perplexity is different from all these; grave, but not bemoaning, with an earnest uniform sound of voice; as in that celebrated speech of *Hamlet*.

To be, or not to be?—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep——

To ſleep; perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub.
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe——There's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life;
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,
To grone and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather chooſe thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

As all theſe varieties of voice are to be directed by the ſenſe, ſo the Action is to be directed by the voice, and with a beautiful propriety, as it were to enforce it. The arm, which by a ſtrong figure *Tully* calls the Orator's Weapon, is to be ſometimes raiſed and extended; and the hand, by its motion, ſometimes to lead, and ſometimes to follow the words as they are uttered. The ſtamping of the foot too has its proper expreſſion in contention, anger, or abſolute command. But the face is the epitome of the whole man, and the eyes are as it were the epitome of the face; for which reaſon, he ſays, the beſt judges among the *Romans* were not extremely pleaſed, even with *Roſcius* himſelf in his maſk. No part of the body, beſides the face,

is

is capable of as many changes as there are different emotions in the mind, and of expreſſing them all by thoſe changes. Nor is this to be done without the freedom of the eyes; therefore *Theophraſtus* called one, who barely rehearſed his ſpeech with his eyes fixed, an abſent Actor.

As the countenance admits of ſo great variety, it requires alſo great judgment to govern it. Not that the form of the face is to be ſhifted on every occaſion, leſt it turn to farce and buffoonry; but it is certain, that the eyes have a wonderful power of marking the emotions of the mind, ſometimes by a ſtedfaſt look, ſometimes by a careleſs one, now by a ſudden regard, then by a joyful ſparkling, as the ſenſe of the words is diverſified: for Action is, as it were, the ſpeech of the features and limbs, and muſt therefore conform itſelf always to the ſentiments of the Soul. And it may be obſerved, that in all which relates to the Geſture, there is a wonderful force implanted by Nature, ſince the vulgar, the unſkilful, and even the moſt barbarous are chiefly affected by this. None are moved by the ſound of words, but thoſe who underſtand the language; and the ſenſe of many things is loſt upon men of a dull apprehenſion: but Action is a kind of univerſal Tongue, all men are ſubject to the ſame paſſions, and conſequently know the ſame marks of them in others, by which they themſelves expreſs them.

Perhaps ſome of my readers may be of opinion, that the hints I have here made uſe of, out of *Cicero*, are ſomewhat too refined for the Players on our Theatre: in anſwer to which, I venture to lay it down as a maxim, that without good ſenſe no one can be a good Player, and that he is very unfit to perſonate the dignity of a *Roman* Hero, who cannot enter into the rules for Pronunciation and Geſture delivered by a *Roman* Orator.

There is another thing which my Author does not think too minute to inſiſt on, though it is purely mechanical; and that is the right pitching of the voice. On this occaſion he tells the ſtory of *Gracchus*, who employed a ſervant with a little ivory pipe to ſtand behind him, and give him the right pitch, as often as he wandered too far from the proper modulation. Every voice, ſays *Tully*, has its particular medium and compaſs, and the ſweetneſs of ſpeech conſiſts in leading it through all the variety of tones naturally, and without touching any extreme. Therefore, ſays he, 'Leave the pipe 'at home, but carry the ſenſe of this cuſtom 'with you.'

Friday,

N°542 Friday, November 21.

Et ſibi præferri ſe gaudet——

Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 430.

——————He heard,
Well-pleas'd, himſelf before himſelf preferr'd.

ADDISON.

WHEN I have been preſent in aſſemblies where my Paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleaſed to hear thoſe who would detract from the Author of it obſerve, that the Letters which are ſent to the SPECTATOR are as good, if not better than any of his Works. Upon this occaſion many Letters of mirth are uſually mentioned, which ſome think the SPECTATOR writ to himſelf, and which others commend becauſe they fancy he received them from his correſpondents: Such are thoſe from the *Valetudinarian*; the Inſpector of the Sign-poſts; the Maſter of the Fan-exerciſe; with that of the Hooped Petticoat; that of *Nicholas Hart* the annual Sleeper; that from Sir *John Enwill*; that upon the *London* Cries; with multitudes of the ſame nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I muſt acquaint them, they have very often praiſed me when they did not deſign it, and that they have approved

proved my Writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard ſeveral of theſe unhappy Gentlemen proving, by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a Letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard ſome of them throwing out ambiguous expreſſions, and giving the company reaſon to ſuſpect that they themſelves did me the honour to ſend me ſuch and ſuch a particular epiſtle, which happened to be talked of with the eſteem or approbation of thoſe who were preſent. Theſe rigid Critics are ſo afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be poſitive whether the Lion, the wild Boar, and the Flower-pots in the Play-houſe, did not actually write thoſe Letters which came to me in their names. I muſt therefore inform theſe Genlemen, that I often chuſe this way of caſting my thoughts into a Letter, for the following reaſons: Firſt, out of the policy of thoſe who try their jeſt upon another, before they own it themſelves. Secondly, becauſe I would extort a little praiſe from ſuch who will never applaud any thing whoſe Author is known and certain. Thirdly, becauſe it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my Work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the perſon of the SPECTATOR. Fourthly, becauſe the Dignity Spectatorial would have ſuffered, had I publiſhed as from myſelf thoſe ſeveral ludicrous compoſitions which I have aſcribed to fictitious

names

names and characters. And laſtly, becauſe they often ſerve to bring in more naturally, ſuch additional reflexions as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others who have likewiſe done me a very particular honour, though undeſignedly. Theſe are ſuch who will needs have it, that I have tranſlated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a perſon who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has aſſerted this more than once in his private converſation. Were it true, I am ſure he could not ſpeak it from his own knowledge; but had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this accuſation to be wholly groundleſs. Thoſe who are truly learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been ſo far from offending, that I have been ſcrupulous perhaps to a fault in quoting the Authors of ſeveral paſſages which I might have made my own. But as this aſſertion is in reality an encomium on what I have publiſhed, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some are ſo very willing to alienate from me that ſmall reputation which might accrue to me from any of my Speculations, that they attribute ſome of the beſt of them to thoſe imaginary manuſcripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I muſt confeſs, whoſe objections have given me a greater concern, as they ſeem to reflect, under this head,

rather

rather on my morality than on my invention. Theſe are they who ſay an Author is guilty of falſhood, when he talks to the Public of manuſcripts which he never ſaw, or deſcribes ſcenes of action or diſcourſe in which he was never engaged. But theſe Gentlemen would do well to conſider, there is not a fable or parable which ever was made uſe of, that is not liable to this exception; ſince nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Beſides, I think the moſt ordinary reader may be able to diſcover by my way of writing, what I deliver in theſe occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in anſwering the ſeveral objections which have been made againſt theſe my Works, I muſt take notice that there are ſome who affirm a Paper of this nature ſhould always turn upon diverting ſubjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I ſhall leave theſe Gentlemen to diſpute it out among themſelves; ſince I ſee one half of my conduct patronized by each ſide. Were I ſerious on an improper ſubject, or trifling in a ſerious one, I ſhould deſervedly draw upon me the cenſure of my readers; or were I conſcious of any thing in my Writings that is not innocent at leaſt, or that the greateſt part of them were not ſincerely deſigned to diſcountenance vice and ignorance, and ſupport the intereſt of true

wiſdom

wiſdom and virtue, I ſhould be more ſevere upon myſelf than the Public is diſpoſed to be. In the mean while I deſire my reader to conſider every particular Paper or Diſcourſe as a diſtinct tract by itſelf, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I ſhall end this Paper with the following Letter, which was really ſent me, as ſome others have been which I have publiſhed, and for which I muſt own myſelf indebted to their reſpective Writers.

SIR,

'I Was this morning in a company of your 'well-wiſhers, when we read over, with 'great ſatisfaction, *Tully*'s obſervations on Action 'adapted to the *Britiſh* Theatre: Though, by 'the way, we were very ſorry to find that you 'have diſpoſed of another member of your 'Club. Poor Sir ROGER is dead, and the 'worthy Clergyman dying. Captain SENTRY 'has taken poſſeſſion of a fair eſtate; WILL. 'HONEYCOMB has married a farmer's daugh-'ter; and the TEMPLAR withdraws himſelf 'into the buſineſs of his own profeſſion. What 'will all this end in? We are afraid it portends 'no good to the Public. Unleſs you very 'ſpeedily fix a day for the election of new mem-'bers, we are under apprehenſions of loſing the '*Britiſh* SPECTATOR. I hear of a party of 'Ladies who intend to addreſs you on this ſub-'ject, and queſtion not, if you do not give 'us the ſlip very ſuddenly, that you will receive

'addreſſes from all parts of the kingdom to 'continue ſo uſeful a Work. Pray deliver us 'out of this perplexity, and among the mul-'titude of your readers you will particularly 'oblige

Your moſt ſincere friend and ſervant,

O *Philo-Spec.*

N° 543 Saturday, November 22.

——*Facies non omnibus una,*
Nec diverſa tamen—— Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 13.

Though not alike, conſenting parts agree,
Faſhion'd with ſimilar variety.

THOSE who were ſkilful in Anatomy among the Ancients, concluded from the outward and inward make of an Human Body, that it was the work of a Being tranſcendently wiſe and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their diſcoveries gave them freſh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of an Human Body. *Galen* was converted by his diſſections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a ſurvey of this his handy-work. There are, indeed, many parts of which the old Anatomiſts did not know the certain uſe; but as they ſaw that moſt of thoſe which they examined

examined were adapted with admirable art to their ſeveral functions, they did not queſtion but thoſe, whoſe uſes they could not determine, were contrived with the ſame wiſdom for reſpective ends and purpoſes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great diſcoveries have been made by our modern Anatomiſts, we ſee new wonders in the Human Frame, and diſcern ſeveral important uſes for thoſe parts, which uſes the Ancients knew nothing of. In ſhort, the Body of Man is ſuch a ſubject as ſtands the utmoſt teſt of examination. Though it appears formed with the niceſt wiſdom, upon the moſt ſuperficial ſurvey of it, it ſtill mends upon the ſearch, and produces our ſurpriſe and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here ſaid of an Human Body, may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the ſubject of Anatomical Obſervations.

The body of an Animal is an object adequate to our ſenſes. It is a particular ſyſtem of Providence, that lies in a narrow compaſs. The eye is able to command it, and by ſucceſſive inquiries can ſearch into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole univerſe, be thus ſubmitted to the examination of our ſenſes, were it not too big and diſproportioned for our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no queſtion but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a frame as that of an Human Body. We would ſee the ſame

ſame concatenation and ſubſerviency, the ſame neceſſity and uſefulneſs, the ſame beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts, as what we diſcover in the body of every ſingle Animal.

The more extended our reaſon is, and the more able to grapple with immenſe objects, the greater ſtill are thoſe diſcoveries which it makes of wiſdom and providence in the works of the Creation. A Sir *Iſaac Newton*, who ſtands up as the miracle of the preſent age, can look through a whole planetary ſyſtem; conſider it in its weight, number, and meaſure; and draw from it as many demonſtrations of infinite power and wiſdom, as a more confined underſtanding is able to deduce from the ſyſtem of an Human Body.

But to return to our ſpeculations on Anatomy, I ſhall here conſider the fabric and texture of the bodies of Animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, ſhews the hand of a thinking and all-wiſe Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thouſand demonſtrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontеſted principle, that Chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and conſiſtence with itſelf. If one ſhould always fling the ſame number with ten thouſand dice, or ſee every throw juſt five times leſs, or five times more in number than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is ſome inviſible Power which directs the caſt? This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of Nature. Every kind of Animal is diverſified by different magni-

magnitudes, each of which gives riſe to a different ſpecies. Let a man trace the dog or lion-kind, and he will obſerve how many of the works of Nature are publiſhed, if I may uſe the expreſſion, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into thoſe different kinds of Animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the ſame repetitions among ſeveral ſpecies, that differ very little from one another, but in ſize and bulk. You find the ſame creature that is drawn at large, copied out in ſeveral proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce inſtances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be ſuperfluous to thoſe who are verſed in the natural hiſtory of Animals. The magnificent harmony of the univerſe is ſuch that we may obſerve innumerable Diviſions running upon the ſame Ground. I might alſo extend this ſpeculation to the dead parts of Nature, in which we may find Matter diſpoſed into many ſimilar ſyſtems, as well in our ſurvey of ſtars and planets as of ſtones, vegetables, and other ſublunary parts of the creation. In a word, Providence has ſhewn the richneſs of its goodneſs and wiſdom, not only in the production of many original ſpecies, but in the multiplicity of deſcants which it has made on every original ſpecies in particular.

But to purſue this thought ſtill farther: Every living creature conſidered in itſelf, has many very complicated parts that are exact copies of ſome other parts which it poſſeſſes, and which

are complicated in the ſame manner. One Eye would have been ſufficient for the ſubſiſtence and preſervation of an Animal; but, in order to better his condition, we ſee another placed with a mathematical exactneſs in the ſame moſt advantageous ſituation, and in every particular of the ſame ſize and texture. Is it poſſible for Chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the ſame number, the wonder would be nothing in compariſon with this. But when we ſee this ſimilitude and reſemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we ſee one half of the body intirely correſpond with the other in all thoſe minute ſtrokes, without which a man might have very well ſubſiſted; nay, when we often ſee a ſingle part repeated an hundred times in the ſame body, notwithſtanding it conſiſts of the moſt intricate weaving of numberleſs fibres, and theſe parts differing ſtill in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular ſituation requires; ſure a man muſt have a ſtrange caſt of underſtanding, who does not diſcover the finger of God in ſo wonderful a work. Theſe duplicates in thoſe parts of the body, without which a man might have very well ſubſiſted, though not ſo well as with them, are a plain demonſtration of an all-wiſe Contriver; as thoſe more numerous copyings, which are found among the veſſels of the ſame body, are evident demonſtrations that they could not be the work of Chance. This argument receives additional ſtrength, if we apply it to every

Animal

Animal and Inſect within onr knowledge, as well as to thoſe numberleſs living creatures that are objects too minute for a human eye: and if we conſider how the ſeveral ſpecies in this whole World of Life reſemble one another in very many particulars, ſo far as is convenient for their reſpective ſtates of exiſtence; it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice ſhould be caſually thrown a hundred million of times in the ſame number, than that the body of any ſingle Animal ſhould be produced by the fortuitous concourſe of Matter. And that the like Chance ſhould ariſe in innumerable inſtances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common ſenſe. We may carry this conſideration yet further, if we reflect on the two Sexes in every living ſpecies, with their reſemblances to each other, and thoſe particular diſtinctions that were neceſſary for the keeping up of this great World of Life.

There are many more demonſtrations of a Supreme Being, and of his tranſcendent wiſdom, power, and goodneſs in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other Writings, particularly to the ſixth book of the Poem, intitled *Creation*, where the Anatomy of the Human Body is deſcribed with great perſpicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this Speculation, becauſe I have not ſeen it enlarged upon by others. O

N°544 Monday, November 24.

Nunquam ita quiſquam tam benè ſubductâ ratione ad vitam fuit,
Quin res, ætas, uſus ſemper aliquid apportet novi,
Aliquid moneat; ut illa, quæ te ſcire credas, neſcias,
Et quæ tibi putâris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.
Ter. Adelph. Act. 5. Sc. 2.

No man was ever ſo completely ſkilled in the conduct of life, as not to receive new information from age and experience; inſomuch that we find ourſelves really ignorant of what we thought we underſtood, and ſee cauſe to reject what we fancied our trueſt intereſt.

THERE are, I think, ſentiments in the following Letter from my friend Captain SENTRY, which diſcover a rational and equal frame of mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate change of condition.

SIR, *Coverley-Hall, Nov. 15, Worceſterſhire.*

'I Am come to the ſucceſſion of the eſtate of 'my honoured kinſman Sir ROGER DE 'COVERLEY; I aſſure you I find it no eaſy 'taſk to keep up the figure of maſter of the 'fortune, which was ſo handſomly enjoyed by 'that honeſt plain man. I cannot (with reſpect 'to the great obligations I have be it ſpoken) 'reflect upon his character, but I am confirmed

'in

'in the truth which I have, I think, heard 'ſpoken at the Club, to wit, that a man of a 'warm and well-diſpoſed heart with a very 'ſmall capacity, is highly ſuperior in human 'ſociety to him who with the greateſt talents 'is cold and languid in his affections. But, alas! 'why do I make a difficulty in ſpeaking of my 'worthy anceſtor's failings? His little abſurdities 'and incapacity for the converſation of the 'politeſt men are dead with him, and his greater 'qualities are even now uſeful to him. I know 'not whether by naming thoſe diſabilities I do 'not enhance his merit, ſince he has left behind 'him a reputation in his country which would 'be worth the pains of the wiſeſt man's whole 'life to arrive at. By the way I muſt obſerve 'to you, that many of your readers have miſ-'took that paſſage in your Writings, wherein 'Sir ROGER is reported to have inquired into 'the private character of the young woman 'at the tavern. I know you mentioned that 'circumſtance as an inſtance of the ſimplicity 'and innocence of his mind, which made him 'imagine it a very eaſy thing to reclaim one 'of thoſe criminals, and not as an inclination 'in him to be guilty with her. The leſs diſ-'cerning of your readers cannot enter into that 'delicacy of deſcription in the character: But 'indeed my chief buſineſs at this time is to re-'preſent to you my preſent ſtate of mind, and 'the ſatisfaction I promiſe to myſelf in the 'poſſeſſion of my new fortune. I have con-'tinued all Sir ROGER's ſervants, except ſuch

'as it was a relief to diſmiſs into little Beings 'within my manor: Thoſe who are in a liſt 'of the good Knight's own hand to be taken 'care of by me, I have quartered upon ſuch 'as have taken new leaſes of me, and added 'ſo many advantages during the lives of the 'perſons ſo quartered, that it is the intereſt of 'thoſe whom they are joined with, to cheriſh 'and befriend them upon all occaſions. I find 'a conſiderable ſum of ready money, which I 'am laying out among my dependents at the 'common intereſt, but with a deſign to lend it 'according to their merit, rather than accord-'ing to their ability. I ſhall lay a tax upon 'ſuch as I have highly obliged, to become 'ſecurity to me for ſuch of their own poor 'youth, whether male or female, as want help 'towards getting into ſome Being in the world. 'I hope I ſhall be able to manage my affairs 'ſo, as to improve my fortune every year, by 'doing acts of kindneſs. I will lend my money 'to the uſe of none but indigent men, ſecured 'by ſuch as have ceaſed to be indigent by the 'favour of my family or myſelf. What makes 'this the more practicable, is, that if they will 'do any one good with my money, they are 'welcome to it upon their own ſecurity: And 'I make no exception againſt it, becauſe the 'perſons who enter into the obligations, do it 'for their own family. I have laid out four 'thouſand pounds this way, and it is not to be 'imagined what a crowd of people are obliged 'by it. In caſes where Sir ROGER has recom-

mended,

'mended, I have lent money to put out children, 'with a clauſe which makes void the obligation, 'in caſe the infant dies before he is out of his 'apprenticeſhip; by which means the kindred 'and maſters are extremely careful of breeding 'him to induſtry, that he may repay it him-'ſelf by his labour, in three years journey-'work after his time is out, for the uſe of his 'ſecurities. Opportunities of this kind are all 'that have occurred ſince I came to my eſtate, 'but I aſſure you I will preſerve a conſtant 'diſpoſition to catch at all the occaſions I can 'to promote the good and happineſs of my 'neighbourhood.

'But give me leave to lay before you a little 'eſtabliſhment which has grown out of my paſt 'life, that, I doubt not, will adminiſter great 'ſatisfaction to me in that part of it, whatever 'that is, which is to come.

'There is a prejudice in favour of the way 'of life to which a man has been educated, 'which I know not whether it would not be 'faulty to overcome: It is like a partiality to 'the intereſt of one's own country before that 'of any other nation. It is from an habit of 'thinking grown upon me from my youth ſpent 'in arms, that I have ever held Gentlemen, 'who have preſerved modeſty, good-nature, 'juſtice and humanity in a Soldier's life, to be 'the moſt valuable and worthy perſons of hu-'man race. To paſs through imminent dangers, 'ſuffer painful watchings, frightful alarms, and 'laborious marches for the greater part of a man's

'time, and paſs the reſt in ſobriety conformable 'to the rules of the moſt virtuous civil life, 'is a merit too great to deſerve the treatment 'it uſually meets with among the other part 'of the world. But I aſſure you, Sir, were 'there not very many who have this worth, 'we could never have ſeen the glorious events 'which we have in our days. I need not ſay 'more to illuſtrate the character of a Soldier, 'than to tell you he is the very contrary to him 'you obſerve loud, ſaucy, and over-bearing in 'a red coat about town. But I was going to 'tell you, that in honour of the profeſſion of 'arms, I have ſet a part a certain ſum of 'money for a table for ſuch Gentlemen as have 'ſerved their country in the army, and will 'pleaſe from time to time to ſojourn all, or 'any part of the year, at *Coverley*. Such of 'them as will do me that honour, ſhall find 'horſes, ſervants, and all things neceſſary for 'their accommodation, and enjoyment of all 'the conveniencies of life in a pleaſant various 'country. If Colonel *Camperfelt* be in town, 'and his abilities are not employed another way 'in the ſervice, there is no man would be 'more welcome here. That Gentleman's 'thorough knowledge in his profeſſion, together 'with the ſimplicity of his manners, and good-'neſs of his heart, would induce others like 'him to honour my abode; and I ſhould be 'glad my acquaintance would take themſelves 'to be invited or not, as their characters have 'an affinity to his.

'I would

'I would have all my friends know, that 'they need not fear (though I am become 'a country Gentleman) I will treſpaſs againſt 'their temperance and ſobriety. No, Sir, I 'ſhall retain ſo much of the good ſentiments 'for the conduct of life, which we cultivated 'in each other at our Club, as to contemn all 'inordinate pleaſures: But particularly remem-'ber, with our beloved *Tully*, that the delight 'in food conſiſts in deſire, not ſatiety. They 'who moſt paſſionately purſue pleaſure, ſeldomeſt 'arrive at it. Now I am writing to a Phi-'loſopher, I cannot forbear mentioning the 'ſatisfaction I took in the paſſage I read yeſter-'day in the ſame *Tully*. A Nobleman of *Athens* 'made a compliment to *Plato* the morning after 'he had ſupped at his houſe, "Your entertain-"ments do not only pleaſe when you give them, "but alſo the day after."

I am, my worthy friend,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

T WILLIAM SENTRY.

Tueſday,

N° 545 Tueſday, November 25.

Quin potiùs pacem æternam pactoſque Hymenæos
Exercemus—— —— Virg. Æn. 4. v. 99.

Let us in bonds of laſting peace unite,
And celebrate the Hymeneal Rite.

I Cannot but think the following Letter from the Emperor of *China* to the Pope of *Rome*, propoſing a coalition of the *Chineſe* and *Roman* Churches, will be acceptable to the Curious. I muſt confeſs I myſelf being of opinion that the Emperor has as much authority to be interpreter to him he pretends to expound, as the Pope has to be Vicar of the Sacred Perſon he takes upon him to repreſent, I was not a little pleaſed with their treaty of alliance. What progreſs the Negotiation between his Majeſty of *Rome* and his Holineſs of *China* makes (as we daily Writers ſay upon ſubjects where we are at a loſs) time will let us know. In the mean time, ſince they agree in the fundamentals of power and authority, and differ only in matters of Faith, we may expect the matter will go on without difficulty.

Copia

Copia di Littera del Re della China *al Papa interpretata dal Padre Segretario dell'* India *della Compagna di* Gieſu.

A voi Benedetto ſopra i benedetti P P, ed interpretatore grande de Pontifici e Paſtore Xmo, diſpenſatore dell' oglio de i Rè d' *Europa* Clemente XI.

'IL favorito amico di Dio Gionata ſettimo, 'Potentiſſimo ſopra tutti i potentiſſimi della 'terra, altiſſimo ſopra tutti gl' altiſſimi ſotto il ſole 'e la luna, che ſude nella ſede di ſmeraldo della '*China* a ſopra cento ſcalini d'oro, ad interpretare 'la lingua di Dio a tutti i deſcendenti fedeli 'd'*Abramo*, che de la vita e la morte a cento 'quindici regni, ed a cento ſettante iſole, ſcrive 'con la penna dello Struzzo vergine, e manda 'ſalute ed accreſimento di vecchiezza.

'Eſſendo arrivato il tempo in cui il fiore della 'reale noſtro gioventu deve maturare i frutti 'della noſtra vecchiezza, e confortare con quell' 'i deſiderii de i populi noſtri divoti, e propagare 'il ſeme di quella pianta che deve proteggerli, 'habbiamo ſtabilito d'accompagnarci con una 'virgine eccelſa ad amoroſa allatata alla mammella della leoneſſa forte e dell' agnella manſueta. Percio eſſendo ci ſtato figurato ſempre 'il voſtro populo *Europeo Romano* per paeſe 'di donne invitte, i forte, e caſte; allongiamo 'la noſtra mano potente, a ſtringere una di 'loro, e queſtra ſara una voſtro nipote, o nipote

'di

' di qualche altrograi Sacerdote *Latino*, che ſia
' guardata dall' occhio dritto di Dio, ſara
' ſeminata in lei l'autorita di *Sara*, la fedelta
' d'*Eſther*, e la ſapienza di *Abba*; la vogliamo
' con l'occhio che guarda il cielo, e la terra, e
' con la bocca dello Conchiglia che ſi paſce
' della ruggiada del matino. La ſua eta non
' paſſi ducento corſi della Luna, la ſua ſtatura
' ſia alta quanto la ſpicca dritta del grano verde,
' e la ſua groſſezza quanto un manipolo di grano
' ſecco. Noi la mandaremmo a veſtire per li
' noſtri Mandatici Ambaſciadori, e chi la con-
' duranno a noi, e noi incontraremmo alla riva
' del fiume grande facendola ſalire ſuo noſtro
' cocchio. Ella potra adorare apreſſo di noi il
' ſuo Dio, con venti quatro altre a ſua ellezione,
' e potra cantare con loro come la Tortora alla
' Primavera.

' Sodisfando noi Padre e amico noſtro queſta
' noſtra brama, ſarete caggione di unire in per-
' petua amicitia coteſti voſtri regni d' *Europa* al
' noſtro dominante imperio, e ſi abbracciranno le
' noſtri leggi come l'edera abbraccia la pianta, e
' noi medeſemi ſpargeremo del noſtro ſeme reale
' in coteſte provincei, riſcaldando i letti di voſtri
' Principi con il fuoco amoroſo delle noſtre
' Amazoni, d'alcune delle quali i noſtri Man-
' datici Ambaſciadori vi porteranno le ſomiglianze
' depinte. V. Confirmiamo di tenere in pace le
' duebuone religioſe famiglie celli Miſſionarii gli'
' neri figlioli' d' *Ignazio*, e li bianchi e neri figlioli
' di *Dominico* il cui conſiglio degl' uni e degl'
' altri ci ſerve di ſcorta del noſtro regimento e di

' lume

'lume ad interpretare le divine Legge come ap-
'puncto fa lume l'oglio che ſi getta in mare. In
'tanto alzandoci dal noſtro trono per abbracci-
'arvi, vi di chiariamo noſtro conguinto e Con-
'federato, ed ordiniamo che queſto foglio ſia ſeg-
'nato col noſtro ſegno imperiale della noſtra Citta,
'capo del mondo, il quinto giorno della terza
'Lunatione, l'anno quarto del noſtro imperio.

'Sigillo e un ſole nelle cui faccia e anche
'quella della Luna ed intorno tra i Raggi vi
'ſono trapoſte alcune Spada.

'Dico il Traduttore che ſecondo il ceremo-
'nial di queſto Lettere e recedentiſſimo ſpe-
'cialmente feſſere ſcritto con la penna dello
'Struzzo virgine con la quelle non ſoglioſi ſcri-
'vere quei Re che le pregiere a Dio, e ſcrivendo
'a qualche altro a Principe del Mondo, la
'maggior Finezza che uſino, e ſcrivergli con
'la penna del Pavone.'

A Letter from the Emperor of *China* to the Pope, interpreted by a Father Jeſuit, Secretary of the *Indies*.

'To you bleſſed above the Bleſſed, great Em-
'peror of Biſhops, and Paſtor of Chriſtians,
'Diſpenſer of the oil of the Kings of *Europe*,
'*Clement* XI.

'THE favourite friend of GOD *Gionotta*
'the Seventh, moſt powerful above the
'moſt powerful of the earth, higheſt above the
'higheſt under the ſun and moon, who ſits

'on a throne of Emerald of *China*, above one 'hundred ſteps of gold, to interpret the language 'of God to the Faithful, and who gives life 'and death to one hundred and fifteen king-'doms, and one hundred and ſeventy iſlands; 'he writes with the quill of a virgin Oſtrich, 'and ſends health and increaſe of old age.

'Being arrived at the time of our age, in 'which the flower of our royal youth ought 'to ripen into fruit towards old age, to com-'fort therewith the deſire of our devoted people, 'and to propagate the ſeed of that plant which 'muſt protect them; We have determined to 'accompany ourſelves with an high amorous 'virgin, ſuckled at the breaſt of a wild lioneſs, 'and a meek lamb; and imagining with our-'ſelves that your *European Roman* people is the 'father of many unconquerable and chaſte La-'dies, we ſtretch out our powerful arm to 'embrace one of them, and ſhe ſhall be one 'of your nieces, or the niece of ſome other 'great *Latin* Prieſt, the darling of God's right 'eye. Let the authority of *Sarah* be ſown in 'her, the fidelity of *Eſther*, and the wiſdom 'of *Abba*. We would have her eye like that 'of a Dove, which may look upon heaven and 'earth, with a mouth of a ſhell-fiſh to feed 'upon the dew of the morning; her age muſt 'not exceed two hundred courſes of the moon; 'let her ſtature be equal to that of an year of 'green corn, and her girth a handful.

'We will ſend our Mandarines Ambaſſadors 'to clothe her, and to conduct her to us, and

'we will meet her on the bank of the great 'river, making her to leap up into our chariot. 'She may with us worſhip her own God; to- 'gether with twenty-four virgins of her own 'chooſing; and ſhe may ſing with them as 'the Turtle in the Spring. You, O Father 'and Friend, complying with this our deſire, 'may be an occaſion of uniting in perpetual 'friendſhip our high Empire with your *European* 'kingdoms, and we may embrace your laws, 'as the Ivy embraces the tree; and we our- 'ſelves may ſcatter our royal blood into your 'provinces, warming the chief of your Princes 'with the amorous fire of our Amazons, the 'reſembling pictures of ſome of which our 'ſaid Mandarines Ambaſſadors ſhall convey to 'you.

'We exhort you to keep in peace two good 'religious families of Miſſionaries, the black 'ſons of *Ignatius*, and the white and black ſons 'of *Dominicus*; that the counſel, both of the 'one and the other, may ſerve as a guide to 'us in our government, and a light to interpret 'the divine Law, as the oil caſt into the ſea 'produces light.

'To conclude, we riſing up in our throne 'to embrace you, we declare you our Ally 'and Confederate; and have ordered this Leaf 'to be ſealed with our imperial ſignet, in our 'royal City the head of the world, the eighth 'day of the third Lunation, and the fourth year 'of our reign.'

Letters

Letters from *Rome* ſay, the whole converſation both among Gentlemen and Ladies has turned upon the ſubject of this Epiſtle, ever ſince it arrived. The Jeſuit who tranſlated it ſays, it loſes much of the majeſty of the original in the *Italian*. It ſeems there was an offer of the ſame nature made by a predeceſſor of the preſent Emperor to *Lewis* the Thirteenth of *France*, but no Lady of that Court would take the voyage, that Sex not being at that time ſo much uſed in politic negotiations. The manner of treating the Pope is, according to the *Chineſe* ceremonial, very reſpectful: For the Emperor writes to him with the quill of a virgin Oſtrich, which was never uſed before but in writing prayers. Inſtructions are preparing for the Lady who ſhall have ſo much zeal as to undertake this pilgrimage, and be an Empreſs for the ſake of her religion. The principal of the *Indian* Miſſionaries has given in a liſt of the reigning Sins in *China*, in order to prepare Indulgences neceſſary to this Lady and her retinue, in advancing the intereſts of the Roman-Catholic Religion in thoſe kingdoms.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

May it pleaſe your Honour,

'I Have of late ſeen *French* Hats of a prodigious
'magnitude paſs by my Obſervatory.

T *John Sly.*

Wedneſday,

N°546 Wedneſday, November 26.

Omnia patefacienda, ut ne quid omnino quod venditor nôrit, emptor ignoret. Tull.

Every thing ſhould be fairly told, that the buyer may not be ignorant of any thing, which the ſeller knows.

IT gives me very great ſcandal to obſerve, wherever I go, how much ſkill, in buying all manner of goods, there is neceſſary to defend yourſelf from being cheated in whatever you ſee expoſed to ſale. My reading makes ſuch a ſtrong impreſſion upon me, that I ſhould think myſelf a Cheat in my way, if I ſhould tranſlate any thing from another tongue, and not acknowledge it to my readers. I underſtood from common report, that Mr. *Cibber* was introducing a *French* Play upon our ſtage, and thought myſelf concerned to let the town know what was his, and what was foreign. When I came to the rehearſal, I found the Houſe ſo partial to one of their own fraternity, that they gave every thing which was ſaid ſuch grace, emphaſis, and force in their own action, that it was no eaſy matter to make any judgment of the performance. Mrs. *Oldfield*, who, it ſeems, is the Heroic Daughter, had ſo juſt a conception of her part that her action made what ſhe ſpoke

appear decent, juſt, and noble. The paſſions of terror and compaſſion, they made me believe were very artfully raiſed, and the whole conduct of the Play artful and ſurpriſing. We Authors do not much reliſh the endeavours of Players in this kind; but have the ſame diſdain as Phyſicians and Lawyers have when Attorneys and Apothecaries give advice. *Cibber* himſelf took the liberty to tell me, that he expected I would do him juſtice, and allow the Play well prepared for his ſpectators, whatever it was for his readers. He added very many particulars not uncurious concerning the manner of taking an audience, and laying wait not only for their ſuperficial applauſe, but alſo for inſinuating into their affections and paſſions, by the artful management of the look, voice and geſture of the ſpeaker. I could not but conſent that the Heroic Daughter appeared in the rehearſal a moving entertainment wrought out of a great and exemplary virtue.

The advantages of action, ſhow and dreſs on theſe occaſions are allowable, becauſe the merit conſiſts in being capable of impoſing upon us to our advantage and entertainment. All that I was going to ſay about the honeſty of an Author in the ſale of his ware, was, that he ought to own all that he had borrowed from others, and lay in a clear light all that he gives his ſpectators for their money, with an account of the firſt manufacturers. But I intended to give the Lecture of this day upon the common and proſtituted behaviour of Traders in ordinary commerce

commerce. The Philoſopher made it a rule of trade, that your profit ought to be the common profit; and it is unjuſt to make any ſtep towards gain, wherein the gain of even thoſe to whom you ſell is not alſo conſulted. A man may deceive himſelf if he thinks fit, but he is no better than a Cheat who ſells any thing without telling the exceptions againſt it, as well as what is to be ſaid to its advantage. The ſcandalous abuſe of language and hardening of conſcience, which may be obſerved every day in going from one place to another, is what makes a whole city, to an unprejudiced eye, a den of thieves. It was no ſmall pleaſure to me for this reaſon to remark, as I paſſed by *Cornhill*, that the ſhop of that worthy, honeſt, though lately unfortunate, citizen, Mr. *John Morton*, ſo well known in the linen trade, is fitting up anew. Since a man has been in a diſtreſſed condition, it ought to be a great ſatisfaction to have paſſed through it in ſuch a manner as not to have loſt the friendſhip of thoſe who ſuffered with him, but to receive an honourable acknowledgment of his honeſty from thoſe very perſons to whom the law had conſigned his eſtate.

The misfortune of this citizen is like to prove of a very general advantage to thoſe who ſhall deal with him hereafter: For the ſtock with which he now ſets up being the loan of his friends, he cannot expoſe that to the hazard of giving credit, but enters into a ready-money trade, by which means he will both buy and

ſell the beſt and cheapeſt. He impoſes upon himſelf a rule of affixing the value of each piece he ſells to the piece itſelf; ſo that the moſt ignorant ſervant or child will be as good a buyer at his ſhop as the moſt ſkilful in the trade. For all which, you have all his hopes and fortune for your ſecurity. To encourage dealing after this way, there is not only the avoiding the moſt infamous guilt in ordinary bartering; but this obſervation, that he who buys with ready money, ſaves as much to his family, as the ſtate exacts out of his land for the ſecurity and ſervice of his country; that is to ſay, in plain *Engliſh*, ſixteen will do as much as twenty ſhillings.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY heart is ſo ſwelled with grateful ſentiments on account of ſome favours which 'I have lately received, that I muſt beg leave 'to give them utterance amongſt the crowd of 'other anonymous correſpondents; and writing, 'I hope, will be as great a relief to my forced 'ſilence, as it is to your natural taciturnity—— 'My generous benefactor will not ſuffer me to 'ſpeak to him in any terms of acknowledgment, 'but ever treats me as if he had the greateſt 'obligations, and uſes me with a diſtinction that 'is not to be expected from one ſo much my 'ſuperior in fortune, years, and underſtanding. 'He inſinuates, as if I had a certain right to 'his favours from ſome merit, which his par-'ticular indulgence to me has diſcovered; but 'that is only a beautiful artifice to leſſen the 'pain

'pain an honeſt mind feels in receiving obligations, when there is no probability of returning 'them.

'A Gift is doubled when accompanied with 'ſuch a delicacy of addreſs; but what to me 'gives it an inexpreſſible value, is its coming 'from the man I moſt eſteem in the world. It 'pleaſes me indeed, as it is an advantage and 'addition to my fortune; but when I conſider 'it as an inſtance of that good man's Friendſhip, 'it overjoys, it tranſports me; I look on it with 'a Lover's eye, and no longer regard the gift, 'but the hand that gave it. For my Friendſhip 'is ſo intirely void of any gainful views, that 'it often gives me pain to think it ſhould have 'been chargeable to him; and I cannot at ſome 'melancholy hours help doing his generoſity 'the injury of fearing it ſhould cool on this 'account, and that the laſt favour might be a 'ſort of legacy of a departing Friendſhip.

'I confeſs theſe fears ſeem very groundleſs 'and unjuſt, but you muſt forgive them to 'the apprehenſion of one poſſeſſed of a great 'treaſure, who is frighted at the moſt diſtant 'ſhadow of danger.

'Since I have thus far opened my heart to 'you, I will not conceal the ſecret ſatisfaction 'I feel there of knowing the goodneſs of my 'friend will not be unrewarded. I am pleaſed 'with thinking the Providence of the Almighty 'hath ſufficient bleſſings in ſtore for him, and 'will certainly diſcharge the debt, though I am 'not made the happy inſtrument of doing it.

'However nothing in my power ſhall be 'wanting to ſhew my gratitude; I will make 'it the buſineſs of my life to thank him, and 'ſhall eſteem (next to him) thoſe my beſt 'friends, who give me the greateſt aſſiſtance 'in this good work. Printing this Letter would 'be ſome little inſtance of my gratitude; and 'your favour herein will very much oblige

Nov. 24.

Your moſt humble ſervant, &c.

T *W. C.*

N° 547 Thurſday, November 27.

Si vulnus tibi, monſtratâ radice vel herbâ,
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier— Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 149.

Suppoſe you had a wound, and one had ſhew'd
An herb, which you apply'd, but found no good;
Would you be fond of this, increaſe your pain,
And uſe the fruitleſs remedy again? CREECH.

IT is very difficult to praiſe a man without putting him out of countenance. My following correſpondent has found out this uncommon art, and together with his friends, has celebrated ſome of my Speculations after ſuch a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my

my readers think I am to blame in publiſhing my own commendations, they will allow I ſhould have deſerved their cenſure as much, had I ſuppreſſed the humour in which they are conveyed to me.

SIR,

'I Am often in a private aſſembly of Wits 'of both Sexes, where we generally deſcant 'upon your Speculations, or upon the ſubjects 'on which you have treated. We were laſt '*Tueſday* talking of thoſe two Volumes which 'you have lately publiſhed. Some were com-'mending one of your Papers, and ſome an-'other; and there was ſcarce a ſingle perſon in 'the company that had not a favourite Specu-'lation. Upon this a man of wit and learning 'told us, he thought it would not be amiſs, if 'we paid the SPECTATOR the ſame com-'pliment that is often made in our public 'prints to Sir *William Read*, Doctor *Grant*, Mr. '*Moor* the Apothecary, and other eminent Phy-'ſicians, where it is uſual for the patients to 'publiſh the cures which have been made upon 'them, and the ſeveral diſtempers under which 'they laboured. The propoſal took, and the 'Lady where we viſited having the two laſt 'Volumes in large paper interleaved for her 'own private uſe, ordered them to be brought 'down, and laid in the window, whither every 'one in the company retired and writ down a 'particular advertiſement in the ſtile and phraſe 'of the like ingenious compoſitions which we

'frequently meet with at the end of our News-
'Papers. When we had finiſhed our work,
'we read them with a great deal of mirth at
'the fire-ſide, and agreed, *Nemine contradicente*,
'to get them tranſcribed, and ſent to the SPEC-
'TATOR. The Gentleman who made the
'propoſal entered the following Advertiſement
'before the title-page, after which the reſt
'ſucceeded in order.

'*Remedium efficax & univerſum*; or, An ef-
'fectual remedy adapted to all capacities;
'ſhewing how any perſon may cure himſelf
'of ill-nature, pride, party-ſpleen, or any other
'diſtemper incident to the human ſyſtem, with
'an eaſy way to know when the infection is
'upon him. This Panacea is as innocent as
'bread, agreeable to the taſte, and requires
'no confinement. It has not its equal in
'the Univerſe, as abundance of the Nobility
'and Gentry throughout the kingdom have
'experienced.

N. B. 'No family ought to be without it.

Over the two SPECTATORS on Jealouſy, being the two firſt in the third Volume.

'I *William Crazy*, aged threeſcore and ſeven,
'having been for ſeveral years afflicted with
'uneaſy doubts, fears and vapours, occaſioned
'by the youth and beauty of *Mary* my wife,
'aged twenty-five, do hereby for the benefit
'of the Public give notice, that I have found
'great

'great relief from the two following doſes, 'having taken them two mornings together 'with a diſh of chocolate. Witneſs my 'hand, &c.'

For the benefit of the poor.

'In charity to ſuch as are troubled with 'the diſeaſe of Levee-Hunting, and are forced 'to ſeek their bread every morning at the 'chamber-doors of great men, I *A. B.* do 'teſtify, that for many years paſt I laboured 'under this faſhionable diſtemper, but was 'cured of it by a remedy which I bought 'of Mrs. *Baldwin*, contained in a half-ſheet 'of paper, marked N° 193, where any one 'may be provided with the ſame remedy at the 'price of a ſingle penny.

'An infallible cure for Hypochondriac Me-'lancholy, N° 173. 184. 191. 203. 209. 221. '233. 235. 239. 245. 247. 251.

Probatum eſt. *Charles Eaſy.*

'I *Chriſtopher Query*, having been troubled 'with a certain diſtemper in my tongue, which 'ſhewed itſelf in impertinent and ſuperfluous 'Interrogatories, have not aſked one unneceſ-'ſary queſtion ſince my peruſal of the pre-'ſcription marked N° 228.

'The *Britannic Beautifer*, being an Eſſay 'on Modeſty, N° 231, which gives ſuch a 'delightful

'delightful bluſhing colour to the cheeks of 'thoſe that are white or pale, that it is not to 'be diſtinguiſhed from a natural fine com- 'plexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the 'neareſt friend: Is nothing of paint, or in the 'leaſt hurtful. It renders the face delightfully 'handſom; is not ſubject to be rubbed off, 'and cannot be paralleled by either waſh, 'powder, coſmetic, &c. It is certainly the beſt 'beautifier in the world.

Martha Gloworm.

'I *Samuel Self*, of the pariſh of Saint *James*'s, 'having a conſtitution which naturally abounds 'with acids, made uſe of a Paper of directions 'marked N° 177, recommending a healthful 'exerciſe called Good-nature, and have found 'it a moſt excellent ſweetener of the blood.

'Whereas I, *Elizabeth Rainbow*, was troubled 'with that diſtemper in my head, which about 'a year ago was pretty epidemical among the 'Ladies, and diſcovered itſelf in the colour of 'their Hoods, having made uſe of the Doctor's 'cephalic tincture, which he exhibited to the 'Public in one of his laſt year's Papers, I re- 'covered in a very few days.

'I *George Gloom*, having for a long time been 'troubled with the Spleen, and being adviſed 'by my friends to put myſelf into a courſe of '*Steele*, did for that end make uſe of remedies 'conveyed to me ſeveral mornings, in ſhort

'Letters

'Letters, from the hands of the inviſible Doctor. 'They were marked at the bottom *Nathaniel* '*Henrooſt*, *Alice Threadneedle*, *Rebecca Nettletop*, '*Tom Loveleſs*, *Mary Meanwell*, *Thomas Smoaky*, '*Anthony Freemam*, *Tom Meggot*, *Ruſtick* '*Sprightly*, &c. which have had ſo good an 'effect upon me, that I now find myſelf 'chearful, lightſom and eaſy; and therefore do 'recommend them to all ſuch as labour under 'the ſame diſtemper.'

'Not having room to inſert all the Adver-'tiſements which were ſent me, I have only 'picked out ſome few from the third Volume, 'reſerving the fourth for another opportunity.

O

Friday,

N° 548 Friday, November 28.

——Vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur, optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur--- Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 68.

There's none but has ſome fault, and he's the beſt,
Moſt virtuous he, that's ſpotted with the leaſt.
CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Nov.* 27, 1712.

'I Have read this day's Paper with a great 'deal of pleaſure, and could ſend you an 'account of ſeveral elixirs and antidotes in your 'third Volume, which your correſpondents have 'not taken notice of in their Advertiſements; 'and at the ſame time muſt own to you, that 'I have ſeldom ſeen a ſhop furniſhed with ſuch 'a variety of medicaments, and in which there 'are fewer Soporifics. The ſeveral Vehicles you 'have invented for conveying your unacceptable 'truths to us, are what I moſt particularly 'admire, as I am afraid they are Secrets which 'will die with you. I do not find that any of 'your Critical Eſſays are taken notice of in this 'Paper, notwithſtanding I look upon them 'to be excellent cleanſers of the brain, and could 'venture to ſuperſcribe them with an Adver-'tiſement which I have lately ſeen in one of 'our News-Papers, wherein there is an account 'given of a ſovereign remedy for reſtoring the

'Taſte

'Taſte of all ſuch perſons whoſe palates have 'been vitiated by diſtempers, unwholſom food, 'or any the like occaſions. But to let fall the 'alluſion, notwithſtanding your criticiſms, and 'particularly the candor which you have diſ-'covered in them, are not the leaſt taking part 'of your Works, I find your opinion concerning 'Poetical Juſtice, as it is expreſſed in the firſt 'part of your fortieth SPECTATOR, is con-'troverted by ſome eminent Critics; and as 'you now ſeem, to our great grief of heart, 'to be winding up your bottoms, I hoped you 'would have enlarged a little upon that ſubject. 'It is indeed but a ſingle paragraph in your 'Works, and I believe thoſe who have read it 'with the ſame attention I have done, will 'think there is nothing to be objected againſt 'it. I have, however, drawn up ſome addi-'tional arguments to ſtrengthen the opinion 'which you have there delivered, having en-'deavoured to go to the bottom of that matter, 'which you may either publiſh or ſuppreſs as 'you think fit.

'*Horace* in my Motto ſays, that all men are 'vicious, and that they differ from one an-'other, only as they are more or leſs ſo. *Boileau* 'has given the ſame account of our wiſdom, as '*Horace* has of our virtue.

Tous les hommes ſont fous, &, malgré tous leurs ſoins,
Ne different entre eux, que du plus & du moins.

"All men, ſays he, are fools, and in ſpite of their "endeavours to the contrary, differ from one an-"other only as they are more or leſs ſo." 'Two

'Two or three of the old *Greek* Poets have 'given the ſame turn to a ſentence which de- 'ſcribes the happineſs of man in this life.

Τὸ ζῆν ἀλύπως, ἀνδρὸς ἐστιν εὐτυχοῦς.

That man is moſt happy who is the leaſt miſerable.

'It will not perhaps be unentertaining to the 'polite reader to obſerve how theſe three beau- 'tiful ſentences are formed upon different ſub- 'jects by the ſame way of thinking; but I 'ſhall return to the firſt of them.

'Our goodneſs being of a comparative, and 'not an abſolute nature, there is none who in 'ſtrictneſs can be called a virtuous man. Every 'one has in him a natural alloy, though one 'may be fuller of droſs than another: For 'this reaſon I cannot think it right to introduce 'a perfect or a faultleſs man upon the ſtage; 'not only becauſe ſuch a character is improper 'to move compaſſion, but becauſe there is no 'ſuch thing in Nature. This might probably 'be one reaſon why the SPECTATOR, in one 'of his Papers took notice of that late invented 'term called Poetical Juſtice, and the wrong 'notions into which it has led ſome tragic 'Writers. The moſt perfect man has vices 'enough to draw down puniſhments upon his 'head, and to juſtify Providence in regard to 'any miſeries that might befal him. For this 'reaſon I cannot think, but that the inſtruction 'and moral are much finer, where a man who 'is virtuous in the main of his character falls into

'into diſtreſs, and ſinks under the blows of 'Fortune at the end of a Tragedy, than when 'he is repreſented as happy and triumphant. 'Such an example corrects the inſolence of 'human nature, ſoftens the mind of the be-'holder with ſentiments of pity and compaſſion, 'comforts him under his own private affliction, 'and teaches him not to judge of mens virtues 'by their ſucceſſes. I cannot think of one 'real Hero in all antiquity ſo far raiſed above 'human infirmities, that he might not be very 'naturally repreſented in a Tragedy as plunged 'in misfortunes and calamities. The Poet may 'ſtill find out ſome prevailing paſſion or indiſ-'cretion in his character, and ſhew it in ſuch 'a manner, as will ſufficiently acquit the Gods 'of any injuſtice in his ſufferings. For as '*Horace* obſerves in my Text, the beſt man 'is faulty, though not in ſo great a degree as 'thoſe whom we generally call vicious men.

'If ſuch a ſtrict Poetical Juſtice, as ſome 'Gentlemen inſiſt upon, was to be obſerved 'in this art, there is no manner of reaſon why 'it ſhould not extend to Heroic Poetry, as 'well as Tragedy. But we find it ſo little 'obſerved in *Homer*, that his *Achilles* is placed 'in the greateſt point of glory and ſucceſs, 'though his character is morally vicious, and 'only poetically good, if I may uſe the phraſe 'of our modern Critics. The *Æneid* is filled 'with innocent, unhappy perſons. *Niſus* 'and *Euryalus*, *Lauſus* and *Pallas* come all to 'unfortunate ends. The Poet takes notice in

'par-

'particular, that in the ſacking of *Troy*, *Ripheus* 'fell, who was the moſt juſt man among the 'Trojans.

——*Cadit & Ripheus juſtiſſimus unus,*
Qui fuit in Teucris, & ſervantiſſimus Æqui:
Diis aliter viſum eſt—— Æn. 2. v. 427.

'And that *Pantheus* could neither be preſerved 'by his tranſcendent Piety, nor by the holy 'fillets of *Apollo*, whoſe Prieſt he was.

——*nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,*
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit.
Ibid. v. 429.

'I might here mention the practice of ancient 'Tragic Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*; but as 'this particular is touched upon in the Paper 'abovementioned, I ſhall paſs it over in ſilence. 'I could produce paſſages out of *Ariſtotle* in 'favour of my opinion, and if in one place 'he ſays that an abſolutely virtuous man ſhould 'not be repreſented as unhappy, this does not 'juſtify any one who ſhall think fit to bring 'in an abſolutely virtuous man upon the ſtage. 'Thoſe who are acquainted with that Author's 'way of writing, know very well, that to take 'the whole extent of his ſubject into his di-'viſions of it, he often makes uſe of ſuch caſes 'as are imaginary, and not reducible to practice: 'He himſelf declares that ſuch Tragedies as 'ended unhappily bore away the prize in the-'atrical contentions, from thoſe which ended 'happily;

'happily; and for the fortieth Speculation, 'which I am now conſidering, as it has given 'reaſons why theſe are more apt to pleaſe an 'audience, ſo it only proves that theſe are 'generally preferable to the other, though at 'the ſame time it affirms that many excellent 'Tragedies have and may be written in both 'kinds.

'I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that though 'the SPECTATOR abovementioned is ſo far 'againſt the rule of Poetical Juſtice, as to 'affirm that good men may meet with an un-'happy cataſtrophe in Tragedy, it does not ſay 'that ill men may go off unpuniſhed. The 'reaſon for this diſtinction is very plain, namely, 'becauſe the beſt of men are vicious enough 'to juſtify Providence for any misfortunes and 'afflictions which may befal them, but there 'are many men ſo criminal that they can have 'no claim or pretence to happineſs. The beſt 'of men may deſerve puniſhment, but the worſt 'of men cannot deſerve happineſs.

N° 549 Saturday, November 29.

Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici,
Laudo tamen—— —— Juv. Sat. 3. v. 1,

Though griev'd at the departure of my friend,
His purpoſe of retiring I commend.

I Believe moſt people begin the world with a reſolution to withdraw from it into a ſerious kind of Solitude or Retirement, when they have made themſelves eaſy in it. Our unhappineſs is, that we find out ſome excuſe or other for deferring ſuch our good reſolutions until our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people there are none who are ſo hard to part with the world, as thoſe who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are ſo warped with their conſtant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their Souls another bent, and convert them towards thoſe objects, which, though they are proper for every ſtage of life, are ſo more eſpecially for the laſt. *Horace* deſcribes an old Uſurer as ſo charmed with the pleaſures of a country life, that in order to make a purchaſe he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? Why in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this ſeries of thought by a diſcourſe which I had laſt week with my worthy

worthy friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a man of ſo much natural eloquence, good ſenſe, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleaſure. As we were ſitting together, being the ſole remaining members of our Club, Sir ANDREW gave me an account of the many buſy ſcenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the ſame time reckoned up to me abundance of thoſe lucky hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then, he termed them mercies, favours of Providence, and bleſſings upon an honeſt induſtry. Now, ſays he, you muſt know, my good friend, I am ſo uſed to conſider myſelf as creditor and debtor, that I often ſtate my accounts after the ſame manner with regard to Heaven and my own Soul. In this caſe, when I look upon the debtor-ſide, I find ſuch innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to caſt them up; but when I look upon the creditor-ſide, I find little more than blank paper. Now though I am very well ſatisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am reſolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You muſt not therefore be ſurpriſed, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking myſelf to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place.

I could not but approve ſo good a reſolution, notwithſtanding the loſs I ſhould ſuffer by it. Sir ANDREW has ſince explained himſelf to

me more at large in the following Letter, which is juſt come to my hands.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

'NOtwithſtanding my friends at the Club have always rallied me, when I have talked of retiring from buſineſs, and repeated to me one of my own ſayings, "That a Merchant "has never enough until he has got a little "more," I can now inform you, that there is one in the world who thinks he has enough, and is determined to paſs the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of what he has. You know me ſo well, that I need not tell you, I mean, by the enjoyments of my poſſeſſions, the making of them uſeful to the Public. As the greateſt part of my eſtate has been hitherto of an unſteady and volatile nature, either toſt upon ſeas or fluctuating in funds; it is now fixed and ſettled in ſubſtantial acres and tenements. I have removed it from the uncertainty of ſtocks, winds and waves, and diſpoſed of it in a conſiderable purchaſe. This will give me great opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is in ſetting my poor neighbours to work, and giving them a comfortable ſubſiſtence out of their own induſtry. My gardens, my fiſh-ponds, my arable and paſture grounds ſhall be my ſeveral hoſpitals, or rather work-houſes, in which I propoſe to maintain a great many indigent perſons, who are now ſtarving in my neighbourhood. I have got a fine ſpread of improveable lands, and in my

'my own thoughts am already plowing up 'ſome of them, fencing others; planting woods, 'and draining marſhes. In fine, as I have my 'ſhare in the ſurface of this iſland, I am re- 'ſolved to make it as beautiful a ſpot as any in 'her Majeſty's dominions; at leaſt there is 'not an inch of it which ſhall not be cultivated 'to the beſt advantage, and do its utmoſt for 'its owner. As in my mercantile employment 'I ſo diſpoſed of my affairs, that from whatever 'corner of the Compaſs the wind blew, it was 'bringing home one or other of my ſhips; I 'hope, as a huſbandman, to contrive it ſo, 'that not a ſhower of rain, or a glimpſe of 'ſun-ſhine, ſhall fall upon my eſtate without 'bettering ſome part of it, and contributing 'to the products of the ſeaſon. You know it 'has been hitherto my opinion of life, that it 'is thrown away when it is not ſome way uſeful 'to others. But when I am riding out by my- 'ſelf, in the freſh air on the open heath that 'lies by my houſe, I find ſeveral other thoughts 'growing up in me. I am now of opinion, 'that a man of my age may find buſineſs 'enough on himſelf, by ſetting his mind in 'order, preparing it for another world, and 'reconciling it to the thoughts of death. I 'muſt therefore acquaint you, that beſides thoſe 'uſual methods of charity, of which I have 'before ſpoken, I am at this very inſtant finding 'out a convenient place where I may build 'an alms-houſe, which I intend to endow very 'handſomly, for a dozen ſuperannuated huſ-

'bandmen. It will be a great pleaſure to me 'to ſay my prayers twice a day with men of 'my own years, who all of them, as well as 'myſelf, may have their thoughts taken up 'how they ſhall die, rather than how they 'ſhall live. I remember an excellent ſaying that 'I learned at ſchool, *Finis coronat opus*. You 'know beſt whether it be in *Virgil* or in '*Horace*, it is my buſineſs to apply it. If your 'affairs will permit you to take the country air 'with me ſometimes, you ſhall find an apartment 'fitted up for you, and ſhall be every day 'entertained with beef or mutton of my own 'feeding; fiſh out of my own ponds; and 'fruit out of my own gardens. You ſhall have 'free egreſs and regreſs about my houſe, with-'out having any queſtions aſked you, and in a 'word ſuch an hearty welcome as you may ex-'pect from

Your moſt ſincere friend

and humble ſervant,

ANDREW FREEPORT.

The Club, of which I am a member, being intirely diſperſed, I ſhall conſult my reader next week, upon a project relating to the inſtitution of a new one. O

Monday,

N°550 Monday, December 1.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu?
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 138.

In what will all this oſtentation end?
ROSCOMMON.

SINCE the late diſſolution of the Club whereof I have often declared myſelf a member, there are very many perſons who by letters, petitions and recommendations, put up for the next election. At the ſame time I muſt complain, that ſeveral indirect and underhand practices have been made uſe of upon this occaſion. A certain country Gentleman begun to tap upon the firſt information he received of Sir ROGER's death; when he ſent me up word, that if I would get him choſen in the place of the deceaſed, he would preſent me with a barrel of the beſt *October* I had ever drank in my life. The Ladies are in great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the room of WILL HONEYCOMB. Some of them indeed are of opinion that Mr. HONEYCOMB did not take ſufficient care of their intereſts in the Club, and are therefore deſirous of having in it hereafter a repreſentative of their own Sex. A citizen who ſubſcribes himſelf *Y. Z.* tells me that he has one and twenty ſhares in the

African Company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in caſe he may ſucceed Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, which he thinks would raiſe the credit of that fund. I have ſeveral Letters, dated from *Jenny Man*'s, by Gentlemen who are candidates for Captain SENTRY's place, and as many from a Coffee-houſe in *Paul*'s Church-yard of ſuch who would fill up the vacancy occaſioned by the death of my worthy friend the Clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular reſpect.

Having maturely weighed theſe ſeveral particulars, with the many remonſtrances that have been made to me on this ſubject, and conſidering how invidious an office I ſhall take upon me if I make the whole election depend upon my ſingle voice, and being unwilling to expoſe myſelf to thoſe clamours, which, on ſuch an occaſion, will not fail to be raiſed againſt me for partiality, injuſtice, corruption, and other qualities which my nature abhors, I have formed to myſelf the project of a Club as follows.

I have thoughts of iſſuing out Writs to all and every of the Clubs that are eſtabliſhed in the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, requiring them to chooſe out of their reſpective bodies a perſon of the greateſt merit, and to return his name to me before *Lady-day*, at which time I intend to ſit upon buſineſs.

By this means I have reaſon to hope, that the Club over which I ſhall preſide will be the very flower and quinteſſence of all other Clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but

but a particular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his happineſs in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a Pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I ſhall raiſe up enemies to myſelf if I act with ſo regal an air, and that my detractors inſtead of giving me the uſual title of SPECTATOR, will be apt to call me the King of Clubs.

But to proceed on my intended project: It is very well known that I at firſt ſet forth in this Work with the character of a ſilent man; and I think I have ſo well preſerved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three ſentences in the ſpace of almoſt two years. As a monoſyllable is my delight, I have made very few excurſions in the converſations which I have related, beyond a yes, or a no. By this means my readers have loſt many good things which I have had in my heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now in order to diverſify my character, and to ſhew the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the Club which I have now under conſideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I deſign upon the firſt meeting of the ſaid Club, to have my mouth opened in form; intending to regulate myſelf in this particular by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practiſed at the opening of the mouth of a Cardinal. I have likewiſe examined the forms which

which were uſed of old by *Pythagoras*, when any of his ſcholars, after an apprenticeſhip of ſilence, was made free of his ſpeech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign Gazettes upon leſs occaſions, I queſtion not but in their next articles from *Great Britain*, they will inform the world that 'the SPECTATOR's mouth is to be opened on the twenty-'fifth of *March* next.' I may perhaps publiſh a very uſeful Paper at that time of the proceedings in that ſolemnity, and of the perſons who ſhall aſſiſt at it. But of this more hereafter. O

N°551 Tueſday, December 2.

Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.——— Hor. Ars Poet v. 400.

So ancient is the pedigree of verſe,
And ſo divine a Poet's function.
ROSCOMMON.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WHEN men of worthy and excelling genius's have obliged the world with beautiful and inſtructive Writings, it is in the nature of gratitude that Praiſe ſhould be returned them, as one proper conſequent reward of their performances. Nor has mankind ever been ſo degenerately ſunk, but they have made this return,

turn, and even when they have not been wrought up by the generous endeavour ſo as to receive the advantages deſigned by it. This Praiſe, which ariſes firſt in the mouth of particular perſons, ſpreads and laſts according to the merit of Authors; and when it thus meets with a full ſucceſs changes its denomination, and is called Fame. They who have happily arrived at this, are, even while they live, inflamed by the acknowledgments of others, and ſpurred on to new undertakings for the benefit of mankind, notwithſtanding the detraction which ſome abject tempers would caſt upon them: But when they deceaſe, their characters being freed from the ſhadow which Envy laid them under, begin to ſhine out with greater ſplendor; their Spirits ſurvive in their Works; they are admitted into the higheſt companies, and they continue pleaſing and inſtructing poſterity from age to age. Some of the beſt gain a character, by being able to ſhew that they are no ſtrangers to them; and others obtain a new warmth to labour for the happineſs and eaſe of mankind, from a reflexion upon thoſe Honours which are paid to their memories.

The thought of this took me up as I turned over thoſe Epigrams which are the remains of ſeveral of the Wits of *Greece*, and perceived many dedicated to the Fame of thoſe who had excelled in beautiful Poetic Performances. Wherefore, in purſuance to my thought, I concluded to do ſomething along with them to bring their Praiſes into a new light and language, for the encourage-

encouragement of thoſe whoſe modeſt tempers may be deterred by the fear of envy or detraction from fair attempts, to which their parts might render them equal. You will perceive them as they follow to be conceived in the form of Epitaphs, a ſort of writing which is wholly ſet apart for a ſhort-pointed method of Praiſe.

On *Orpheus*, written by *Antipater*.

No longer, *Orpheus*, ſhall thy ſacred ſtrains
Lead ſtones, and trees, and beaſts along the plains;
No longer ſooth the boiſt'rous winds to ſleep,
Or ſtill the billows of the raging deep:
For thou art gone, the Muſes mourn'd thy fall
In ſolemn ſtrains, thy mother moſt of all.
Ye mortals, idly for your ſons ye moan
If thus a Goddeſs could not ſave her own.

Obſerve here, that if we take the Fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that age when the Epigram was written, the turn appears to have piety to the Gods, and a reſigning ſpirit in its application. But if we conſider the point with reſpect to our preſent knowledge, it will be leſs eſteemed; though the Author himſelf, becauſe he believed it, may ſtill be more valued than any one who ſhould now write with a point of the ſame nature.

On *Homer*, by *Alpheus* of *Mytilene*.

Still in our ears *Andromache* complains,
And ſtill in ſight the fate of *Troy* remains:

Still

Still *Ajax* fights, ſtill *Hector*'s dragg'd along,
Such ſtrange inchantment dwells in *Homer*'s ſong;
Whoſe birth could more than one poor realm adorn,
For all the world is proud that he was born.

The thought in the firſt part of this is natural, and depending upon the force of Poeſy: In the latter part it looks as if it would aim at the hiſtory of ſeven towns contending for the honour of *Homer*'s birth-place; but when you expect to meet with that common ſtory, the Poet ſlides by, and raiſes the whole World for a kind of Arbiter, which is to end the contention amongſt its ſeveral parts.

On *Anacreon*, by *Antipater*.

This tomb be thine, *Anacreon*; all around
Let ivy wreath, let flourets deck the ground,
And from its earth, enrich'd with ſuch a prize,
Let wells of milk and ſtreams of wine ariſe:
So will thine aſhes yet a pleaſure know,
If any pleaſure reach the Shades below.

The Poet here written upon, is an eaſy gay Author, and he who writes upon him has filled his own head with the character of his ſubject. He ſeems to love his theme ſo much, that he thinks of nothing but pleaſing him as if he were ſtill alive, by entering into his libertine ſpirit; ſo that the humour is eaſy and gay, reſembling *Anacreon* in its air, raiſed by ſuch images, and pointed with ſuch a turn as he might have uſed. I give it a place here, becauſe the

the Author may have deſigned it for his honour; and I take an opportunity from it to adviſe others, that when they would praiſe, they cautiouſly avoid every looſer qualification, and fix only where there is a real foundation in merit.

On *Euripides*, by *Ion*.

Divine *Euripides*, this tomb we ſee
So fair, is not a monument for thee,
So much as thou for it, ſince all will own
Thy name and laſting Praiſe adorns the ſtone.

The thought here is fine, but its fault is, that it is general, that it may belong to any great man, becauſe it points out no particular character. It would be better, if when we light upon ſuch a turn, we join it with ſomething that circumſcribes and bounds it to the qualities of our ſubject. He who gives his Praiſe in groſs, will often appear either to have been a ſtranger to thoſe he writes upon, or not to have found any thing in them which is praiſe-worthy.

On *Sophocles*, by *Simonides*.

Winde, gentle ever-green, to form a ſhade
Around the tomb where *Sophocles* is laid,
Sweet ivy winde thy boughs, and intertwine
With bluſhing roſes and the cluſt'ring vine;
Thus will thy laſting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he ſung;
Whoſe Soul, exalted like a God of wit,
Among the Muſes and the Graces writ.

This

This Epigram I have opened more than any of the former: The thought towards the latter end ſeemed cloſer couched, ſo as to require an explication. I fancied the Poet aimed at the picture which is generally made of *Apollo* and the Muſes, he ſitting with his harp in the middle, and they around him. This looked beautiful to my thought, and becauſe the image aroſe before me out of the words of the original as I was reading it, I ventured to explain them ſo.

On *Menander*, the Author unnamed.

The very bees, O ſweet *Menander*, hung
To taſte the Muſes ſpring upon thy tongue;
The very Graces made the ſcenes you writ
Their happy point of fine expreſſion hit.
Thus ſtill you live, you make your *Athens* ſhine,
And raiſe its glory to the ſkies in thine.

This Epigram has a reſpect to the character of its ſubject; for *Menander* writ remarkably with a juſtneſs and purity of language. It has alſo told the country he was born in, without either a ſet or a hidden manner, while it twiſts together the glory of the Poet and his Nation, ſo as to make the Nation depend upon his for an increaſe of its own.

I will offer no more inſtances at preſent, to ſhew that they who deſerve Praiſe have it returned them from different ages. Let theſe which have been laid down, ſhew men that envy will not always prevail. And to the end that

that Writers may more ſucceſsfully enliven the endeavours of one another, let them conſider, in ſome ſuch manner as I have attempted, what may be the juſteſt ſpirit and art of Praiſe. It is indeed very hard to come up to it. Our Praiſe is trifling when it depends upon Fable; it is falſe when it depends upon wrong qualifications; it means nothing when it is general; it is extremely difficult to hit when we propoſe to raiſe characters high, while we keep to them juſtly. I ſhall end this with tranſcribing that excellent Epitaph of Mr. *Cowley*, wherein, with a kind of grave and philoſophic humour, he very beautifully ſpeaks of himſelf (withdrawn from the world, and dead to all the intereſts of it) as of a man really deceaſed. At the ſame time it is an inſtruction how to leave the Public with a good grace.

Epitaphium vivi Authoris.

Hic, O viator, ſub Lare parvulo
Couleius *hic eſt conditus, hic jacet*
Defunctus humani laboris
Sorte, ſupervacuâque vitâ:
Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti Nobilis otio,
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animoſus hoſtis.
Poſſis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En terra jam nunc quantula ſufficit!
Exempta ſit curis, viator,
Terra ſit illa lævis, precare.
Hic ſparge flores, ſparge breves roſas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,

Herbiſque

Herbiſque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.

The living Author's Epitaph.

From life's ſuperfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil diſcharg'd,
Here COWLEY lies, beneath this ſhed,
To every worldly intereſt dead:
With decent poverty content;
His hours of eaſe not idly ſpent:
To Fortune's goods a foe profeſs'd,
And hating wealth, by all careſs'd.
'Tis ſure, he's dead; for, lo! how ſmall
A ſpot of earth is now his all!
O! wiſh that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away!
Bring flow'rs, the ſhort-liv'd roſes bring,
To Life deceas'd fit offering!
And ſweets around the Poet ſtrow,
Whilſt yet with life his aſhes glow.

The publication of theſe Criticiſms having procured me the following Letter from a very ingenious Gentleman, I cannot forbear inſerting it in the Volume, though it did not come ſoon enough to have a place in any of my ſingle Papers.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAving read over in your Paper, N° 551, 'ſome of the Epigrams made by the '*Grecian* Wits, in commendation of their cele-'brated Poets, I could not forbear ſending you 'another, out of the ſame collection; which

'I take to be as great a compliment to *Homer*,
'as any that has yet been paid him.

Τίς πρῶθ' ὁ τὸν Τροΐης πόλεμον, &c.

Who firſt tranſcrib'd the famous *Trojan* War,
And wiſe *Ulyſſes'* acts, O *Jove*, make known:
For ſince 'tis certain, thine thoſe Poems are,
No more let *Homer* boaſt they are his own.

'If you think it worthy of a place in your
'Speculations, for aught I know (by that means)
'it may in time be printed as often in *Engliſh*,
'as it has already been in *Greek*. I am (like
'the reſt of the world)

Sir,

4th *Dec.* Your great admirer,

G. R.

The reader may obſerve that the beauty of this Epigram is different from that of any in the foregoing. An Irony is looked upon as the fineſt palliative of Praiſe; and very often conveys the nobleſt panegyric under the appearance of ſatire. *Homer* is here ſeemingly accuſed and treated as a Plagiary; but what is drawn up in the form of an accuſation is certainly, as my correſpondent obſerves, the greateſt compliment that could have been paid to that divine Poet.

Dear

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Gentleman of a pretty good fortune, and of a temper impatient of any thing which 'I think an injury; however I always quarrelled 'according to law, and inſtead of attacking my 'adverſary by the dangerous method of ſword 'and piſtol, I made my aſſaults by that more 'ſecure one of Writ or Warrant. I cannot help 'telling you, that either by the juſtice of my 'Cauſes or the ſuperiority of my Counſel, I 'have been generally ſucceſsful; and to my 'great ſatisfaction I can ſay it, that by three 'actions of ſlander, and half a dozen treſpaſſes, 'I have for ſeveral years enjoyed a perfect tran-'quillity in my reputation and eſtate. By theſe 'means alſo I have been made known to the 'Judges; the Serjeants of our circuit are my 'intimate friends, and the ornamental Counſel 'pay a very profound reſpect to one who has 'made ſo great a figure in the Law. Affairs 'of conſequence having brought me to town, 'I had the curioſity the other day to viſit *Weſt-'minſter-Hall*; and having placed myſelf in 'one of the Courts, expected to be moſt agree-'ably entertained. After the Court and Counſel 'were, with due ceremony, ſeated, up ſtands 'a learned Gentleman, and began, When this '*Matter* was laſt *ſtirred* before your Lordſhip; 'the next humbly moved to *quaſh* an *Indictment*; 'another complained that his adverſary had '*ſnapped* a *Judgment*; the next informed the 'Court that his Client was *ſtripped* of his *poſ-*

'*ſeſſion*; another begged leave to acquaint his 'Lordſhip they had been *ſaddled* with coſts. 'At laſt up got a grave Serjeant, and told us 'his Client had been *hung up* a whole Term 'by a *Writ of Error*. At this I could bear it 'no longer, but came hither, and reſolved to 'apply myſelf to your Honour to interpoſe 'with theſe Gentlemen, that they would leave 'off ſuch low and unnatural expreſſions: For 'ſurely though the Lawyers ſubſcribe to hideous '*French* and falſe *Latin*, yet they ſhould let 'their Clients have a little decent and proper '*Engliſh* for their money. What man that has 'a value for a good name would like to have 'it ſaid in a public Court, that Mr. Such-a-one 'was "ſtripped, ſaddled or hung up?" This 'being what has eſcaped your Spectatorial ob-'ſervation, be pleaſed to correct ſuch an illiberal 'cant among profeſſed ſpeakers, and you will 'infinitely oblige

Joe's Coffee-houſe,
Nov. 28.

Your humble ſervant,

Philonicus.

Wedneſday

N°552 Wedneſday, December 3.

——Qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas, extinctus amabitur idem.
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 13.

For thoſe are hated that excel the reſt,
Although, when dead, they are belov'd and bleſt.
CREECH.

AS I was tumbling about the town the other day in a hackney-coach, and delighting myſelf with buſy ſcenes in the ſhops of each ſide of me, it came into my head with no ſmall remorſe, that I had not been frequent enough in the mention and recommendation of the induſtrious part of mankind. It very naturally, upon this occaſion, touched my conſcience in particular, that I had not acquitted myſelf to my friend Mr. *Peter Motteux*. That induſtrious man of trade, and formerly brother of the quill, has dedicated to me a Poem upon Tea. It would injure him, as a man of buſineſs, if I did not let the world know that the Author of ſo good verſes writ them before he was concerned in traffick. In order to expiate my negligence towards him, I immediately reſolved to make him a viſit. I found his ſpacious warehouſes filled and adorned with Tea, *China* and *Indian* ware. I could obſerve a beautiful ordonnance of the whole; and ſuch different

and conſiderable branches of trade carried on, in the ſame houſe, I exulted in ſeeing diſpoſed by a poetical head. In one place were expoſed to view ſilks of various ſhades and colours, rich brocades, and the wealthieſt products of foreign looms. Here you might ſee the fineſt laces held up by the faireſt hands; and there examined by the beauteous eyes of the buyers, the moſt delicate cambrics, muſlins, and linens. I could not but congratulate my friend on the humble, but, I hoped, beneficial uſe he had made of his talents, and wiſhed I could be a patron to his Trade, as he had been pleaſed to make me of his Poetry. The honeſt man has, I know, that modeſt deſire of gain which is peculiar to thoſe who underſtand better things than riches: and I dare ſay he would be contented with much leſs than what is called wealth at that quarter of the town which he inhabits, and will oblige all his cuſtomers with demands agreeable to the moderation of his deſires.

Among other omiſſions of which I have been alſo guilty, with relation to men of induſtry of a ſuperior order, I muſt acknowledge my ſilence towards a propoſal frequently incloſed to me by Mr. *Renatus Harris*, Organ-Builder. The ambition of this artificer is to erect an Organ in Saint *Paul*'s Cathedral, over the weſt door, at the entrance into the body of the church, which in art and magnificence ſhall tranſcend any work of that kind ever before invented. The propoſal in perſpicuous language ſets forth the honour and advantage ſuch a performance would be

be to the *Britiſh* name, as well as that it would apply the power of ſounds, in a manner more amazingly forcible than, perhaps, has yet been known, and I am ſure to an end much more worthy. Had the vaſt ſums which have been laid out upon Operas without ſkill or conduct, and to no other purpoſe but to ſuſpend or vitiate our underſtandings, been diſpoſed this way, we ſhould now perhaps have an engine ſo formed as to ſtrike the minds of half a people at once, in a place of worſhip, with a forgetfulneſs of preſent care and calamity, and a hope of endleſs rapture, joy, and hallelujah hereafter.

When I am doing this juſtice, I am not to forget the beſt Mechanic of my acquaintance, that uſeful ſervant to Science and Knowledge, Mr. *John Rowley*; but I think I lay a great obligation on the Public, by acquainting them with his propoſals for a pair of new Globes. After his preamble, he promiſes in the ſaid propoſals that,

In the Celeſtial Globe,

'Care ſhall be taken that the fixed ſtars be 'placed according to their true Longitude and 'Latitude, from the many and correct obſerva-'tions of *Hevelius*, *Caſſini*, Mr. *Flamſtead* Reg. 'Aſtronomer, Doctor *Hally*, *Savilian* Profeſſor 'of Geometry in *Oxon*; and from whatever 'elſe can be procured to render the Globe more 'exact, inſtructive and uſeful.

'That all the conſtellations be drawn in a 'curious, new, and particular manner; each 'ſtar in ſo juſt, diſtinct, and conſpicuous a pro- 'portion, that its magnitude may be readily 'known by bare inſpection, according to the 'different Light and Sizes of the Stars. That 'the track or way of ſuch Comets as have been 'well obſerved, but not hitherto expreſſed in 'any Globe, be carefully delineated in this.

In the Terreſtial Globe,

'That by reaſon the deſcriptions formerly 'made, both in the *Engliſh* and *Dutch* great 'Globe, are erroneous, *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *Ame- 'rica*, be drawn in a manner wholly new; 'by which means it is to be noted that the 'undertakers will be obliged to alter the Lati- 'tude of ſome places in ten degrees, the Lon- 'gitude of others in twenty degrees; beſides 'which great and neceſſary alterations, there 'are many remarkable countries, cities, towns, 'rivers, and lakes, omitted in other Globes, 'inſerted here according to the beſt diſcoveries 'made by our late Navigators. Laſtly, that the 'courſe of the Trade-winds, the Monſoons, and 'other winds periodically ſhifting between the 'Tropics, be viſibly expreſſed.

'Now in regard that this undertaking is of 'ſo univerſal uſe, as the advancement of the 'moſt neceſſary parts of the Mathematics, as well 'as tending to the honour of the *Britiſh* na- 'tion, and that the charge of carrying it on is

'very

'very expenſive; it is deſired that all Gentle-
'men who are willing to promote ſo great a
'work, will be pleaſed to ſubſcribe on the fol-
'lowing conditions.

'I. The undertakers engage to furniſh each
'ſubſcriber with a celeſtial and terreſtrial Globe,
'each of thirty inches diameter, in all reſpects
'curiouſly adorned, the ſtars gilded, the capital
'cities plainly diſtinguiſhed, the frames, meri-
'dians, horizons, hour-circles and indexes ſo
'exactly finiſhed up, and accurately divided,
'that a pair of theſe Globes will really appear,
'in the judgment of any diſintereſted and in-
'telligent perſon, worth fifteen pounds more
'than will be demanded for them by the un-
'dertakers.

'II. Whoſoever will be pleaſed to ſubſcribe,
'and pay twenty five pounds in the manner
'following for a pair of theſe Globes, either
'for their own uſe, or to preſent them to any
'College in the Univerſities, or any public
'Library or Schools, ſhall have his coat of
'arms, name, title, ſeat, or place of reſidence,
'&c. inſerted in ſome convenient place of the
'Globe.

'III. That every ſubſcriber do at firſt pay
'down the ſum of ten pounds, and fifteen pounds
'more upon the delivery of each pair of Globes
'perfectly fitted up. And that the ſaid Globes
'be delivered within twelve months after the
'number of thirty ſubſcribers be compleated;
'and that the ſubſcribers be ſerved with Globes
'in the order in which they ſubſcribed.

'IV.

'IV. That a pair of these Globes shall not 'hereafter be sold to any person but the sub-'scribers under thirty pounds.

'V. That if there be not thirty subscribers 'within four months, after the first of *December*, '1712, the money paid shall be returned on de-'mand by Mr. *John Warner* Goldsmith near '*Temple-Bar*, who shall receive and pay the same 'according to the above-mentioned articles. T

N°553 Thursday, December 4.

Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.

Hor. Ep. 14. l. 1. v. 36.

Once to be wild, is no such foul disgrace;
But 'tis so, still to run the frantic race.

CREECH.

THE project which I published on *Monday* last, has brought me in several packets of Letters. Among the rest I have received one from a certain Projector, wherein after having represented, that in all probability the solemnity of 'opening my mouth' will draw together a great confluence of beholders, he proposes to me the hiring of *Stationers-Hall* for the more convenient exhibiting of that public ceremony. He undertakes to be at the charge of it himself, provided he may have the erecting of galleries on every side, and the letting of them

them out upon that occaſion. I have a Letter alſo from a Bookſeller, petitioning me in a very humble manner, that he may have the printing of the ſpeech which I ſhall make to the aſſembly upon the firſt opening of my mouth. I am informed from all parts, that there are great canvaſſings in the ſeveral Clubs about town, upon the chooſing of a proper perſon to ſit with me on thoſe arduous affairs, to which I have ſummoned them. Three Clubs have already proceeded to election, whereof one has made a double return. If I find that my enemies ſhall take advantage of my ſilence to begin hoſtilities upon me, or if any other exigency of affairs may ſo require, ſince I ſee elections in ſo great a forwardneſs, we may poſſibly meet before the day appointed; or if matters go on to my ſatisfaction, I may perhaps put off the meeting to a further day: but of this public notice ſhall be given.

In the mean time, I muſt confeſs that I am not a little gratified and obliged by that concern which appears in this great city, upon my preſent deſign of laying down this Paper. It is likewiſe with much ſatisfaction, that I find ſome of the moſt outlying parts of the kingdom alarmed upon this occaſion, having received Letters to expoſtulate with me about it from ſeveral of my readers of the remoteſt Boroughs of *Great Britain*. Among theſe I am very well pleaſed with a Letter dated from *Berwick upon Tweed*, wherein my correſpondent compares the office, which I have for ſome time executed in theſe realms, to the weeding of a great garden; which, ſays he,

he, it is not ſufficient to weed once for all, and afterwards to give over, but that the work muſt be continued daily, or the ſame ſpots of ground which are cleared for a while, will in a little time be over-run as much as ever. Another Gentleman lays before me ſeveral enormities that are already ſprouting, and which he believes will diſcover themſelves in their growth immediately after my diſappearance. There is no doubt, ſays he, but the Ladies heads will ſhoot up as ſoon as they know they are no longer under the SPECTATOR's eye; and I have already ſeen ſuch monſtrous broad-brimmed hats under the arms of foreigners, that I queſtion not but they will overſhadow the iſland within a month or two after the dropping of your Paper. But among all the Letters which are come to my hands, there is none ſo handſomly written as the following one, which I am the more pleaſed with as it is ſent me from Gentlemen who belong to a body which I ſhall always honour, and where (I cannot ſpeak it without a ſecret pride) my Speculations have met with a very kind reception. It is uſual for Poets, upon the publiſhing of their works, to print before them ſuch copies of verſes as have been made in their praiſe. Not that you muſt imagine they are pleaſed with their own commendations, but becauſe the elegant compoſitions of their friends ſhould not be loſt. I muſt make the ſame apology for the publication of the enſuing Letter, in which I have ſuppreſſed no part of thoſe praiſes that are given my Speculations with too

laviſh

laviſh and good-natured a hand; though my correſpondents can witneſs for me, that at other times I have generally blotted out thoſe parts in the Letters which I have received from them. O

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, Nov.* 25.

'IN ſpite of your invincible ſilence you have 'found out a method of being the moſt 'agreeable companion in the world: That kind 'of converſation which you hold with the town, 'has the good fortune of being always pleaſing 'to the men of taſte and leiſure, and never 'offenſive to thoſe of hurry and buſineſs. You 'are never heard, but at what *Horace* calls '*dextro tempore*, and have the happineſs to ob-'ſerve the politic rule, which the ſame diſcerning 'Author gave his friend, when he injoined him 'to deliver his book to *Auguſtus*,

Si validus, ſi lætus erit, ſi denique poſcet.
Ep. 13. l. 1. v. 3.

——When vexing cares are fled,
When well, when merry, when he aſks to read.
CREECH.

'You never begin to talk, but when people are 'deſirous to hear you; and I defy any one to 'be out of humour until you leave off. But 'I am led unawares into reflexions, foreign to 'the original deſign of this epiſtle; which was 'to let you know, that ſome unfeigned ad-'mirers of your inimitable Papers, who could, 'without any flattery, greet you with the ſalu-

'tation uſed to the Eaſtern Monarchs, *viz.* "O "Spec, live for ever," have lately been under the 'ſame apprehenſions with Mr. *Philo-Spec*; that 'the haſte you have made to diſpatch your beſt 'friends portends no long duration to your own 'ſhort viſage. We could not, indeed, find any 'juſt grounds for complaint in the method you 'took to diſſolve that venerable body: No, the 'world was not worthy of your Divine. WILL 'HONEYCOMB could not, with any reputation, 'live ſingle any longer. It was high time for 'the TEMPLAR to turn himſelf to *Coke*: And 'Sir ROGER's dying was the wiſeſt thing he 'ever did in his life. It was, however, matter 'of great grief to us, to think that we were 'in danger of loſing ſo elegant and valuable 'an entertainment. And we could not, without 'ſorrow, reflect that we were likely to have 'nothing to interrupt our ſips in a morning, 'and to ſuſpend our coffee in mid-air, between 'our lips and right ear, but the ordinary traſh 'of News-Papers. We reſolved, therefore, 'not to part with you ſo. But ſince, to make 'uſe of your own alluſion, the cherries began 'now to crowd the market, and their ſeaſon 'was almoſt over, we conſulted our future en-'joyments, and endeavoured to make the ex-'quiſite pleaſure that delicious fruit gave our 'taſte as laſting as we could, and by drying 'them protract their ſtay beyond its natural date. 'We own that thus they have not a flavour 'equal to that of their juicy bloom; but yet, 'under this diſadvantage, they pique the palate,

'and

'and become a ſalver better than any other 'fruit at its firſt appearance. To ſpeak plain, 'there are a number of us who have begun 'your Works afreſh, and meet two nights in 'the week in order to give you a rehearing. 'We never come together without drinking your 'health, and as ſeldom part without general 'expreſſions of thanks to you for our night's 'improvement. This we conceive to be a 'more uſeful inſtitution than any other Club 'whatever, not excepting even that of Ugly 'Faces. We have one manifeſt advantage over 'that renowned ſociety, with reſpect to Mr. SPEC-'TATOR's company. For though they may 'brag, that you ſometimes make your perſonal 'appearance amongſt them, it is impoſſible they 'ſhould ever get a word from you. Whereas 'you are with us the reverſe of what *Phædria* 'would have his miſtreſs be in his rival's com-'pany, "preſent in your abſence." We make 'you talk as much and as long as we pleaſe; 'and let me tell you, you ſeldom hold your 'tongue for the whole evening. I promiſe my-'ſelf you will look with an eye of favour upon 'a meeting which owes its original to a mutual 'emulation among its members, who ſhall ſhew 'the moſt profound reſpect for your Paper; not 'but we have a very great value for your per-'ſon: and I dare ſay you can no where find four 'more ſincere admirers, and humble ſervants, 'than

T. F. G. S. J. T. E. T.

Friday,

N°554 Friday, December 5.

—Tentanda via eſt, quâ me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.
Virg. Georg. 3. v. 9.

New ways I muſt attempt, my grov'ling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
DRYDEN.

I AM obliged for the following Eſſay, as well as for that which lays down rules out of *Tully* for Pronunciation and Action, to the ingenious Author of a Poem juſt publiſhed, intitled, *An Ode to the Creator of the World, occaſioned by the fragments of* Orpheus.

IT is a remark made, as I remember, by a celebrated *French* Author, that 'no man ever 'puſhed his capacity ſo far as it was able to 'extend.' I ſhall not inquire whether this aſſertion be ſtrictly true. It may ſuffice to ſay, that men of the greateſt application and acquirements can look back upon many vacant ſpaces, and neglected parts of time, which have ſlipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one conſidering perſon in the world, but is apt to fancy, with himſelf, at ſome time or other, that if his life were to begin again, he could fill it up better.

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The mind is moſt provoked to caſt on itſelf this ingenuous reproach, when the examples of ſuch men are preſented to it, as have far outſhot the generality of their ſpecies, in learning, arts, or any valuable improvements.

One of the moſt extenſive and improved Genius's we have had any inſtance of in our own nation, or in any other, was that of Sir *Francis Bacon* Lord *Verulam*. This great man, by an extraordinary force of nature, compaſs of thought, and indefatigable ſtudy, had amaſſed to himſelf ſuch ſtores of knowledge, as we cannot look upon without amazement. His capacity ſeems to have graſped all that was revealed in books before his time; and not ſatisfied with that, he began to ſtrike out new tracks of ſcience, too many to be travelled over by any one man, in the compaſs of the longeſt life. Theſe, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect coaſtings in maps, or ſuppoſed points of land, to be further diſcovered, and aſcertained by the induſtry of after-ages, who ſhould proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

The excellent Mr. *Boyle* was the perſon, who ſeems to have been deſigned by Nature to ſucceed to the labours and inquiries of that extraordinary Genius I have juſt mentioned. By innumerable experiments he, in a great meaſure, filled up thoſe plans and out-lines of ſcience, which his predeceſſor had ſketched out. His life was ſpent in the purſuit of Nature, through a great variety of forms and changes, and in

the moſt rational, as well as devout adoration of its Divine Author.

It would be impoſſible to name many perſons who have extended their capacities as far as theſe two, in the ſtudies they purſued; but my learned readers, on this occaſion, will naturally turn their thoughts to a Third, who is yet living, and is likewiſe the glory of our own nation. The improvements which others had made in natural and mathematical knowledge have ſo vaſtly increaſed in his hands, as to afford at once a wonderful inſtance how great the capacity is of a human Soul, and how inexhauſtible the ſubject of its inquiries; ſo true is that remark in Holy Writ, that 'though a wiſe man 'ſeek to find out the works of God from the 'beginning to the end, yet ſhall he not be 'able to do it.'

I cannot help mentioning here one character more of a different kind indeed from theſe, yet ſuch a one as may ſerve to ſhew the wonderful force of Nature and of application, and is the moſt ſingular inſtance of an univerſal Genius I have ever met with. The perſon I mean is *Leonardo da Vinci*, an *Italian* Painter, deſcended from a noble family in *Tuſcany*, about the beginning of the ſixteenth century. In his profeſſion of hiſtory-painting he was ſo great a maſter, that ſome have affirmed he excelled all who went before him. It is certain that he raiſed the envy of *Michael Angelo*, who was his contemporary, and that from the ſtudy of his works *Raphael* himſelf learned his beſt manner of

of Deſigning. He was a maſter too in Sculpture and Architecture, and ſkilful in Anatomy, Mathematics, and Mechanics. The aqueduct from the river *Adda* to *Milan*, is mentioned as a work of his contrivance. He had learned ſeveral languages, and was acquainted with the ſtudies of Hiſtory, Philoſophy, Poetry, and Muſic. Though it is not neceſſary to my preſent purpoſe, I cannot but take notice, that all who have writ of him mention likewiſe his perfection of body. The inſtances of his ſtrength are almoſt incredible. He is deſcribed to have been of a well-formed perſon, and a maſter of all genteel exerciſes. And laſtly, we are told that his moral qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual endowments, and that he was of an honeſt and generous mind, adorned with great ſweetneſs of manners. I might break off the account of him here, but I imagine it will be an entertainment to the curioſity of my readers, to find ſo remarkable a character diſtinguiſhed by as remarkable a circumſtance at his death. The fame of his works having gained him an univerſal eſteem, he was invited to the court of *France*, where, after ſome time, he fell ſick; and *Francis the Firſt* coming to ſee him, he raiſed himſelf in his bed to acknowledge the honour which was done him by that viſit. The King embraced him, and *Leonardo* fainting at the ſame inſtant, expired in the arms of that great Monarch.

It is impoſſible to attend to ſuch inſtances as theſe, without being raiſed into a contemplation

on the wonderful nature of an human mind, which is capable of ſuch progreſſions in knowledge, and can contain ſuch a variety of ideas without perplexity or confuſion. How reaſonable is it from hence to infer its divine original? And whilſt we find unthinking Matter endued with a natural power to laſt for ever unleſs annihilated by Omnipotence, how abſurd would it be to imagine, that a Being ſo much ſuperior to it ſhould not have the ſame privilege?

At the ſame time it is very ſurpriſing, when we remove our thoughts from ſuch inſtances as I have mentioned, to conſider thoſe we ſo frequently meet with in the accounts of barbarous nations among the *Indians*; where we find numbers of people who ſcarce ſhew the firſt glimmerings of reaſon, and ſeem to have few ideas above thoſe of ſenſe and appetite. Theſe, methinks, appear like large wilds, or vaſt uncultivated tracts of human nature; and when we compare them with men of the moſt exalted characters in arts and learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are creatures of the ſame ſpecies.

Some are of opinion that the Souls of men are all naturally equal, and that the great diſparity, we ſo often obſerve, ariſes from the different organization or ſtructure of the bodies to which they are united. But whatever conſtitutes this firſt diſparity, the next great difference which we find between men in their ſeveral acquirements is owing to accidental differences in their education, fortunes, or courſe of life. The Soul

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is a kind of rough diamond, which requires art, labour, and time to poliſh it. For want of which, many a good natural Genius is loſt, or lies unfaſhioned, like a jewel in the mine.

One of the ſtrongeſt incitements to excel in ſuch arts and accompliſhments as are in the higheſt eſteem among men, is the natural paſſion which the mind of man has for Glory; which, though it may be faulty in the exceſs of it, ought by no means to be diſcouraged. Perhaps ſome Moraliſts are too ſevere in beating down this principle, which ſeems to be a ſpring implanted by Nature to give motion to all the latent powers of the Soul, and is always obſerved to exert itſelf with the greateſt force in the moſt generous diſpoſitions. The men whoſe characters have ſhone the brighteſt among the ancient *Romans*, appear to have been ſtrongly animated by this paſſion. *Cicero*, whoſe learning and ſervices to his country are ſo well known, was inflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly preſſes *Lucceius*, who was compoſing a hiſtory of thoſe times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the ſtory of his Conſulſhip; and to execute it ſpeedily, that he might have the pleaſure of enjoying in his lifetime ſome part of the honour which he foreſaw would be paid to his memory. This was the ambition of a great mind; but he is faulty in the degree of it, and cannot refrain from ſoliciting the Hiſtorian upon this occaſion to neglect the ſtrict laws of hiſtory, and, in praiſing him, 'even to exceed the bounds of truth.' The

younger *Pliny* appears to have had the ſame paſſion for Fame, but accompanied with greater chaſtneſs and modeſty. His ingenuous manner of owning it to a friend, who had prompted him to undertake ſome great Work, is exquiſitely beautiful, and raiſes him to a certain grandeur above the imputation of vanity. 'I muſt con-'feſs, ſays he, that nothing employs my thoughts 'more than the deſire I have of perpetuating 'my name; which in my opinion is a deſign 'worthy of a man, at leaſt of ſuch a one, who 'being conſcious of no guile, is not afraid to 'be remembered by poſterity.'

I think I ought not to conclude, without intereſting all my readers in the ſubject of this diſcourſe: I ſhall therefore lay it down as a maxim, that though all are not capable of ſhining in Learning or the politer Arts; yet 'every one is capable of excelling in ſomething.' The Soul has in this reſpect a certain vegetative power which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful garden, it will of itſelf ſhoot up in weeds or flowers of a wilder growth.

Saturday,

N°555 Saturday, December 6.

Reſpue quod non es.——— Perſ. Sat. 4. v. 51.

Lay the fictitious character aſide.

ALL the members of the imaginary Society, which were deſcribed in my firſt Papers, having diſappeared one after another, it is high time for the SPECTATOR himſelf to go off the ſtage. But, now I am to take my leave, I am under much greater anxiety than I have known for the Work of any day ſince I undertook this province. It is much more difficult to converſe with the world in a real than a perſonated character. That might paſs for humour in the SPECTATOR, which would look like arrogance in a Writer who ſets his name to his Work. The fictitious perſon might contemn thoſe who diſapproved him, and extol his own performances, without giving offence. He might aſſume a mock-authority, without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The praiſes or cenſures of himſelf fall only upon the creature of his imagination; and if any one finds fault with him, the Author may reply with the Philoſopher of old, 'Thou doſt but beat the 'Caſe of *Anaxarchus*.' When I ſpeak in my own private ſentiments, I cannot but addreſs myſelf to my readers in a more ſubmiſſive man-

ner, and with a juſt gratitude, for the kind reception which they have given to theſe daily Papers that have been publiſhed for almoſt the ſpace of two years laſt paſt.

I hope the apology I have made as to the licence allowable to a feigned character, may excuſe any thing which has been ſaid in theſe diſcourſes of the SPECTATOR and his Works; but the imputation of the groſſeſt vanity would ſtill dwell upon me, if I did not give ſome account by what means I was enabled to keep up the ſpirit of ſo long and approved a performance. All the Papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O, that is to ſay, all the Papers which I have diſtinguiſhed by any letter in the name of the Muſe *CLIO*, were given me by the Gentleman of whoſe aſſiſtance I formerly boaſted in the preface and concluding leaf of my *Tatlers*. I am indeed much more proud of his long-continued friendſhip, than I ſhould be of the fame of being thought the Author of any writings which he himſelf is capable of producing. I remember when I finiſhed the *Tender Huſband*, I told him there was nothing I ſo ardently wiſhed, as that we might ſome time or other publiſh a Work written by us both, which ſhould bear the name of *The Monument*, in memory of our friendſhip. I heartily wiſh what I have done here, was as honorary to that ſacred name, as learning, wit, and humanity render thoſe pieces which I have taught the reader how to diſtinguiſh for his. When the Play above-mentioned was laſt acted, there were ſo many applauded

ſtrokes

ſtrokes in it which I had from the ſame hand, that I thought very meanly of myſelf that I had never publicly acknowledged them. After I have put other friends upon importuning him to publiſh dramatic, as well as other Writings he has by him, I ſhall end what I think I am obliged to ſay on this head, by giving my reader this hint for the better judging of my productions, that the beſt comment upon them would be an account when the Patron to the *Tender Huſband* was in *England*, or abroad.

The reader will alſo find ſome Papers which are marked with the letter X, for which he is obliged to the ingenious Gentleman who diverted the town with the Epilogue to the *Diſtreſſed Mother*. I might have owned theſe ſeveral Papers, with the free conſent of theſe Gentlemen, who did not write them with a deſign of being known for the Authors. But as a candid and ſincere behaviour ought to be preferred to all other conſiderations, I would not let my heart reproach me with a conſciouſneſs of having acquired a praiſe which is not my right.

The other aſſiſtances which I have had, have been conveyed by Letter, ſometimes by whole Papers, and other times by ſhort hints from unknown hands. I have not been able to trace favours of this kind, with any certainty, but to the following names, which I place in the order wherein I received the obligation; though the firſt I am going to name can hardly be mentioned in a liſt wherein he would not deſerve

ſerve the precedence. The perſons to whom I am to make theſe acknowledgments are Mr. *Henry Martin*, Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Hughes*, Mr. *Carey* of *New-College* in *Oxford*, Mr. *Tickell* of *Queen's* in the ſame Univerſity, Mr. *Parnelle*, and Mr. *Euſden*, of *Trinity* in *Cambridge*. Thus to ſpeak in the language of my late friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, I have balanced my accounts with all my creditors for Wit and Learning. But as theſe excellent performances would not have ſeen the light without the means of this Paper, I may ſtill arrogate to myſelf the merit of their being communicated to the Public.

I have nothing more to add, but having ſwelled this Work to five hundred and fifty-five Papers, they will be diſpoſed into ſeven Volumes, four of which are already publiſhed, and the three others in the Preſs. It will not be demanded of me why I now leave off, though I muſt own myſelf obliged to give an account to the town of my time hereafter; ſince I retire when their partiality to me is ſo great, that an edition of the former Volumes of SPECTATORS of above nine thouſand each book is already ſold off, and the tax on each half ſheet has brought into the Stamp-Office one week with another above twenty pounds a-week ariſing from this ſingle Paper, notwithſtanding it at firſt reduced it to leſs than half the number that was uſually printed before this tax was laid.

I humbly beſeech the continuance of this inclination to favour what I may hereafter produce, and hope I have in my occurrences of life taſted

ſo deeply of pain and ſorrow, that I am proof againſt much more proſperous circumſtances than any advantages to which my own induſtry can poſſibly exhalt me. I am,

My good-natured reader,

your moſt obedient,

moſt obliged humble ſervant,

Richard Steele.

Vos valete & plaudite. Ter.

The following Letter regards an ingenious ſet of Gentlemen, who have done me the honour to make me one of their ſociety.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Dec.* 4, 1712.

'THE Academy of Painting, lately eſtabliſhed in *London*, having done you and themſelves the honour to chooſe you one of their Directors; that noble and lively art, which before was intitled to your regards as a SPECTATOR, has an additional claim to you, and you ſeem to be under a double obligation to take ſome care of her intereſts.

'The honour of our country is alſo concerned in the matter I am going to lay before you: we (and perhaps other nations as well as we) have a national falſe humility as well as a national vain-glory; and though we boaſt ourſelves to excel all the world in things wherein

'wherein we are outdone abroad, in other things 'we attribute to others a ſuperiority which we 'ourſelves poſſeſs. This is what is done, 'particularly, in the art of Portrait or Face-'Painting.

'Painting is an art of a vaſt extent, too great 'by much for any mortal man to be in full 'poſſeſſion of, in all its parts; it is enough if 'any one ſucceed in painting Faces, Hiſtory, 'Battles, Landſkips, Sea-pieces, Fruit, Flowers, 'or Drolls, &c. Nay, no man ever was ex-'cellent in all the branches (though many in 'number) of theſe ſeveral arts, for a diſtinct 'art I take upon me to call every one of thoſe 'ſeveral kinds of Painting.

'And as one man may be a good Landſkip-'Painter, but unable to paint a Face or a Hiſ-'tory tolerably well, and ſo of the reſt; one 'nation may excel in ſome kinds of Painting, 'and other kinds may thrive better in other 'climates.

'*Italy* may have the preference of all other 'nations for Hiſtory-Painting; *Holland* for Drolls, 'and a neat finiſhed manner of working; *France*, 'for Gay, Janty, Fluttering Pictures; and *Eng-'land* for Portraits: but to give the honour of 'every one of theſe kinds of Painting to any 'one of thoſe nations on account of their 'excellence in any of theſe parts of it, is like 'adjudging the prize of Heroic, Dramatic, 'Lyric, or Burleſque Poetry, to him who has 'done well in any one of them.

'Where

'Where there are the greateſt Genius's, and 'moſt helps and encouragements, it is reaſon-'able to ſuppoſe an art will arrive to the greateſt 'perfection: By this rule let us conſider our 'own country with reſpect to Face-Painting. 'No nation in the world delights ſo much in 'having their own, or friends, or relations pic-'tures; whether from their national good-nature, 'or having a love to Painting, and not being 'encouraged in the great article of religious 'pictures, which the purity of our worſhip 'refuſes the free uſe of, or from whatever other 'cauſe. Our helps are not inferior to thoſe of 'any other people, but rather they are greater; 'for what the antique ſtatues and bas-reliefs 'which *Italy* enjoys are to the Hiſtory-Painters, 'the beautiful and noble faces with which '*England* is confeſſed to abound, are to Face-'Painters; and beſides we have the greateſt 'number of the works of the beſt maſters 'in that kind of any people, not without a 'competent number of thoſe of the moſt ex-'cellent in every other part of Painting. And 'for encouragement, the wealth and generoſity 'of the *Engliſh* nation affords that in ſuch a 'degree, as Artiſts have no reaſon to complain.

'And accordingly in fact, Face-painting is 'no where ſo well performed as in *England*: 'I know not whether it has lain in your way 'to obſerve it, but I have, and pretend to be 'a tolerable judge. I have ſeen what is done 'abroad, and can aſſure you, that the honour

'of

'of that branch of Painting is juſtly due to 'us. I appeal to the judicious obſervers for 'the truth of what I aſſert. If foreigners have 'oftentimes, or even for the moſt part excelled 'our natives, it ought to be imputed to the 'advantages they have met with here, joined 'to their own ingenuity and induſtry; nor has 'any one nation diſtinguiſhed themſelves ſo as 'to raiſe an argument in favour of their country: 'but it is to be obſerved that neither *French* 'nor *Italians*, nor any one of either nation, 'notwithſtanding all our prejudices in their 'favour, have, or ever had, for any conſider-'able time, any character among us as Face-'Painters.

'This honour is due to our own country; 'and has been ſo for near an age: So that 'inſtead of going to *Italy*, or elſewhere, one 'that deſigns for Portrait-Painting ought to ſtudy 'in *England*. Hither ſuch ſhould come from '*Holland*, *France*, *Italy*, *Germany*, &c. as he 'that intends to practiſe any other kinds of 'Painting, ſhould go to thoſe parts where it is 'in greateſt perfection. It is ſaid the bleſſed 'Virgin deſcended from Heaven, to ſit to Saint '*Luke*; I dare venture to affirm, that if ſhe 'ſhould deſire another *Madonna* to be painted 'by the life, ſhe would come to *England*; and 'am of opinion that your preſent Preſident, 'Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, from his improvement 'ſince he arrived in this kingdom, would per-

'form

'form that office better than any foreigner living.
'I am, with all poſſible reſpect,

Sir,

Your moſt humble, and

moſt obedient ſervant, &c.

The ingenious Letters ſigned the *Weather-Glaſs*, with ſeveral others, were received, but came too late.

POSTSCRIPT.

It had not come to my knowledge, when I left off the SPECTATOR, that I owe ſeveral excellent ſentiments and agreeable pieces in this work to Mr. *Ince* of *Gray's-Inn*.

R. STEELE.

The End of the SEVENTH VOLUME.